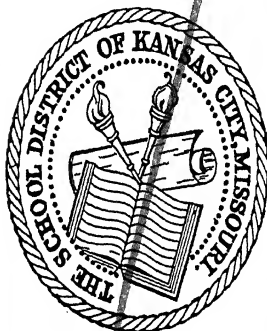


Living Authors of the Ozarks
And Their Literature

By
FLORENCE W. McCULLOUGH
SECOND EDITION

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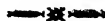


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By

Florence Woodlock McCullough

Joplin, Missouri



An Autobiography

Compiled by

FLORENCE WOODLOCK McCULLOUGH



Florence Woodlock McCullough
Publisher and Compiler



Dedicated to
MY TWO SONS
Staff Sgt. Duoyne Lee McCullough
and
P.F.C. Dannie Dale McCullough

PREFACE.

Some of the contributors to this volume are persons whose names are familiar in the poetry world, while others, not so familiar to the public, have a sweet poetic rhythm in their souls, too precious to be hidden and essential to the good of mankind, thus making them equally deserving to be remembered with characteristic loyalty.

This book is not a complete biography of these lovely characters, but the aim is to present a word picture, a description of their beauty in thought, verse and lives, as I know them, and, as far as possible, to convey to the reader that depth of character which I believe develops from reaction to the beauty and solitude of these our own Ozark Hills.

Having had the privilege of enjoying the personal friendship of most of these poetic dreamers of the Ozarks, I feel I must, to the best of my ability, place before you a record of the excellent merits of each, thus helping to perpetuate their memory and also to render a service to you, dear reader, that you may know these Ozarkian Seers of visions and dreamers of dreams.

This work meets a need of the reading public by providing in one volume the life stories of living Ozark writers of worth and a few of their poems from which I believe you will derive much pleasure, since there are poems of many types, on a variety of subjects, to fit any mood.

Because of inspirational value biography has a vital place in education. Not only has the marvelous climatic and scenic value been conducive to developing the best creative talents among native writers, but has proven a magnet which attracted many writers from far-away places who are now making their homes in our beautiful Ozarks.

There may be heroes of war, heroes of the financial world, but we present to you heroes of peace, love, friendship, home and beauty—the dreamer's side of kind and lovely neighbors—the poetic Folk of the Beautiful Ozark Hills.

Florence Woodlock McCullough.



GRACE REESE ADKINS

Born in Mondovi, Wisconsin, April 23, 1884. My childhood seemed to revolve around books, scissors, and pastepots. Before I started to school I had learned to read, though no one knew how or when. Books were my first love.

I started writing poetry when I was eight.

My room overlooked the river and the hills. Beside me was my desk, made of a goods box draped with bleached flour sacks, in whose farthest recess was hidden a cigar box containing poems, stories, and songs, mostly unfinished.

We had come to the Ozarks the year after my mother's death. My father, returning from a home-seekers' excursion, had declared, "Well, girls, I've found the garden spot of the world," and I have never had reason to doubt it. We fell in love at sight with the hills around Fayetteville, Arkansas. It was a magic land, of captivating moods and endless beauties. It is that still.

I married Ary Adkins in 1909. Mother of three children.

My writing is woven all through the years. It was only a step from public school teaching to the field of Christian education, Progressive Teacher, Normal Instructor, The Christian Standard, The Lookout, and The Standard Bible School Worker. Much of my published work has consisted of short stories and serials. My favorite of them all was "Bread Alone," which ran in The Lookout in 1933.

Among the pleasant relaxations in a strenuous life were my contributions to the Ozark Moon, conducted by W. J. Lemke in the Northwest Arkansas Times.

Home, Fayetteville, Arkansas, Route 2.

THE JEWELER

It was treasures like these,
But rarer far,
The Magi brought with them
When they followed the Star.

THE LITTLE CHILD

Eensy-teensy Baby,
Pink and soft and warm,
How I'd like to tend you.
Keep you safe from harm.
Nose is just a button
In your wrinkled face . . .
Say, what's that funny light
That's shining 'round the place?

THE MOTHER

I wonder if, when her pains came hard,
There in Bethlehem's cold inn-yard,
She could look down the years and be reconciled,
Knowing we'd love her Manger-Child.

HOUSEWIVES

Your problem, which no mere man understands,
Demands consummate art—
The endless Martha tasks upon your hands,
When you've a Mary heart.
—Grace Reese Adkins.



WENDEL ALLEN

Greetings from down on the equator to all Hillbillies:

At Flo's request, I will attempt to write a short biography of myself.

I was born in Weaubleau, July 5, 1918, so I guess that means I have reached that quarter of a century mark. I lived in Weaubleau most of my life, and went to school in Springfield.

A few years ago I accepted a position in the War Department in Washington and lived there until transferred into foreign service in January, 1942.

I have always liked to write and though I have never gained any fame or distinction, I have had various contributions published. During the last year and a half, since I have lived abroad, my duties have been too numerous to permit me to do any writing; however, I wrote two articles which were published in Spanish newspapers.

When the war is over I hope to be able to get a little rest and do some writing. Like everyone else, at the present I am exerting my every effort toward winning the war.

A few months ago I joined a foreign theatre guild, and I played the leading role in the old melodrama, "Ten Nights In A Barroom," which proved a success. It ran to a full house in Colon for six consecutive nights.

We are attempting to organize a society made up of all the Missourians in this part of the world. We have located a good many, and we are having a dinner party and entertainment about once each month.

I am looking forward to being in the Ozarks again someday and in the meantime, I will continue to dream about them.

MORGUE AT MIDNIGHT

I stood in the door of an empty morgue
And in awe I gazed about.
It had a damp and musty smell;
Death influenced the place, no doubt.
The place was dimly lighted,
As moonlight shone faintly through
Immense colored windows,
Stained with early morning dew.
In the farthest, darkest corner,
I could barely see
A bier of heavy marble;
Was it waiting there for me?
At first I thought I'd run away,
Only gloom I would derive
From a visit to this ghastly place,
When I saw one thing,—alive.
Though covered with a cloak of dust,
The console seemed to invite
Someone to press her many keys,
So a song would fill the night.
It seemed the dead were watching
As I carefully took the seat,
Raised the lid, and turned it on,
But I'd forgotten my feet.
I must have hit a low bass note;
I've never heard a tone so weird,
As it gave forth a sound so loud,
It would wake the dead, I feared.
I quickly set stops,
Pushed down hard on the swell;
I knew when I got started
I'd forget of death and hell.
If you, by chance, had stepped in then,
Words like these you'd never choose,
To tell the story of the morgue;
For I was playing "St. Louis Blues."
—Wendel Allen

ELLEN SPALDING ALLEN

I am the seventh child, and the eldest girl in a family of nine children and was born in Will County, Illinois. I am glad I have been a country child. My earliest memories have to do with a deep ravine south of the house, purple and pale blue with violets, with lying on the grass and making pictures in the voluminous clouds in the sky, fascinating as were the lacy tracings of the frost on the window panes in winter. A little later I fondly recall the apple tree with the comfortable crotch where I sat and read books by the hour.

At the age of fourteen my mind was so full of "a number of things" I bought a book—ledger type—in which to set down my secret thoughts, sometimes in rhyme, sometimes in prose, and the thoughts of youth were indeed "long, long thoughts" that had no past but reached eagerly toward an enchanting future. About two years later I wrote an article on "Summer Cooking" and sent it to the Orange Judd Farmer. To my utter astonishment and delight a portion of it was printed for which I received seventy-five cents.

Having finished the usual preliminary schooling and having secured a second grade teachers certificate I taught country schools for a time.

I went to Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, where I took a special course for professional church work. After graduation I had charge of a struggling newly organized church and went from there to Columbia, Missouri, where for three and a half years I held the position of assistant to the pastor of the First Christian Church. I am very happy in this work which gave me contacts, not only with the town people but with young folks from all over the State who were there attending the State University.

Elmer Jackson Allen and I were married September 2, 1909.

Through all this period I had written more or less just in answer to an inner urge. Then came motherhood and an interesting experience of sharing a child's growing mind. When Paul came to me again and again saying:

"I have a bright idea I want to share with you" I feel he did more for me than I ever did for him and that I believe would be the conclusion of most parents who have found joy in their work.

WHEN I PRAY

I do not need a costly shrine
When I pray,—
Just quiet like a twilight hour
At close of day;
Just beauty like a sunrise
Or a stately, bending tree;
Then if my heart is lonely for Him
God comes near to me.

THIS I THINK ABOUT WHEN ALONE

Beautiful things!
Purple velvet of pansies
And butterfly wings,
Golden gift of noonday
Twilight and shadowy light,
Singing of birds in the tree-tops
And silvery, star-lit night;
Winds of the Spring-time sweeping
Sorrows of Winter away,
Patter of raindrops coaxing
Blooms for another day,
Wonderful new life springing
Over the waiting sod,
Thankful, I close my eyes and whisper
The beautiful name of God!

COMRADESHIP.

We walked in loveliness together, You and I;
So now whene'er I see a fragrant flower
Or glimpse a starbright sky,
I know a comradeship that laughs
At time and distance and will not die.
—Ellen Spalding Allen.

GEORGE CLINTON ARTHUR

Born July 7, 1905, in the Ozark Mountains of Phelps County, the son of George Thomas and Hattie LeTour-nure Arthur. He received his education in the Schools of Phelps County, under private teachers during his extensive travels and by having had access to the best private libraries in New York City where he lived for a time after his discharge from the U. S. Navy. Has two published books, "Bushwhacker" and



"Backwoodsmen," authentic historic stories of early life in the Ozarks. Member Ozarkian-Hillcrofters and other groups. He is charter member GWG. On January 15th, he re-enlisted for service in the U. S. Navy for the duration of the war. He has a revised edition of "Bushwhacker" ready for the press and a book-length novel more than one-fourth completed at this time. Of fine pioneer stock, his maternal ancestors are of the royal family of France. He will be much missed in Guild work, having been one of the most active members in the GWG, since its beginning in 1941.

Quoting from his book, "Backwoodsmen": "Wild life in the Ozark backwoods is understood and enjoyed. Stub and his wife have lived the beauty and enjoyed every echoes of the Hills, which leaves an everlasting impression on backwoods people, who are not at all at home without them, and at night a short period of silence in the woods is full of mystic meaning."

By Special permission of the Christopher Pub. House, Boston, Mass., and Gasconade Writers Guild Bulletin.

ONE STEP TO GO

Among the Ozarks wooded hills
Where nature's art stands out superb,
Made by God with various skills,
That we may enjoy, but not disturb.

The Heavens are so low and clear,
That atop a peak on yonder hill
I love to spend my time so dear
And breathe this life, a unique thrill.

The stars I can see above
But yet they seem so near, so low,
So close seems Heaven . . . that place of love,
From that peak but a step to go.

—George Clinton Arthur.





MARIE SCHOENHAAR ALVERSON

She was born in Stuttgart, Wuerttemberg, Germany. She came to America August 10, 1893, where she has done much to make the world a better, brighter place and no more loyal heart beats under the Red, White and Blue. She is known as the "Schuman-Heink of Missouri," possessing the same rich deep qualities of that beloved voice.

She is a charter member of the Gasconade Writers' Guild

She was married to Harry S. Alverson, February 8, 1896, and is the mother of two sons. Mrs. Alverson has always been a leader in philanthropic work, and her spacious home was the scene of much social activity, prior to the death of her husband on October 8, 1941.

Librarian Rolla Public Library and resides in Rolla.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Christmas comes but once a year
Bringing tidings of good cheer,
And when I feel lone and sad
Thoughts of dear friends make me glad,
Friends who always think of me,
Be kind to them, Father, I ask of thee.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS OF LONG AGO

Each year I used to trim a tree,
Oh, what joy it was to me
To see the children, hear them sing
"What, O what did Santa bring?"
Then on bended knees, to Heaven went
This prayer: "Make every heart content";
But now they are men and may Jesus take
The same care of them for His dear sake.

—Marie Alverson



C. E. (GENE) BARNES

"Suffers from literary eczema; itches to write and scratches for a living."

Born in Minnesota, spent early days in Dakota Territory, in Minnesota regiment, 12th Vol. Infy., Spanish War, correspondent for St. Paul (Minn.) Daily Globe during war. Been in the writing game and printing fifty years, always combining the two. Specializes on paragraphing and short feature and character articles.

Publisher of Hill-Billy News, Gayler Mountain, Winslow, Arkansas.

Now Publishing "What Is a Hill-Billy?" "Battle of Pea Ridge," "A Letter From a Hill-Billy," and "Hill-Billy Ballads and Verse,"

Copied from Barnes' own Hill-Billy News:

"The only thing surprising about this paper-ette, is: That anyone would have the nerve to print it. Thar! We've dun sed that, now we'll drop down to smaller type. When we wore about seven year old our mother took us to have our picture taken. The photo man come over to the chair we sot in and turned our head a little, saying to Ma:

"His ears be a trifle prominent, it'll make a nicer picture thisaway."

Well, folks, I had cut-outs put in them prominent ears. They have heered a lot in the years that followed, but they didn't register anything unfavorable said about our friends.

One time a little pig-tailed girl remarked: "My Pa says you've got the awfulest big eyes."

We didn't tell the little gal of some things those eyes had seen her Pa do—he was the biggest Pa in the world to her.

Was talking with a man—a hill billy—"Yep," said he: "I'm too feeble to be trusted to think for myself; too simple to take care of myself; too grouchy to be decent company; when I say something about wanting to do something, I'm silly; my talking gets on their nerves; I'm an old fossil; I never got anywhere—what gits me is, I am their dad—how come they're so durned smart."

GEORGE A. BARKER

I was born on a farm near Crane, Illinois, where I lived with my parents until I reached my majority. There were two girls and five boys. My elder sister and I are the lone survivors. My schooling was very meager — not finishing grammar school. Later I had three years at the State Normal, Carbondale, Illinois, —taught two terms of school, then came to St. Louis, Missouri, took civil service examination and entered the mail service in 1904. In 1916 transferred to Poplar Bluff, Missouri, and returned to St. Louis in 1919, and retired in March, 1941. In 1923 I passed the Missouri Bar but never practiced. Have a married son and married daughter and a grandson. In 1937 I wrote a poem on the new postoffice and since have written many more.

APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN THE OZARKS

When it's apple blossom season in the Ozarks,
That is when I take my car and start to roam.
The aroma and the fragrance is so witching
That it breaks the ties of fellowship and home.

There the bees are on the wing for treasured honey,
And the birds are nesting in the leafy trees:
There the wind is wafting odors of the lilac,
But the apple blossoms dominate the breeze.

There is beauty in this wilderness of blossoms
With its inlaid shades of pink and creamy white
Mellowed by the soft green leaves of Heaven's background,
Is translated into musical delight.

There the wanderlust takes charge, and is compelling
As we wander through the miles of mystic maze
In a trance so effervescent—aromatic,
That the minutes and long hours are lost in days.

There the orchards and the mountains are so blended,
That the harmony and fragrance is sublime;
And the soul is wafted to immortal glory,
With a foretaste of the beauty that's divine.

Published by Rolla Herald, Rolla Mo., March 28, 1940.

MOUNT MAGAZINE, ARKANSAS

Highest Point between Appalachian
and Rocky Mountains.



Mount Magazine, at last I've seen
Thy grandeur so sublime.
Thy mighty form has weathered storm,
And stood the test of time.

The thunderbolt with mighty jolt
And undulating roll,
Has sought to tear away thy pride
And render void thy soul.

Thy dome has pierced the cloud and sky
Since the advent of time;
And countless ages will roll by,
Nor change thy form sublime.

And countless souls from every clime
Will worship at thy shrine;
For this majestic pile was wrought
By none but the Divine.

But in thy splendor and thy pride
Thou standest not alone,
For many ranges peaks and domes
Surround thy matchless throne.

And when we join the myriad throng
Who have gone on before,
Thy shrine will still a Mecca be
For countless millions more.

—Geo. A. Barker.

F. A. BEHYMER

F. A. Behymer, who writes feature stories for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch many of them gleaned from the Missouri scene, was born on a farm, a fact that might be inferred from the understanding and sympathy that mark his stories about the plain folk of the Ozarks. He had little formal education. He quit school at the age of 13, when, according to rural school grading, he was "in the Fourth Reader," (McGuffey's of course). So he got his education the hard way—the self way.



The boy's schooling, however, was supplemented by such learning as may have been derived from his three-fold vocational course in selling newspapers, carrying a milk route and herding the village cows. It might be said that majoring as a newsboy was how he got his start in journalism, for it is only a step (about a thousand miles) from one to the other.

It was as a printer's "devil" that the boy first got ink on his fingers and was bitten by the writing bug. The resulting addiction became virulent and found an outlet as a volunteer reporter while employed as a copy-holder and proof-reader on the Post-Dispatch.

That was his first newspaper job and his last, for the misguided editors who encouraged his fledgling efforts as a reporter later found themselves unable to get rid of him by any device short of physical violence, to which they did not feel inclined to resort. Editors are so soft-hearted. It began in 1888 and has continued to this year of grace 1944, which adds up to 56 years and a fraction, if the arithmetical rule is to be trusted. By the same rule he is now, when this book is published, 74 years old and still



AS A HILL-BILLY REPORTER

PHOTO BY TOWNSEND GODSEY OF HOLLISTER, MO.
going strong—or still going anyway. Which shows, he says, that the first 56 years are the worst.

Beside his newspaper writings, Mr. Behymer is the author of one book which the publishers, in the exercise of a proper prerogative and a fine sense of discretion, have declined to print, and several others that have not been written and probably won't be because the time is getting short. Maybe it is just as well, he says.

"Bee's" dearest recollection is the recognition that was accorded him by his employer and associates on the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Post-Dispatch. Cherished also are the fine words of appraisal and appreciation that were written by the compiler of this book after a visit to her home, "Idle-a-While," near Joplin—

"Mr. Behymer has a personality that make a good impression, quiet, reserved, with a jolly twinkle in his eyes—the eyes that don't miss anything, that have seen so

much in this world that they have grown kind, which is proved by the kindly heart of him toward our Ozarks and their hill folks in his feature writing.

"His writings are an encouragement and inspiration to folks everywhere, so honest, clean, and straightforward, which proclaims a great writer with a great kindly heart at the helm. With his scope of human knowledge, born of his ability to get the story first, he has climbed to a pinnacle few are privileged to reach."

It would be ungracious, says Mr. Behymer, to disclaim a tribute so finely spoken and so obviously sincere, but as an old newspaper man himself he is moved to say that the story might be slightly exaggerated.

On the family side Behymer has one wife (who has had to put up with a good deal for more than 50 years); one son, Ray W., publisher of the Webster Groves News-Times, Webster Groves, Mo., and no slouch of a writer himself; one daughter, Ruth, wife of J. P. Ulbright, in the Government service at Washington for the duration; and 4 grandrchildren, one, Larry, Lieutenant (j.g.) in Naval Air Corps, and another, Ruthellen, in the Naval Civilian Service at Washington.

It's a good world, says Behymer, taking a backward look, mostly because there are so many good people in it.



HENRIETTA FOURNIER BETTENGHA

I, Henrietta Fournier Bettenga, was born in 1870, on an Iowa farm near the county line between Tama and Benton. I do not remember in which county. I hope there will be no wrangling over it. Tama claiming it was Benton, Benton that it was Tama. (Paraphrasing Geo. Ade.)

My father was French, my mother English. I had the great advantage of being the tenth child in a family of eleven. My older brothers and sister were able, interested in literature, history, and in every good cause. My mind was both receptive and retentive.

For many years I have spoken and written in behalf of any vital truth in which I believed,—always in prose yet with a touch of the poetic.

I once read about a "dream" by an English writer of long ago. According to the "dream," when England awoke one day the Bible had been lost. Not only the book itself, but all trace of its influence, all echo of its music had disappeared. People no longer understood their great writers for their own best literature was based upon the Bible and its teachings. There were beautiful structures whose purpose nobody knew. No one went hither to pray, and no happy young sang the glad hallelujahs. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto me" was no longer heard encouraging men to acts of brotherhood, and no one prayed "Our Father." The golden rule was unknown, and benevolent institutions no longer existed. "This "dream" may come true, unless those to whom the "Word" is a light for their own pathway do more to bring others within the radius of the light.

Edgar Allen Poe long ago wrote a poem about the Creation. After describing the deep primeval darkness, he closed with these joyous lines: "And then God smiled and it was morning, matchless and supreme." Darkness—moral darkness, pervades a great part of the world today. but in the light of faith we may look forward to a new dawn, when God's smile will bring the morning, "matchless and supreme."

—Henrietta Fournier Bettenga.

REBECCA BEE BLAKE

Born July 5, 1885, at Marble Rock, Iowa; the daughter of John and Rebecca Schermerhorn, pioneers of Northwest Iowa. Her father taught the first school in that vicinity in one room of their home. He was also prominent in politics and education in that section. Of Dutch and Swiss descent, Mrs. Blake is of a rugged courageous disposition which she inherited from both her mother and father. The outstanding traits of her mother were her devotion to her family, her religion and her patriotism.

She was married to H. M. Blake of Webster City, Iowa, October 12, 1914. Mrs. Blake is the mother of three children, two sons and a daughter. She is a charter member of the Gasconade Writers' Guild, and has been writing for a number of years.

OUR BOYS

(Dedicated to all of Our Boys)

Just a bit of Dutch and Irish
And a strain of English, too
Offspring of foreign countries
But they are Americans through and through,

They have shouldered arms and answered taps
And marched with the Red, White and Blue;
We boast of the finest in the land
Brave boys that are always true.

Mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts
Oh, do not forget them, I say.
They keep the home fires burning
And work and help and pray.

Let us rear our children gently,
Teach them how to work and grow
Into good and useful soldiers
For they shall harvest what they sow.

CHRISTMAS OF 1943

In a war torn world so dreary
Far away from home
Our soldier boys, bright eyed tho weary—
Some face downward, still and prone.

God above in all His glory
Gave us hope one Xmas morn—
Gave us strength to bear our burdens
When His son, our Christ, was born.

When beset with grief and heartaches
Let us not forget to pray
“Give us strength, Oh, Gentle Jesus”
And we will face a brighter day.

We must battle ever onward—
Just keep faith. We'll make the grade.
Keep the vision of His promise
And our darkest hours will fade.

Once again we will hear the music
In the ringing of the bells,
And rejoice in the Xmas carols
With the story that it tells.

Then when this strife is over
We will breathe a deep “Amen”,
And we'll hear the angels singing
Peace on Earth. Good will toward men.

—Rebecca B. Blake.

MARTHA J. BLIEDUNG

I am not what would be called a writer. Being a musician. I love rhythm and beauty in music. Naturally these convey themselves to verse. Have never had "Roses" and "To a Spring Rondo" published but would not fear nor be ashamed to show them to any good musician.

I was born in Cuttenberg, Iowa; at the age of ten moved to Dubuque and from there to Joplin where I have since lived. Studied music in Dubuque, Joplin, and New York City.



SPRING RONDO

The fresh, sweet joys of spring are here again,
Bleak winter could not ever reign.
The robin's song is heard and then we know,
Or else his cheerful dulcet notes are vain.
I sing, and bring thee news from hill and glen,
Of winsome violets and grassy dale,
Now come bluebells and ferns, a pretty twain,
The fruit trees are in blossom.
The fresh, sweet joys of spring are here again,
Bleak winter could not ever reign.
Lavishly upon the air they spend sweet fragrance rare,
With charming beauty Love's own message send.
Bleak winter shall indeed not ever reign.
The fresh, dear joys of Spring can never end.

—Martha J. Bliedung.

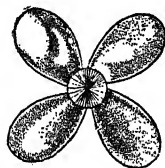
MRS. RATHE BLECHER

Mrs. Rathe Blecher was born in Westfalen. She came to Canada in 1926, then to Cleveland, Ohio, and married, and then located in St. Louis. She began composing rhymes several years ago for her own pleasure and the amusement of her two children, nine and eleven years old. She loves the out-door life. Her hope is to own an Ozark mountain farm some day with trees, wild flowers and a gurgling brook.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Come out, dear sun, and shine for me
Light up the patch of gray I see.
'Tis but a wall and full of soot,
But when you kiss it, sunbeams shoot.
Let golden sunbeams dance and play
They take the thought of pain away.
Now little winds are jumping in
With cooling fingers stroke my chin
Best things in life are always free
Sunshine, fresh air, a shady tree.
A babbling brook with fish at play
The wild birds' song so light and gay
An Ozark hill so full of peace
Dear Lord, let me always have these.

—Rathe Blecher.



NETTA McCLUER BREWSTER



Born at Rock Springs, Virginia, one of twin girls. I recall my childhood at Oceola. My father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church. There were seven of us children. There was a strip of woods near our home, and there we used to go to hunt the first violets. There in the deep mold we found great patches of winter green and later the striped pipsisaewa with its bright red berries. We found the lovely Indian pipes close to the root of some tree. Their great limbs made a perfect seat for the first

one to reach it and all the rest tried to pull him out.

It was on the West Fork of the Holston river that the Old Glen's Mill was located, built before the Revolutionary War. Its walls were of stone and very thick, great oak beams blackened with age protruded from the eaves. Moss and ivy clung to it in solid masses. There we spent many happy hours playing about the mill when we were allowed to go with our father after flour and feed.

The great stones turned slowly but ceaselessly, the water wheel throwing glittering spray for many feet in the air, only to fall back in a shower of rainbow colored drops.

On the sixth of November, we closed the house and rode seven miles to Abingdon, where we were to take the train. The first afternoon and night were full of interesting sights for us as we had never been farther than the next county from home.

When I was fifteen my mother died very suddenly, and I became housekeeper for our poor bewildered father, and the three younger children.

I'll never forget how lovely the hills of home looked

to me, how the wild roses cascaded down the roadside ditches and I never wanted to leave them again.

I came to Cane Hill, Arkansas, in 1894, and grew up there. I went to Woodlawn College at O'Fallon, Missouri, one year. On August 4, 1904, I was married to B. Brewster, and lived for thirty years on the old Brewster place north of Cant Hill. I now live in Fort Smith where there are many things to see and do and write poems about.

APRIL COMES STEALING

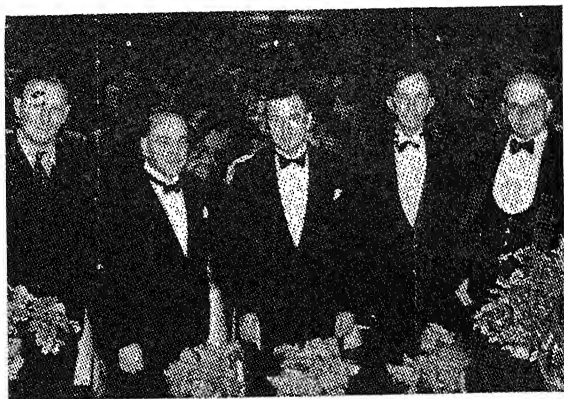
When April comes stealing
Across the tender grass,
She leaves a breath of perfume
On all the winds that pass.

As she slips among the shadows
Beside the garden wall,
I know that she is coming,
Though I see her not at all.

When April comes stealing
Down our quiet street,
She does not make a sound,
With her green slippered feet,

But I know that she is near me
For there is something in the air,
That tells me April's coming
with lilacs in her hair.

—Netta McCluer Brewster.



Chas. B. Driscoll, Gillett Burgess, J. Harvey Burgess, Geo. Williams and Frank Cline.

J. HARVEY BURGESS

Born at Salem, Arkansas, where Heaven and the Ozarks look each other in the eye with mutual admiration. Won a poetical contest at the age of eleven—was rewarded with a book of poems, and a two-weeks' vacation and \$5.00—and never received another nickle for a poem till eight years later. As Arkansas had no State Song, wrote "In The Land of Apple Blossoms, Arkansas." Consulted Mr. Wright, music critic of the Arkansas Gazette, and he suggested that I contact the president of the Women's Clubs of the State, asking her cooperation in getting it adopted as Arkansas' State song. She liked the idea of a State song and in her column in the same Little Rock Gazette suggested that a contest be held to select a State Song—but limited the contestants to the membership of the Federated Women's Clubs of Arkansas—and I was sort of disqualified. Published ravers in Arkansas, Missouri and Delaware. Swiping a line from Tennyson, "I am a part of all that I have seen," wrote a booklet of poems, "The Folks That I Have Known". Proudest of two literary honors—invited by the Mark Twain Association of New York City to deliver the address at the Hotel Astor on the 106th anniversary of Twain's birth—did so—after a fashion—and was unanimous choice of graduat-

ing class to deliver commencement address in town where I had lived for many years and hadn't made a nickle. Was paid for same—although I didn't ask it. Treasure two letters from No. 10 Downing Street, from Winston Churchill's secretaries in which the Prime Minister thanks me for writing the poem, "The Last Battle." Spend much time on lecture platform, with many appearances as after-dinner speaker and on radio programs. Haven't much ability, but "get by" because I am so homely.

OCTOBER IN THE OZARKS

October in the Ozarks, why
It sort of sets me dreamin'
Of frosty mornin's long ago
And all the hills a-teemin'
With gnomes and happy fairy-folk,
And maples all a-flamin',
Of goldenrod and purple grape,
All words of art a-shamin';
For God himself made mother earth,
And made the woods to robe her—
And God's own masterpiece they be—
The Ozarks in October!
October in the Ozarks, with
The crystal waters flowin'
The painted leaves a-driftin' down
And spicy breezes blowin'
The glis'nin frost, the hunter's horn,
The harvest moon a-wanin',
And all the world wakes up to smile
At little brooks complainin'.
Yes, if there be a place on earth
That's almost nigh as pritty
As all the streets and gates of gold
Up in the pearly city,
It's with the rus'lin' autumn wind
And pine trees tall and sober,
And dream haze on a thousand hills—
The Ozarks in October!

—J. Harvey Burgess.



WHITTIER BURNETT

Born in Ohio, of Quaker stock, whose Great, Great Grandfather was one of the frontier settlers at Waynesville, Ohio. Another Great, Great Grandfather served in the Revolutionary War. Another Great, Great Grandfather enlisted three times in the Continental Army, and was three times honorably discharged. The family lost two boys in the war to preserve the union. He tells me of one incident when the party with which they floated down the Ohio River was fired upon by Indians on shore, and in the excitement a boat capsized. They later found a little baby girl sleeping peacefully on a feather tick floating in the river.

Mr. Burnett has three college degrees. He taught in the schools of Cincinnati, also in the University of Ohio and in the Oklahoma A. and M.

When Mr. Burnett's children were grown he returned to his farm near Seymour, Missouri, where he now resides, where he can become more of a Hill-Billy, so he says.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Beneath the warm October sky
When plain and valley purple lie
Transformed in golden haze
I love to tread with lingering feet
The path that to my youth was sweet
And dream of other days.

I pause to watch the breezes blow
The leaves, frost-colored, to and fro
And hear the acorns fall;
The dear old hills time cannot change
Nor make the brooklet's music strange
Nor still the quail's low call.

Across the long-reaped fields I walk
Where husks hang empty from each stalk
And meadow-lands are bare;
Now dim has grown the golden-rod
And floating down from milk-weed pod
And thistle fills the air.

The twilight shadows thin and gray
Steal softly at the close of day
From each familiar tree;
Like shadows, too, the past draws near
And voices echo in my ear
With shadow melody.

For I have reached the time of life
When calm succeeds the fret and strife
And harvest work is o'er;
No more I sow for future years
But backward look through mists of tears
To Summer days of yore.
—Whittier Burnett.

EVANS W. BUSKETT

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 20, 1874, the youngest son of James L. and Theresa Evans Buskett. At the age of seven his father moved to Rolla for the express purpose of educating his family at the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy. Evans graduated from that institution June 13, 1895, receiving a degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemistry and Metallurgy.

Always interested in good literature he first became interested in writing upon a visit to his home in Joplin of his sister, Nancy H. Buskett, who was having some success at that time as a writer of short stories. He was not successful as a story writer, but later wrote a number of articles on Mining and Metallurgy for the Mining World. Engineering and Mining Journal, Mines and later wrote for trade magazines.

He taught chemistry for several years at the Joplin High School, and while in that position was appointed chairman of a committee to publish a high school newspaper, The Spyglass. While in Joplin High School he published two series of still pictures, The Foundation of Chemistry, and the Metals.

He spent many years in the field of mining and metallurgy and is still employed in his profession as a research chemist.

Mr. Buskett's sunny disposition has cast him as a leader, and won for him many friends. His home is 2501 Penn. Avenue, Joplin, Missouri.

THE FLAG OF PEACE

I saw a flag, the stars and stripes,
It was flying in the breeze,
Nor borne aloft in battle's strife,
But on its staff it hung at ease
In quiet gorgeous folds
The flag of peace.

Our flag of peace is now in war,
And may the struggle never cease,
Nor rest until the foe shall yield,
For liberty we must release.
All nations shall be free to make
A world of peace.

Defeat may come, our flag go down,
Yet never shall its cause decease,
But rise again to victory,
When freedom's foes on earth surcease.
We pray, when sacrifice shall end,
"God give us peace."

A NIGHT IN JUNE

Oh, what is so rare as a night in June
With its balmy air and silvery moon,
When gay young couples dance and spoon
To the syncopation of a jazzy tune?

Whether we listen, or whether we look,
We feel the call of the shady nook
On the bank of a softly purling brook,
And dream of the fish we'd like to hook.
And so the days and nights are spent
With wild abandon or sweet content.
Each follows in June his particular bent,
The bickering stream or the sax's lament.
—Evans W. Buskett.

EVE MACKAY BUTCHER



Born in that wonder state, wide, wide Texas, it matters not when, it matters not where . . . I am irrevocably a Longhorn.

Having breathed the fragrance of wild plum along her draws and branches, having slept upon the sand dunes of Red River valley, gathered wild plums along the banks, I am forever locoed. . . . having been away so long that she would not remember nor claim me. I am only a maverick.

I grew up on a galloping mustang. I love horses and collect miniature replicas of them. My ambition? . . . to write something worthwhile in this world . . . and ride pegasus in the next.

LITTLE COLT

There is something about a wobbly little colt,
Lifting his frightened faun-eyed head to bolt,

That catches at the muscles of my throat—
Maybe the down in tail, the kink in his coat.

But the comical bounce of the spring in his heel
Is laughing relief to the choke that I feel.

NIGHT-BLOOM

I watched with leaden heart
The last bright leaf depart
The bough so wildly spread
At window by my bed.

But when the night had come
My eyes, turned skyward from
My cot, found starlet gems
Had bloomed upon the limbs!

THE GENTLE MEN

These are the gentle men, yes! these are they.
One rashly called by Jap and Nazi "soft,"
Slashing with gritted teeth up Appian Way,
Facing the withering fire from mountain loft!
Harassed, beleaguered, blasted; gasping for air
In Hell! (sweet in their hearts a dream of home)
Cursing up trails of blood . . . each curse a prayer;
Once gentle eyes now fiercely fixed at Rome!

Even as Christ, they go with saddened heart,
Knowing they too, have been somehow betrayed.
Raining their winged death with fiendish art,
Angrily rending the clouds in deadly raid!

Bearing the Torch that free men sing about,
To light the Flame that Darkness smothered out.
—Eva Mackay Butcher.

HALLIE SOUTHGATE BURNETT

Hallie Southgate Burnett was born in St. Louis and came to Rolla, Mo., as a child. The daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Baker Southgate and the late John McKnight Southgate, she is the granddaughter of the late Judge and Mrs. W. W. Southgate of Rolla. She received her early education in Rolla.

Mrs. Burnett has travelled extensively with her husband who is on leave of absence from Columbia U., New York City. Her first publication received notice in a Junior League National contest sponsored by Story Magazine. She was selected as a 1940 O. Henry prize winner with her story, "Eighteenth Summer," by the O. Henry Nobel prize winner, and others. A portion of her "Fool and Fortunes" from Junior League Magazine was reprinted in "Woman". Her latest story "Pattern in Shade" will appear shortly in American magazine. Member Junior League of New York City, she is a life-time honorary member of Gasconade Writers' Guild.



CONSTANCE WALTHER CROSSEN

Was born in St. Louis (1910) and has always lived there until the war. She hopes to return to the hills of Missouri. Loves the Ozarks and would rather write about them than any place else in the world. They are the setting for the poems here included, and that's my chief reason for having sent this poem to Mrs. McCullough.

CEDAR RUST

There was a kind of cedar mold
That came to spoil the apples' gold,
And would have left a tarnished streak
A fruitful orchard, bending down
Beneath a more abundant crown.
Have filled the wasteland, by degrees,
Where we cut out the cedar trees;—
But wide as a stony, windswent field
Is the space in our hearts that has not healed.
Like strings of paper butterflies;
The beauty of the cedar wood.
When they were gone, we understood
On every glowing satin cheek.
Or, cool against a parching sun,
Curtains of darkest shadows spun.
Light blossoms, hung in April skies,
And all the comfort we'll let go,
Of warm green feathers in the snow.
So, prudently, we cleared the place
Of trees that bloomed with dusky lace.
—Constance Walther Crossen.



MILES HERBERT CAGG

Was born on December 26, 1890, in Athens County, Ohio, on a farm near Nelsonville, a mining town in the Appalachian Mountains. He was the fourth of six sons.

Mr. Cagg attended, and later taught for three years in a district school in his native county (Athens). During the summers of those years he either worked on the farm or worked in the coal mines at Athens Ohio. After graduating taught in different high

schools of Athens County, until the World War in 1917. After serving a year in the war overseas with the 135th Field Artillery, 37th Division, and before returning to the United States attended Serbonne University of Paris, France. He attended Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. Taught English Composition and Literature four years at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, began in September, 1927, as a teacher of English in the Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Missouri, where he has taught steadily since.

Mr. Cagg attended the University of Wisconsin and Columbia University, New York. He holds B. S. and A. B. Degrees from Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, M. A. Degree from Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio; also, a Teacher's Life High School Certificate in Ohio and Missouri.

He has written poems, several research articles in the field of English and American literature, a History of K. T. Prosser Post of American Legion, Athens, Ohio, (1920-21), and The Pocket Manual of English Diagrams, Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass., 1940. He is a violinist. He arranged and copyrighted the music to the song of the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy entitled, "Silver and Gold," 1935.

He married Miss Clyde John of Rolla, Missouri, and has two daughters, Olive Anne and Ruth Elizabeth. He lives in Rolla, Missouri.

“LIKE AS A HEAP OF FUEL”

A PLEA FOR THOSE LONG OVER LIFE'S HILL.
Like a heap of fuel when full on fire,
That shows at first but small—or slow—decline,
But will once more mount up, soon to expire,
And all its embers fall in ashes fine;
So dims life's fires from Youth's bright break of day
On through its warm and ling'ring sunny noon,
To sun-set, and the dark that comes away,—
And may, or may not, bring the stars or moon,
But if Life's sun shines then with dimmer 'ray
It still, as does the hearth-fire, warms and cheers
One's kinsman and the friends that come his way—
Through winter months when he the cold wind fears;
And though he feels it shake Old Age's house of clay,
His winter fire will cheer him as the soft spring sun,
His friends sit 'round his fire and talk of good he's done.
—Miles H. Cagg.





CORA PINKLEY CALL

Cora Pinkley Call was born and reared in Carroll County, Arkansas, nine miles East of Eureka Springs, Ark. She comes from one of the first white families of the Ozarks as her mother's people drove the first overland wagon into the Ozarks prior to 1925. Like many other pioneers they had Indian blood in their veins and lived among the Indians until Northwest Arkansas was opened up to settlement in 1928. Mrs. Call's grandfather Pinkley was a pioneer doctor in the vicinity of Springfield, Mo. Two

of the ancestors on her father's side, the Charles Pinkleys from North Carolina, were signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Very early in life Mrs. Call would sit spellbound before the open fire and listen to her grandmother and great-grandmother relate the stories of their trip into the Ozarks and of pioneer days.

She has published one book, "Pioneer Tales of Eureka Springs and Carroll County," is now preparing the second edition of this book, "Pioneer Tales of the Ozarks." Other historical novels are "Trail Blazers," "Shifting Sands" and "The Dream Garden."

She has written and sold hundreds of feature articles.

Mrs. Call's work of the Ozarks is authentic. She has collected a great mass of data of the Ozarks which in years to come will be priceless. She has a great collection of pioneer relics and has built a pioneer type log cabin in which to preserve them. Among them is the old loom, the spinning wheel, the black iron kettles in which her fore-

bears cooked their venison and bear meat while blazing the uncharted trails across Kentucky to the Ozarks, where they have lived a century and a quarter.

Mrs. Call is the president of the Ozark Writers' Guild which she founded in Eureka Springs six years ago.

Mrs. Call has been offered lucrative prices to write the stories "Colorful" of the Ozarks people, which she invariably turns down. She will not compromise her information on the Ozarks. The name of Samuel and Daniel Vaughan, John Beverly and Lewis Harp, her mother's kinsmen is written largely on the early history of Northwest Arkansas. She has interviewed hundreds of pioneers and gone into some of the most inaccessible places of the Ozarks for her stories.

Her home is Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

INDIAN SUMMER

I long for the hills of home,
Jagged peaks that rear their lofty heads,
Blue mists that hang like a bridal veil
And over all their mystic beauty spreads.

WINTER TWILIGHT

The hills with mauve and rose are rimmed,
The valleys wrapped in shadows lie,
As one by one pale stars come out
To keep their silent vigil in the sky.

CORA PINKLEY CALL





BOOTHE CAMPBELL

Born at Boonsboro, Arkansas, (now Cane Hill), is a native Ozarkian and writes that his life was rather uneventful, being born, March 21st and according to traditions of constellations it was the unluckiest date of the month. He was for a time in the cattle business where he had the experience of riding the range, drinking coffee from a can, sleeping out in the open, with the rain and snow in his face and still did not find anything to yodel about.

Mr. Campbell moved to Fayetteville and it was here that he met and married a little girl from Tennessee, who was vacationing there. They now have three grown children.

Mr. Campbell writes for his own pleasure. Several of his poems have appeared in Hillbilly Heartbeats, a column by May Kennedy McCord in the Springfield Leader.

His home is at Cane Hill, Arkansas.

AFTER THE CROWD HAS GONE Christmas, 1941

The Holidays have come and gone
Just like they always did
I enjoyed them just as much
As when I was a kid.

Thursday, the twentieth, at 2 P. M.
Or probably half past two,
The Eastern stage came rolling in
And the old girl "nove" in view

With everything that was good to eat
In box, in bag, and can—
To make a Christmas dinner
For her children and her man.
The younger one came shooting in
The day fore Christmas Eve,
He stayed four days — but duty called
So, of course, he had to leave.

We looked not for the older one
He is a way up in Yankee-tank
But what he spent to make us gifts
Will be noticed at his bank.
The girl was coming Christmas eve
But the son-in-law got sick.
She thought to send a telegram
And notify us quick.

She said she would come up New Year's
And bring him if she could.
So here they came that evening—
Just like we thought they would.
A very Merry Christmas
And a happy glad New Year
Has been my lot in life once more,
And my old heart's full of cheer.
—Boothe Campbell.

Charles Perry Clements was born at Rolla, Missouri, January 14, 1900, the son of E. H. and May Light Clements. He received his early education in the schools of Phelps County, Rolla High School, and the Missouri University at Columbia, having won a scholarship to this institute. Clements took journalism in his college course and came forth into the world a finished writer and thinker. And his fond dream of a future which included the hope of someday writing "the Great American Novel." He found time to sandwich in between hours bits of prose and meanwhile stored much material in the back of his mind for that day all writers dream of reaching, the day when he could write as his heart dictated. He was for some years teller in the Rolla State Bank, and later became associated with the U. S. Forestry Department with the State Conservation Department and is now on military leave of absence from this work, to permit his enlistment in the Navy. He recently visited the Ozarks on furlough from Hawaii where he is on shore duty with the Navy Supply services as storekeeper first class, having spent the past two years in the Pacific. Recently Clements has published his first book of poetry, "Thoughts on the Midwatch," a volume of gems of thought, written mostly on the Midwatch. (From midnight to four). Clements has one son, David Anthony Clements. His home is near Rolla, Mo., and going to press we understand Mr. Clements has been promoted to Chief Petty Officer.

THOUGHTS ON THE MIDWATCH

On the midnight watch when the anchor's aweigh,
It's a dark and lonesome turn;
Alone with the stars and the wind and the spray,
Alone with a heart that may yearn.

It is time for a memory, time for a dream,
For a thought that is wanton and free—
When the stars burn cold and the white caps gleam
On the face of the surging sea.

There is frost on the stars and a glow on the spume,
And the deck is all dampness and chill;
But our thoughts take us back to a meadow in bloom
And a farmhouse on top of a mill.

There are musings that bring us a pang and a joy
In the scene that persists through the years,
Of a dream that was young—and a girl and a boy
And a happiness turned into tears.

There are thoughts of a mountainside covered with pine
And a trail that invites us to roam,
Where the shadows and sunshine and love intertwine
For the thoughts on the midwatch lead home.

There are thoughts of the future and thoughts of the past
Of the lights that are shining on shore;
There are thoughts of the port we may enter at last
And the spirit that wanders no more.

There are thoughts of the war and the terrible game
Of the Fate that is moving us on;
There are thoughts that are stirred with the thrill of a name
And remember a love that is gone.

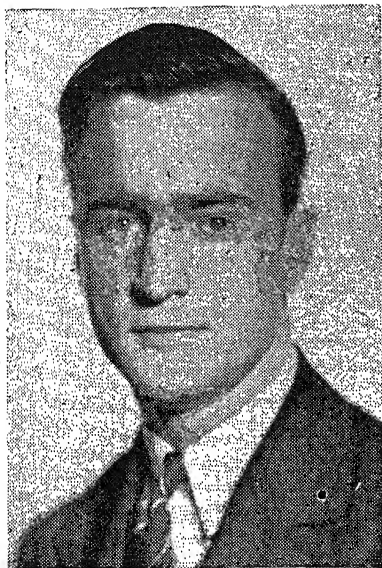
There are thoughts of a shipmate whose sailing is done
And a body cast over the side—
But our thoughts lead us back where thoughts were begun
Like the ebb and the flow of the tide.

O, the heavens are cold and the ocean is bleak
When the watch is from midnight to four;
And the darkness and deep have a story to speak
In a voice from a far-away shore.

It tells of the seasons so brief in their flight
That vanish like bubbles of foam,
For life is a cruise and a watch in the night
On the ship that is bearing us home.

—Charles P. Clements.

GLEN COFFIELD



I was born June 5, 1917, in Prescott, Arizona, was graduated from Carthage, Missouri, High School, 1935; attended Rude's Business College one year; received a B. S. in Education, 1940, from Central Missouri State Teachers College, Warrensburg, Missouri; graduate work, University of Missouri.

He started writing poetry while a sophomore in high school, and the original manuscript of first poem carefully preserved.

In college, he organized a creative correspondence club for spreading local color in verse: Edited

Spring Flight, a magazine of creative-writing; composed music and made piano arrangements for musical comedy, produced by student group.

Invented, designed, and built electric organ from ginger-ale bottles and a hair drier.

Taught English, speech and science in Vienna, Missouri, High School. Gave considerable time to composing music for an opera based on story, "Sleeping Beauty," Dorothy Boicourt of Kansas City completed the libretto.

Poems published in Who's Who in Poetry in America, Springfield Daily News, Kansas City Star-Times, Kansas City Poetry Magazine, Candor, The Bard, Westward, Drifwind, Vespers, and others. Author of two books of verse, "Songs for the Winds" and "Ultimatum."

Member of Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Metropolitan Opera Guild, Missouri-Arkansas Writers' and Artists' Guild.

Hobbies: Musical glasses. Favorite diversion: Vachel Lindsay interpretations. Home address: Carthage, Mo.

THE LATE SOWERS

They planted late in spring and cared
For the ground where the hard seed fell;
Nature and vigilance together spared
The tender shoots too well.

For now their labors may not last
Till the harvest they had hoped to reap;
To their faith in the blossoming they hold fast,
And the growing, while they sleep.

THE FINAL HARVEST

Then, for the final harvest all this
Is suffered, bitter struggles, pain....
All for a final moment of bliss,
All previous loss for an ultimate gain!

And labor lost through turns of seasons
Won't be counted as spent in vain,
If on a day for hard-earned reasons
Man sees abundance of golden grain.

—Glen Coffield.



RENNA COLGROVE



Was born in Galena, Kansas, one of Tri-State's oldest towns. And there attended grade school.

In the year 1913 became a pupil of Burge Hospital, in Springfield, Missouri, and finished the three years course of nurse's training.

Soon after the United States declared war, in World War I, enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps, in which I served three years, two of them abroad.

I've only recently become interested in trying to use poetry as a method of expression. And hope to learn to write nature-poetry.

In this effort I am encouraged by my mother, herself a nature-lover—of the elements in all their manifestations. She and I hope that someday I may gather into poetry-sheaves all we enjoyed, together, of nature and her ways. Whom we found cherished no secret from discerning hearts and eyes, those years we roamed hills and valleys—years of my childhood.

Although, finding it easier to behold her with rapturous joy than to write of her glories, my ambition is to do justice to Nature, the subject—to my teacher, Mother.

BACKYARD REVERSAL

Look, didja ever see the like?
That man a hangin' out wet shirts,
Those women—both withouten skirts—
A fixin' up a broken bike.

SWEET PAIN

I am Today,
And so fallow.
I was not told,
So I mourn
And weep my own heart's pain,

Who should have known
From the very eagerness
With which the lover came to me—
Having only divorced Yesterday—
That he,
Although I belonged to him,
Was not mine to keep.
I weep that I did not guess,
That having sown
He, abiding not to reap,
Would hurry
On after Tomorrow
Till, grown old,
He too should mourn
As sincerely—
For Yesterday.

NO WIDER REALM

Of all the ways the tree-clad Ozark hill
May shadow-forth unfaded loveliness,
Poet after poet may tell. May stress
Her tender springs, her summers, autumns; thrill
To nurtured themes; to oft' replenished stores
Of beauty, peace and love; of happy hours—
To songs of these she bends, obedient still,
As the tide is docile to its moon.
And she responds from early birds' first tune
Till late skies hold a brilliant sun of gold,
That flings to her his blazonry, and lingers
So long as airy-clouds, with rosy-fingers,
Adorn her breast with splendor of dreams, to hold
As flame against her winter-indigos.

THE HALF-REMEMBERED POEM

The wind brought me this lovely thing,
He laid it in my hand, and I—
Why, he snatched it up again!
Still it's lovely blowing by.

—Renna Colgrove.

WALTER COLLEY



Walter Colley born in Lawrence Co., Mo., February 1; son of John S. and Mary (Anderson) Colley, descending from Virginia pioneer stock, the Price-Anderson-Colley of Revolutionary and Civil War history. Mr. Colley was teacher, Principal and County School Superintendent; served one term in Legislature and assisted in drafting the Buford-Colley Bill for the advancement of schools. Married Miss Margaret Bird. Is a Baptist, member of Knights of Pythias, C. of C., Royal Arch Masons, Missouri State Teachers' Association and the Missouri Historical Society; has features published in several papers and historical magazines. The following poem was published in The Carthage Press.

On the first day of school in September, 1943, Mr. Colley, looking out of his window, saw his little granddaughter and other children all in comely dress and high spirits tripping along the street toward the school building. An image of child life was pictured in his mind. It was expressed in the following poem:

SCHOOL TIME

Out in the tree-tops
The wild birds are singing
Over the hill
The school bell is ringing
Here comes the school girls
All happy and gay
With sweet smiling faces
And pink lingerie.

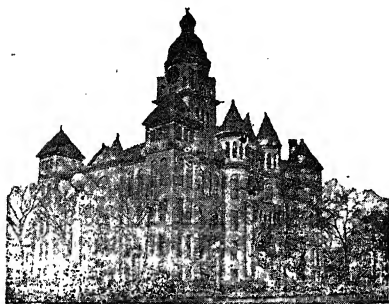
The boys come strolling
With marbles and tops
Varying their pace
With jumps and with hops.

They come to the play ground
The swings and the slides
And the merry-go-round
On which every one rides.
Now comes the call bell,
For play time its taps,
It is school room and books
And pencils and maps

And teacher, a beautiful
Grown up girl
With neat modern dress
And permanent curl,
The books all neat and
Handsomely bound
Wherein the wisdom
Of Sages is found.

O happy vacation
With the teachings of nature!
I profitable school life—
Its drill and its culture.
These blessings our children
Inherit today.
These blessings must be
For our children always.

—Walter Colley.



STELLA SMITH COLLINS

I regard myself as a true Ozarkian. I was born in Newton County, Missouri, and love every rock and tree, every hill and valley, and every limpid stream in the Ozarks.

My father and mother also were born in Newton County and my four grandparents were among the first white settlers in the district.

One of my great-great-grandfathers was on his way to California, but when he saw southwest Missouri's wooded hills and fertile valleys, he forgot California and homesteaded a farm on which his descendants have lived over a hundred years.

I was educated in Joplin and graduated from Joplin High School, being Salutatorian of my class. After a year's course of teachers training, I taught in the Joplin schools for a short time.

There is nothing I enjoy writing about as much as my beloved Ozarks, but next to writing about them I love to roam among them, search for and identify their wild flowers and explore their lovely streams. I know there could be no more beautiful water in the world than the Ozark creeks and springs.

Mrs. Collins is Secretary of the Tri-State Writers' Club and a charter member of the Half-Century Club.

AVOLATION

Bear me up, bear me away, West Wind,
Let me linger never more;
I would shed this heavy mortal cloak,
By life's tantalizing shore.
From the cloying soil take, West Wind.
From its beauties let me flee,
For in sorrow's chain they bind me fast;
I would be forever free.
Gay West Wind you wander where you will,
Love and duty hold you not;
But for me are always ties that bind,
Ties that may not be forgot.
—Stella Smith Collins.

MRS. IDA SOUTHWORTH CONNELL

Born near Aurora, Missouri. Married Henry Clay Connell. Has two children. She has been writing poetry and songs for many years. Her songs have been featured over Radio Station K.W.T.O. Her poems have been published in May McCord's column, "Hillbilly Heart Beats" in the Springfield papers; Farm Club, Mt. Vernon Record, and many others including the first Edition of the "Living Authors of the Ozarks And Their Literature."

Mrs. Connell is now a widow and lives on a farm with her only son near Larussell, Mo., Route 1.

SPRING IS HERE

Spring is here! Spring is here!
Don't you feel it in the air?
Little birds so bright and gay
Johnny jump-ups on their way,

Poke their heads up through the ground
Stop and listen at every sound.
Try to tag little Tulip gay
As she passes on her way.

Little Daffodil and Buttercup yellow
Think Johnny is a bad little fellow.
But the little ferns and violet blue
Think this is a wonderful place to live in—don't you?
—Ida Southworth Connell.



MRS. OLIVE RAMBO COOK



Mrs. Olive Rambo Cook is a native of Missouri, having lived most of her past life in Livingston County, spent one year in Arizona and one year in Portland, Oregon.

She says she is not a poet — but really enjoys writing verse when the mood is on.

She has had many juvenile stories published in various Children's magazines, and enjoys writing them. "The Golden Patch" is the best known — appearing first in "Wee Wisdom" — and later included in Carol Brinks' first collection of

"Best Short Stories for Children", 1934.

Mrs. Cook also does feature and free lance photography with news items. She is a member of the Scribblers' Club of Chillicothe, Mo., Writers' Guild and League of Western Writers. Her hobbies are photography, weaving and sketching.

She has one son in the service.

WAITING

Oh, nothing is ever so still as a house,

When a boy has gone.

Even the walls seem listening

Hushed for his whistle and song.

Radios wait for the touch of his hands,

Only the clock ticks on.

Oh, nothing is ever so still as a house,

When a boy has gone.

AN UPPER ROOM

In ancient times each house contained
An upper room of quietness and peace.
A place where God seemed very near
And troubled souls and careworn hearts,
 Found sweet relief.
And wild confusion reigns in every land
Today, when all the world is torn with strife
We need again a quiet upper room,
To there renew our hope and faith,
 And take God's hand.

I COVET THESE

The things I want, are things
 That gold could never buy.
Things not tangible, yet with a permanence
 That time defies.

I want a Faith,
 That goes with me along the way,
And keeps my courage high and vision still undimmed
 At close of day.

I want a Hope,
 A hope serene and strong
That laughs at fear and meets defeat and hardship
 With a song.

And I want Love,
 A love that understands
And strives to heal the wounds that hate has made
 Across the land.

These are the things I covet,
 Things that gold could never buy.
For without Faith and Hope and Love,
 Peace will forever die.

—Olive Rambo Cook.

EMMA R. CORNWELL

Born in Detroit, Michigan. When she was three, the family moved to Chicago where she was educated in the Public Schools and Northwestern University School of Commerce. Married to Guy W. Cornwell in 1903. In 1912 moved to Oak Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. Moved to Phelps County, Missouri, in 1936, and has been a resident of Rolla since 1942. She is the mother of five children, all married.

After that of being a mother, her hobbies are poetry, writing and citizenship. These interests led her into radio work in which she used her talents for a number of years. She wrote and directed playlets before clubs and on the radio. Since coming to the Ozarks she has continued her literary work, contributing to newspapers, periodicals and in club work, as well as in writing and directing playlets on citizenship.

She is a member of the Gasconade Writers Guild and several Clubs in Rolla.

WHY?

I like the farm, and sing its praise,
One puzzling question, though, I raise:
I like the busy buzzing bees,
The birds and flowers, and the trees,
The cow with almost human eyes,
The bleating sheep, the owl so wise,
The pigs that always want to eat,
The gorgeous clouds, the golden wheat,
The croaking frogs, the chickens, too,
The squirrels with so much to do,
The turkeys, geese, and ducklings, dear,
The guinea hens with calls so queer,
The rabbits, dogs, and old, gray cat,
The chip-munk, 'possum, and the bat,
But there is one that bothers me,
And wakes me up at half-past three;
Do tell me please, I want to know
Just why that rooster has to crow.

NEW YEAR'S

New Years are a precious substance
By which time is measured;
Giving man these precious hours
To be mourned, or treasured.

A MOTHER'S DAY TRIBUTE

If all the mothers in the world
Were patterned after you,
The human race would kinder grow,
And hate would vanish, too.

For tots would learn the golden rule,
Then by it would abide;
And good will would soon reign supreme
If each had such a guide.

So here's a tribute, Mother dear,
That should not go untold:
May all the mothers yet to come
Be fashioned in your mold!

TO THE OZARK WEATHER PROPHET.

Pipe away, dear little tree toad,
Tell the world that rain is due;
Carry on as weather prophet,
If that task depends on you.

Swell with pride and give your message,
Then when rain begins to fall,
Rest your tired vocal organs
'Til you have another call.

—Emma R. Cornwell.



HELLEN GLEAVES CRAKER

Hellen Gleaves Craker was born in Monett, Missouri, to Harold B. and Dicey Shipley Gleaves on Friday, March 17, but being neither Irish nor superstitious it seems to her that Friday is as good as any to enter this so called "Vale of tears." The Shipleys are distant relatives of Abraham Lincoln.

She was forced to give up her schooling because of blindness, but after a few years the condition cleared away and with it the urge to write returned. Her work has appeared in

Illustrated News, Journal Post, Kansas City Star, Youths Standard, Monett Daily Times, Springfield Daily News; Hillbilly Heartbeats by May K. McCord, and others. She published a little booklet "Reflections" in 1939 under the name of Hellen Gleaves Nunn. She was married to Clovis D. Craker, 1940, who is employed by the Rock Island Railroad. (Her pet peeve is being called, Mrs. Cracker). Her home is in Silvis, Illinois. Her son is on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

SAY NOT GOOD-BYE

Say not "good-bye" as tho our love
Could end in parting ever,
Our dreams must perish, paths divert,
As golden ties we sever.
For in my heart a sacred shrine
The flame of love keeps burning,
And time and tempest passing by
Will never cease its yearning.

TO A GOLD STAR MOTHER

April

1917 ————— 1944

That other April afternoon
You smiled and said "Good-bye",
And watched your heart go marching off
With pride and courage high.
And now it's April once again
And you must smile and say,
"Your father, Dear, would understand
It IS the only way!"
Soon there will be red poppies and
TWO crosses, gleaming, white;
O'er Flanders Field their spirits meet
One tortured, flaming night.
Choke back your tears, your two gold stars
Will light the path for you;
Perhaps some April afternoon
You'll join their rendezvous!

THERE'S ALWAYS GOD

I'm not alone though all be dead.
I still have faith and up ahead
A gleam of hope and courage, too,
And these three things will see me through
But should they fail, and all be lost,
I will not rail or count the cost.
For tho I lie beneath the sod
I'm not alone, there's always God.

WINTER'S LULLABY

Quietly . . . So gently tucking me in
Silencing, slowly, the street's noisy din;
Firelight a glowing, lights turned down low;
Winter is spreading her blanket of snow.
Whispering, crooning, seeming to sing:
Sleep, sleep, my dear one, and dream it is Spring.
—Hellen Gleaves Craker.



OPAL CRABTREE

Opal Crabtree, born in Eufaula, Oklahoma, in 1915, of Irish, Dutch and Cherokee Indian extraction, grew up in Indian neighborhood. She is truly a child of the hill country, with a sweet, shy nature. Deriving much pleasure from the common things to be found in the deep forest, a lover of flowers, sunset, dawn, the rain and such things that was every day life to her. Her home is in Glen Pool, Oklahoma.

STILL NIGHT

Still is the night though I am so weary.
The intense darkness lingers on.
Tossing restlessly I wait for the sunrise
Soothed by the night winds whispering song.
While I wait in the hush of the midnight
A dew laden breeze floats wearily by
A small voice floats in with the fragrance
Along with the night winds gentle sigh.

Still is the night, calm is my spirit
Darkness and shadow cover the land
I hear a sweet voice, I'm safe in His presence
Touched by the Saviour's kindly hand.
The hand that often has touched and healed me,
Leads me safely into the light.
Sheltered by one whose love never fails me,
There in the cool calm peace of the night.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.

When the weary day fades softly
Into the dimness of the night.
When the firefly lights the shadows
In the moon's transparent light
Drinking deeply of the starlight
I dream of one last dawn
In one thought of sweet remembrance
The lovely day is gone.

The shadows left their folded wings
And with one breathless sigh,
The clouds drift lazily along
The path across the sky.
While sorting out the many things
I have hidden in my heart
I saw our likeness in the clouds
We have drifted far apart.

One breach of separation
That might well have been repaired
With one word of understanding
Half our sorrow might be spared.
All the happiness we once had known;
When you lingered for awhile
Came back to me in memory;
Your words framed with a smile.

I thought of all the tenderness we lost
As we tried to live
How much precious joy it cost us
By our failing to forgive.
I'm looking back upon life's day
Sifting the false from the true
Wondering if the burden in my heart
Is really love for you.

I watch the clouds go sailing by,
Life is such a mystery
I'm praying that the floating clouds
Will bring you home to me.

—Opal Crabtree.

MRS. WILLIAM R. CRENSHAW

Soon after my father, Charles Wood, an Englishman, was discharged from the Federal Army, he and his pal, Sol Blandon, decided to go to an English settlement in Southwest Missouri, named for an English nobleman, the Earl of Granby. They arrived in 1866. I now recall only the following Englishmen who were there upon their arrival: Bill Chester, ——— Marshall, Bill Thoms, Dick Bennett, ——— Beamer, Ambro Martin, Judge Hersey, Harry Tamlyn, Bill Knight, Charley Elliot. Father worked for Elliot in a grocery store. Married my mother in 1866, and I was born in 1868. Father, Bennett, Thoms, Beamer and Knight all moved to the new diggens, Joplin, in 1871. We lived with Charley Watters family till he built a shack; board floor, canvas roof, no doors or windows; located due west of rail fence corner of John Cox's farm. Dad and Beamer soon struck a shallow lead mine in K. C. Bottom. This enabled him to buy a lot at corner of Hill and Galena Streets and he built a home there. My only brother, Walter, was born in 1871, the first boy babe born in Joplin. My mother passed away soon after and the new babe was reared by my maternal grandmother in Ellis County, Texas. Wm. Thomas, Bennett, Knight and Dad moved again in 1874 to the town of Carterville and Webb. Charley Elliott moved from Gramby to Center Creek P. O.—later Minesville and now Orongo. He became a leading citizen there.

Thoms located on corner of Main and Daugherty where Teel's Drug is now located. A Webb Street is named for Thomas. Thomas struck big lead and zinc, and built the first custom crusher and smelter in the mining district. Dad and Bill Knight were his ground bosses. I went from Joplin to Carterville in 1875, to live with dad. Had a home there 65 years. Always lived in sight of a "tailing pile," till coming west.

Dad's brother came from England in 1880. I went home with him in 1880. Lived near Manchester. It was Merrie England then and very lovely. Returned to Carterville in 1884; then to grandmother's in Texas; then home to

Cotty College, Nevada, Mo. Participated in Cotty College's first graduation exercises. One graduate—Olive Gatewood. Upon my return to Carterville, began teaching in the old frame building; taught four years. Married William L. Crenshaw in 1892. We moved to the Ozarks in 1900, across the Gasconade, "yan" side of Nebo, Laclede County. Our home was at the head of the Big "Holler," that was east and ended at Bradford's ford on the Robideau River. On our first fourth of July we went to a fish fry at the Gasconade ford, east of Hicks Caroli's farm. The next fourth to a Masonic picnic at Plato.

Moved back to our old home in Carterville in 1891, on account of the "big drouth," no feed for stock. Husband died in 1905. Back to schoolroom in 1907, having accepted principalship of Jamestown School, in 3rd ward of Carterville, under Prof. Failcy. Continued 21 consecutive years. Pupils all moved to Pitcher. Was then transferred to Carterville Central; there 6 more years—31 years in Carterville. With 12 years public school, college, and teaching I've spent 45 years in school, besides extra curriculum. Now pleasantly situated among five of my children in Los Angeles, California, is very beautiful, also very artificial. Except for the sycamore trees along living streams and the California holly everything has been transplanted here and has to have much water. We like our new home—fine, cool nights, and economic conditions excellent. My only soldier, Wm. H., is a Naval Lieutenant (j. g.) located in Boston, Mass. Two daughters are in clerical work, and two sons and one daughter in defense work.

—Mrs. William H. Crenshaw.



JESSE H. CLONTS

Mr. J. H. Clonts was born and lived in Crawford County, Mo., for 50 years, is a farmer and teacher. Education in Steelville schools and University of Missouri.

Married and has six daughters and one son. One daughter is a WAC in England, one a teacher, one employed at Curtis-Wright in St. Louis, one at home and twin daughters, freshmen at Steelville High. His only son is stationed on Attu. All have attended University in Missouri except twin girls who are yet in High School.

Mr. Clonts has written verse for 30 years as the urge comes and for his own pleasure. He loves wooded hills and clear streams of the Ozark region, which are the inspiration of many of his beautiful verses.

His home is near Steelville, Mo.

OZARK AUTUMN

"Sorghum" time among our hills,
Season at its best;
Heat at noon, morning chills;
No need for any rest.
Wildlife scurrying everywhere,
Ozark fall is here.
Everything is in a stir,
Happiest time of year.

FOR VICTORY

Out over seas,
Up in the air,
Among the trees,
They're everywhere.
For Freedom's Peace,
For you and me—
Till war shall cease,
Till VICTORY.

—J. H. Clonts.

ROBERT EDWARD CRUMP



A native of Arkansas. Born near Rison, Arkansas, in a log cabin—one point he has in common with Abraham Lincoln. Educated in the common schools of Arkansas. Took A. B. degree from Ouachita College. First M. A. degree from Louisiana State University. Taught in the public elementary schools of Arkansas and served as High School Principal in Arkansas and Oklahoma. Parish Superintendent in Louisiana—West Feliciana Parish. Professor of Education and Psychology, Southwestern

State Teachers College. Dean and Acting President of the Oklahoma Baptist University, Shawnee, Oklahoma. President of Jonesboro (Ark.) Baptist College. Now Professor of Psychology and Philosophy Arkansas A. & M. College, Monticello, Ark. Received the M. A. and the Ph. D. degrees from Teachers College, Columbia University. Went through an officer's training school in the first World War, Ft. Monroe, Va. Accepted commission as First Lieutenant in C. A. Reserves. Now a Major in the C. A. Reserves.

TIME SNEAKS ON

By Bob Crump

Weekly Column for Advance-Monticelloian,
Monticello, Arkansas.

Some time ago, when London was being bombed so mercilessly, I heard a remarkable broadcast from London. It was a nightingale singing.

This was my first time to hear a nightingale sing. I may never hear another one. But I will have the memory of these lovely notes so clear and fearless emanating from

a city in which there was much sorrow and desolation. But also in that city were Courage and Determination. And, amid it all, an appreciation of the beautiful, for the song of the nightingale was being broadcast to the world.

In this old world of ours, there are wars and terrors which ride by night and by day. But there are also things of beauty and grandeur to gladden our hearts if only we keep attuned to the beautiful.

A war correspondent speaking from Spain, took time to mention that he had just witnessed one of the most wonderful sunsets he had ever seen. Do we take time to look upon them? If so, a feeling of peace steals over us and a song of thanksgiving comes out of our hearts.

Then there is the sweet smile of the baby, and the tender smile of the maid. The air about us is filled with rich music. We have but to "tune in" to hear it.

There is a condition of the soul we sometimes find in others or may reach ourselves wherein all beauty has lost its appeal. The mind and heart are no longer responsive. All has become as "sounding brass and tinkling symbols."

Darwin once said that he had been so engrossed in working out his theories that he had lost all appreciation of music and poetry. He warned others to avoid his mistake and suggested that we should read some good poetry and listen to some good music every day. Thus, we may keep alive our love for and appreciation of materials that feed the soul.

We are taught that the beauty we see exists in our own minds. How desolate and dreary the mind which sees no beauty anywhere.

The power to perceive beauty appears to be a human attribute. A horse and his rider toil up a mountain-side. They reach the top just as the sun is sending out its last golden rays. The rider releases his horse which immediately starts grazing on the luscious grass. The rider forgets his own weariness and loses himself in the contemplation of a marvelous sunset. The horse is unaffected by the scenery.

The time for enjoying the beautiful is now. The beauty is all about us if only we have eyes to see it. We can't afford to wait for some future day when Peace shall again prevail, temporarily on earth.

Every morning, rosy fringed Aurora opens the gates of Dawn. Apollo rides the sun chariot across the sky. The sun sinks to rest in resplendent colors. The stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels, blossom in the infinite meadows of Heaven.

Let us be alert to seize upon and enjoy every vestige of beauty given to us by the Creator. Life was meant to be enjoyable. — Seek beauty. Radiate beauty if you can.

From a darkened studio in London town, I hear a nightingale singing.

BONNIE LELA CRUMP

Bonnie Lela Crump was born in Aubrey, Arkansas, on "The Brown Plantation." Her parents moved to Mountain Home, Arkansas. Then to pioneer in Oklahoma. At Cammauche, Oklahoma, she attended school with Indian children. These different homes gave her a colorful background and a better understanding of the different races. She attended Carr Burdette College, Sherman, Texas, and Epworth University, Oklahoma City, Okla.

She was married to Robert E. Crump.

Mrs. Crump taught in the Primary Department of the Julius Freyman Public School, St. Francisville, Louisiana, then later continued her studies at Southeastern State



Teachers College, Durant, Oklahoma, where she received her A. B. degree and was offered the position of Critic Training Teacher in the Primary Department of the same College. In 1922, she received her master's degree (M. A.) from Oklahoma University, Norman, Oklahoma, and her Ph. D. from Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City, in 1932. She was associate professor in Education at Durant Teachers College two summers and Supervisor of Elementary Grades in Oklahoma Baptist University, Shawnee, Oklahoma, one summer session.

Mrs. Crump is Field Secretary for National Kindergarten Association for the State of Arkansas, has also held this position in Oklahoma, and State Chairman of Creative Arts, Arkansas Division of A. A. U. W. A member of National League of American Pen Women (Ark. Div., Little Rock); Arkansas Authors and Composers (Little Rock); Arcadian Guild, Hot Springs; National Writers and Sorois Club. She won the State Poetry Prize awarded by A.F.W.C. 1941 for a poem, "Springtime Down In Arkansas". Also a Chevrolet car; National Rexall Essay Contest. She writes poetry, songs, short stories, children's books, plays and pageants and a newspaper column (now and then) in The Advance-Monticelloian, Monticello, Arkansas, "I Wonder."

WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

What is your wish?

I asked a little maid.

With small face lifted toward the stars,

And wistful eyes, dew-laid.

What is my wish?

Well 'tis this:

That my soldier daddy could be here

And Mummy's heart woud know no fear.

What is your wish?

I asked a refugee old and gray,

As listless eyes wandered far away,

And tell-tale tear-drops on eyelids lay.

What is my wish?

Well, 'tis this:
I wish my home-land far away,
Could be as it was another day.
What is my wish?
I asked myself.
I wish with all my heart to-day
Peace could reign and love hold sway.

KEEP HOPING

When doubts prevail
And fears assail—
Start not to moping!
Dream some, yes, but be up and doing;
Cling to the faith, your goal pursuing,
Crave not your hoping)
Bonnie Lela Crump.



MINNIE SQUIRES COPE

Minnie Squires Cope was born in Maysville, Kentucky, to Mr. and Mrs. John Squires, and has lived in the Ozark region for 56 years.

Married William Martin Cope in Springfield, Mo., in 1918. Has one son, Welborn. Writes short stories and loves the Ozark hills and beautiful clear sparkling streams. They have been a source of inspiration to her when sorrow was deepest. She turned to the window and gazed for a time seeming to draw strength from the hills. Ozark Mountains are little mountains. I am a little fellow, too. Life can be beautiful, too, like our beautiful hills. Some way troubles grow small while viewing our dear Ozarks.

Mrs. Cope lives at Overland, Mo., with her husband and son where she writes for several papers and magazines.



THOMAS DANIEL

Born in Kentucky. When about five years of age his parents moved to Pea Ridge, Arkansas, near the bullet-scarred battle ground well known in the history of the Civil War. Later the family moved to Rogers, Arkansas. At the age of twenty Daniel published a small volume of poems, under the title, "Musings Of A Youth." Because of the lofty sentiments and vigorous language the young author received much favorable comment from prominent literary people, but did not sell enough books to pay the printer. He became

engaged in the newspaper business in western Oklahoma. During the next twenty years he owned or edited newspapers in several states. His last journalistic venture was as publisher of the Ozarkian Magazine, which, like many other ambitious literary projects, died "a-bornin'." A few years ago he was stricken with streptococcus infection, which almost cost him his life, and from which he has not entirely recovered. In 1938 he issued a small volume of poetry, entitled "Fallen Leaves." He is now living at Alamgordo, New Mexico, and is preparing to publish a book of sketches and stories dealing with life in the Ozarks. Nearly all these stories are humorous in character, with a vian of backwoods philosophy. Mr. Daniel is a very interesting personality.

OH, THE GLORY OF LIVING

(Gems of Poesy, 1904)

Oh life, the red torrent that flushes my veins,
On hope, beloved siren with soft wooing strains,
On love, the sweet rapture my heart leaps to hear,
On joy, the glad laughter that brings so much cheer)
Oh life, and oh love—oh hope and oh joy—
On the smile and the kiss of a maid and a boy!
Oh the passion of youth! Oh manhood's strong thrill!
Oh the power we know of a soul and a will!
Oh the glory of living! Oh magical breath!
Oh spirit, exultant, unfettered by death!

This life's swift current, this hope's fond desire,
This joy's gay ripple, this love's tender fire,
All tell of a soul, a thing most divine—
A symbol of God, which with flesh doth combine
To fashion a being—a spirit in clod—
Who dies as the grass, yet whose life is in God.
Then shout the grand truth from earth to the sky—
Oh live while you may, ask heaven not why—
For to live is divine, 'tis but human to die.

WHEN WAR DOGS BARK

Now on the scene, where nations fear and wait
And dream of peace—yet flout God's changeless law;
There steals the streaked whelp of Greed and Hate,
Whose hellish grin betrays a cankerous maw.
Upon the backs of eager, care-free youth
He subtly lays the damning, murderous chore
Of blinding Reason, slaying virtuous Truth,
That he may fill his guts with human gore.
A smirking Hitler, with his snobbish air,
Or Mussolini proud, with crafty spell,
And lesser bloated mongrels who would dare
To pave, with human hearts, the way to hell!
What dumb, unthinking mortals here we are!
While mumbling patriotic words aside,
War's shrieking laughter mocks our every plea
Till Justice swoons where Faith and Hope have died!
—Thomas Daniel.

L. LOIS DAY



L. Lois Day was born in Nebraska in 1919, to Daniel A. and Grace A. Minnick. Spent her early years in Nebraska, in the home of her grandparents. She began writing early. Won first place in the column of the People's Forum and won the local and County "Better Housing" contest, while in high school. Moved to Benton County, Missouri, with her father in 1936. Was married to Mr. Day, a native Ozarkian, the same year, and says she is rapidly becoming an adopted Hill-Billy as she is a lover of

the hill country, which is still new to her. They have one small son. Mrs. Day is now teaching school, and arranging a collection of her own poems to have published in book form. Mrs. Day is a Charter member of the Ozark Artist and Writers Guild. Her home is in Fristoe, Missouri.

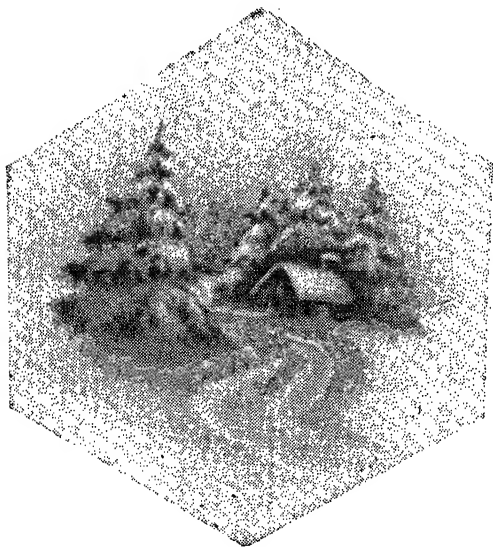
RECIPE

As you go along life's way
Smile and sing a little song;
Peace will follow your pathway.
You will help the world along.
You will see your smile reflected
On a lonely traveler's face;
You will make him glad to be
Close to you in life's long race.

A TREE

A tree is a beautiful thing to see
A lovely, living, growing thing;
A part of Nature's wonder cast;
'Twas meant o'er plants to be the king.
It is a monument by day
A guide through nightfall's darkly murk
A joy for all who really see
The beauty of God's handiwork.
To me it is a gladsome song
In times of happiness,
In sorrow 'tis a messenger
Of God, in my distress.
From spring and on through autumn
It never knows death's knife;
A tree is God's own promise,
Of rich, eternal life.

—L. Lois Day.



SGT. L. P. DAVIS

Born at Davisville, Mo., where he grew to manhood. Attended Northeast Missouri State Teachers College, at Maryville, Mo.

Joined the Armed Service in September, 1940. Basic Training at McChord Field, Tacoma, Wash. Then to Spokane, Wash., January, 1941, and overseas June 21, 1942.

Was married to Luella Therriault in March, 1942, in Idaho.

Mr. Davis has composed poems since grade school day, and is now publishing a full sized fiction story, entitled "Out From The Hills," excerpts from which follow.



EXCERPTS FROM A BOOK "OUT FROM THE HILLS"

By Sgt. L. P. Davis

The store post office was sort of an unorganized winter club for these men but it functioned just as smoothly as though it was run by a Vanderbilt on Fifth Avenue, and the men got the same kick out of it as if the water bucket down on the end of the counter with the long handled dipper were a cocktail fountain in a swank club. Some of those stories that were told will forever live in my memory.

* * * * *

Summer came and Indian Summer, the most beautiful interlude that comes to the hills, followed. The beautiful haze which Indian Summer threw over the hills that autumn never told anyone that the strange stillness would end in tragedy for my family.

* * * * *

Sunday School is still a must down here. I can still see Pop as he looked out over his horn rimmed glasses and

said "Can you lead that song, Roy?" or "Would you lead that, Will?" Pop knew they wouldn't. But he liked to lead the choir anyway. He was always superintendent and Bible teacher. That was his greatest pleasure in later years.

* * * * *

There seemed to be an epidemic of babies around home that year. And I recall distinctly how old Doug Constan used to spit his tobacco juice just which ever way he happened to be turned and say, "'Y Gad every man in the country froze his foot this winter leavin' it from under the kivers ready to run for the doctor." The men just all sit around Pop's store and post office gossiping about what the old woman heard from one of the kids who in turn had heard it from another kid at school. The basis of rumors was never questioned then, for who cared so long as they provided topic for conversation for these men of the hills on long winter days.

* * * * *

It is with a certain inward pride that I can say to my comrades queries, "I'm from Missouri."

God and nature gave we people of the hills a supreme right to be proud.

KATHARINE MURDOCH DAVIS

Katharine Murdoch Davis lives in Siloam Springs, Arkansas, where she assists her husband in the work of the Bar D Press. In their capacity of publishers the Davises have brought out the work of numerous Ozark writers. Mrs. Davis is state chairman for poetry of the Woman Federated Clubs of Arkansas. Her work in prose and verse has appeared in many American and British publications and she is a frequent contributor to the Arkansas Gazette. She is author of two books of verse: "Caedman's Angel and Other Poems," published by Elkin Matthews, London, and "The Broken Necklace" published in Arkansas.

MAI E. DOMS



Hill-poet, philosopher, teacher, columnist, was born in her "Hills O' Shannon," and it matters not when, for her heart is eternally young. Educated in the Dent County public schools and the colleges of Springfield, she taught for several years. In 1908 she was married to Joseph Doms, also a teacher, and together they enjoyed their career as teachers until the birth of their daughter, Mayrose, and later their son, Francis Joseph, after which they moved to Salem, Missouri, where Mr. Doms went into business. Her son is in the armed forces and her daughter serving with the War Department as stenographer. Her husband died in 1933.

Her poetry, which touches the skies in its limitlessness and beauty, has been an inspiration to her readers for many years. Her column in the Salem news, "Along the Road," is gripping in its hill-lore and its fine philosophy, and enjoys a fine following.

Her poem "Drouth" has received much acclaim. She has appeared in "Trees," a Sidney Lanier Memorial" published by Dr. Melton of the U. of Georgia, several anthologies, among them Mitre Press, London; Honorable Mention in Poet Laurate Contest, Ozarks, 1938, appeared in "News Poets" Springfield Newspapers, Inc., and has enjoyed far flung success with her poetry with a message to the human heart. She resides at Salem, Mo. Chief hobby that of being a real mother to two wonderful children to whom she has been both father and mother. Known as the "Grand Woman of Salem." She is a member of Ozarkian-Hillcrofters, Charter member Gasconade Writers Guild and other literary groups.

HILLS O' SHANNON

Hills o' Shannon, Oh Hills o' Shannon,
Flung from the borders of paradise,
Fragments left from some mountain land,
Fashioned, adorned by the Master's hand;
An eden spot for the home of man, on

The sunbright slopes of the Hills o' Shannon.
Hills o' Shannon, Oh Hills o' Shannon,
Rock-ribbed, pine-crowned cloistered fanes,
Where one may hear in the evening dim,
Angel spirits commune with Him,
When He comes to walk and talk with man on
The white flint trails of the Hills o' Shannon.
Hills o' Shannon, Oh Hills o' Shannon,
Cedary hills of prophecy,
Calling to me through ceaseless strife,
Bring back to you my waning life,
Bow at your sunny shrines again,
Home to the "Hills," Oh Hills o' Shannon.

I GAVE MY SON TO UNCLE SAM TODAY.

(March 1st, 1943)

Today was just about the same
As any other day,
Small chores to do, some errands run
I'm neither sad nor gay;
But somehow I cannot go quite
So blithely on my way;
I gave my eighteen-year-old son
To Uncle Sam today.
I am just another mother,
He is just another son;
We both know that way out yonder
Is a job that must be done;
He is needed now to help them,
He must go and I must stay;
And smile the while, I gave my son
To Uncle Sam today.
Oh, Uncle Sam will care for him,
And God will lend a hand;
Back home we'll share the sacrifice—
Save Freedom's Fatherland;
So grief and wild emotion,
I can firmly pack away;
And smile the while, I gave my son
To Uncle Sam today.

—May E. Doms.



HERB DUNCAN

Born February 16, 1914, the son of Oma Hawkins and Charles Edward Duncan; graduated from Rolla High School in 1934. Began his career of poetry writing in high school days when he became a protege of May Kennedy McCord, and to her he gives all credit of his success—second only to his mother. After high school he did a year of globe-trotting, then set himself to the labor of love of maintaining a home for his mother, which was his highest aim until called by Uncle Sam.

He is a charter member and vice-president of the Gasconade Writers' Guild; Member Missouri Writers' Guild; Ozarks Press Association, Ozarkian-Hillcrofters, Missouri

Historical Society, Eugene Field Society. He is a cartoonist and artist of note.

Known as the poet of the Gasconade. He has immortalized the Gasconade River of Phelps and Maries County in his inimitable river songs. The Gasconade Writers' Guild was founded on his birthday and named in his honor. Has two published books, "Singing Gasconade" Bar-D-1940 and "Bloomgarden" Andre Pub. 1942. Has appeared in many magazines, papers and anthologies both here and in England. He is writing a book which covers local color and history of his mother's family. Is a direct descendant of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Of fine old pioneer stock, he enjoys a position in the Literary World seldom attained by one of his youth.

While stationed at Fort Knox, he staged an all soldier show each Saturday night over a Fort Knox Radio Station. Now stationed at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, writes sport articles for Ft. Smith papers, and conducts a column—"Dog-face Doggerel"—in Rolla New Era.

He has attained the rank of Sergeant in the service. His home is in Rolla, Mo.

WHEN IT'S APRIL IN MISSOURI

Then money an' position, they don't mean a dog-goned thing
When it's April in Missouri and the river waters sing,
To a feller who's a-wishin' fer the things that God has
made,

Like a peaceful Ozark river—like Missouri's Gasconade.
I'm a-longin' fer some campin' when the dogwood blossoms
grow

An' the hills dress up in greenery an' stage their spring
style show,

I start itchin' fer the river an' my battered army cot—
Seems I smell the rich brown coffee bubblin' over in the pot.
When it's April in Missouri an' the river waters sing,
I'm a-longin' fer the simple ways that Ozark life can bring;
When the city's gettin' stuffy I'm a-gettin' out o' line,
An' I'm keen on scratchin' gravel fer that Gasconade of
mine.

FURLOUGH

A dollar-fifty suitcase, a tooth brush and a comb,
A ticket on a choo-choo and a soldier bound for home.
Seated by a window peering out with eager eye,
He's just a home-bound private, a soldier—such as I.
The train pulls in the station, folks are rushing here and
there

And he searches for a lady, for a mother's silvery hair;
Now she sees him and she smiles a bit, a tear is in her eye.
"I'm happy, son, to see you—that's why I had to cry;
It might be Jim or Johnny, or just plain Bill or Tom—
He's a soldier boy on furlough goin' home to see his Mom.

RAINDROPS

Sparkling little raindrops
Falling soft and free.
Awakening the flowers
And the hearts of you and me.
Glistening, tender raindrops
Mingling with the sod,
A poet's inspiration,
A mastercraft of God.
(Poetry Column: Pauline Schlagel
McCabe, Miller Co. Autogram)

NOTHING MUCH

In fancy oft I wander
Far from my native shore,
And I see my self in grandeur
Such as ne'er I saw before;
How I visualize my greatness,
How I revel in my lot
Of being all the great things
That I know I'm really not.
Then I suddenly awaken
From that synthetic-greatnes clutch,
And go back to realism
Just being nothing much.

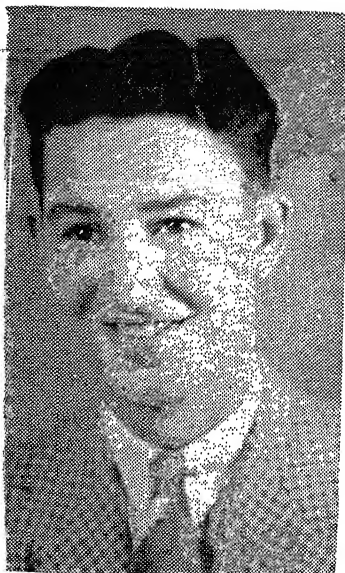
—Herb Duncan

This space was kindly donated to Herb Duncan
by his brother, Virgil Duncan.

VIRGIL DUNCAN

Virgil Leroy Duncan, son of Edward and Oma Hawkins Duncan, did not turn to writing seriously, being satisfied with dashing off now and then verse in lighter vein for his own amusement and that of his friends. Rather than trying the Muse, Duncan is satisfied with lasking in the limelight of his famous poet-brother, Sgt. Herb Duncan, "Poet of the Gasconade."

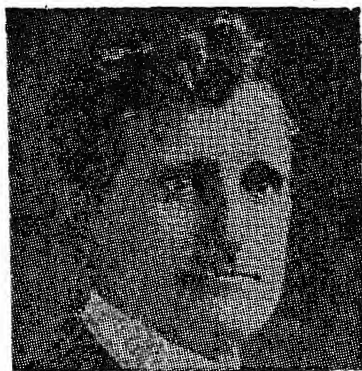
Young Duncan, now in his 25th year, is in the service being stationed at present at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he is on Military Police duty. . . After the war he plans to return to his home in Rolla there to again take up life where he left off when he entered the service.



IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT

It's quite all right to have a date,
A beautiful blonde is human bait.)
It's quite all right when her dad interferes
And says the young man is soaked with beers.
It's quite all right for him to remark
That petting's O. K. . . . but not in the dark.
It's quite all right if he thinks me a bum ;
When in comes his daughter tanked up on rum ;
It's quite all right . . . and my conscience is clear—
I'm always a gentleman, even when "lit" on beer ;
His daughter's a lady . . . and what makes ME sore
Is . . . HE DOESN' T TRUST ME... but it's happened before.

—Virgil Duncan.



ARTHUR EMERSON

Born at Peru, Nebraska, January 21, 1874. Seventh of eleven children. Reared near Old Helena, a few miles west of Cook, Nebraska.

Was inspired by the poems of Doc Bixby in the Nebraska Journal and impressed by the rhythmic philosophy of Walt Mason, the "People's Poet."

First and greatest encouragement came from the revered Miss Lawrence of Bellevue College, Nebraska, in 1891. He said the most important thing in writing poetry was poetical thought. One word was his reward — "Excellent!"

In 1897 became a member of the "Class of 1901" University Medical College, Omaha, and wrote for the College PULSE — made it beat 200.

Most fun writing for Daily Democrat, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Worst mixup—editing the San Carlos, California, Enquirer.

Serious job telling Nebraska in 1909 that "We will eradicate tuberculosis in 20 years". A score of years later he believes that tuberculosis will last as long as humanity.

Greatest embarrassment being taken for William Gibbs McAdoo during the first World War.

Biggest scoop over country newspapers was reporting the wreck of the Shenandoah.

Offhand Stuff I like to write—

A DOCTOR'S DISGUST

The heck with boils and bellyaches
And all that sort of things;
I'd rather write of Satan
And Angels with their wings.
I'd rather write but here's my plight
Who'd buy the doggone things.

WINDING RIVER

I failed to find the Ozarks,
Till the year nineteen-fourteen,
I rolled in from Kansas City,
Breakfasted at Sulphur Springs,
Saw charred trees stand in the clarin'
Saw how fields of cotton grow
Saw the houn-dogs all a-rarin'
Saw the magic mistletoe.
Soon I learned to love the Ozarks
Spent some time at Bentonville
Monte Ne, Springdale and Rogers,
Looked wise while in Fayetteville.
Then went eastward heart a-quiver
To St. Paul and Pettigrew
Where I stept across White River,
Smallest stream I ever knew.
Heard about the famed War Eagle
Wildest river in the Hills
Saw furs stretched that were illegal,
Sampled several moonshine stills.
Etc., Etc. — When God and
time permits.

—Arthur Emerson.



MRS. ADOCIA ELAM

Born to Mrs. Mary Jane and Joshua G. McKinsey in Joplin, Mo. Was married to Mr. C. A. Elam in 1899. Is the mother of two girls and one boy. Began writing for her own pleasure in 1927. She is the author of nearly 500 poems and short stories. Has published one book, "The Garden of Memories."

OUR INCESSANT PRAYER

Thousands of Dads and Mothers today
Watch eager young lads go marching away
With tear dimmed eyes in their doors they stand
It is for America, our beloved land

And from aching hearts we can hear them pray
God be very close to my boy today
Protect from whatever danger there be
And bring him back safely to me

In air, on sea or on the land
Keep him in the hollow of Thy hand
Thou knowest the motive that spurs him on
Give us courage and faith while he is gone.

And our Heavenly Father if it be Thy will
Bid fighting cease and guns be still
And smile on Thy world from Heaven above
Bring to us peace and Thy abiding love.

OUR FLAG

When you see Old Glory flying
From the flagstaff straight and high,
And you hear it whisper to you
And to others passing by
"This is a Christian Nation, and may it ever stand
With God the one Great Ruler
And the Judge of every man."

How it sets your blood a-tingling
As its stars and stripes unfold,
And your heart in praise is singing
For security it holds,
To this flag that stands for freedom,
May we ever be true,
For 'tis our flag, and our nation's flag,
The Red, the White and Blue.

GOLD STAR SOLDIER

Midst a life of service here
They heard the Master's summons clear,
And slipped away with shining eyes
To walk with Him in paradise.
—Adocia M. Elam.





TERESA HELEN FITZPATRICK

Teresa Helen Fitzpatrick, the daughter of James and Annie Carroll Fitzpatrick, was born and reared on a farm near Cuba, Mo., was educated in the rural schools, Cuba High School, and Steelville Business and Normal Institute, and the S. E. Missouri Teachers College. Has spent her entire life in school teaching in the Ozark schools of Crawford, Jefferson and Ste. Genevieve Counties.

Is a member of County and State Teachers Associations, The Alumni Associations of the S. N. & B. I. and Southeast Missouri Teachers College, The United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Marquette (the Catholic Students) Club of the Southeast Missouri State Teachers College. Author of "Water and Trees and Sky", "A Prophecy," and "The Gift To The Christ Child." Prose writings: "The Dresden China Lady," "An Ozark Funeral," and "A Snow Storm in October."

SKY AND WATER AND TREES

Sky and water and trees
Water and trees and sky
With naught to break the skyline
But an airplane sailing by.

Sky and water and trees
Water and trees and sky
But the mother quail hides in the sheltering trees
And the enemy hawk flies by.

Sky and water and trees
Water and trees and sky
Days there are when the sky is blue
And the winter winds howl by.

But grass will come to the bare brown slope
And the song birds follow after.
And under the newly greening trees
Will be childish song and laughter.

Birds will come to sing in the trees
Robins and wrens and starlings
While dotted among the grasses green
The dainty wild flower darlings.

Blood root, buttercup, anemone
Blue bell, daisy and cover,
While the Cardinal high above in the air,
Warbles over and over.

Sky and water and trees
Water and trees and sky
Winter is gone, and skies are blue,
And summer is drawing nigh.

Published in "Wnigs Over the Classroom"
Harbinger House, New York

THE GIFT TO THE CHRIST CHILD

This is the birthday of Jesus mild
What gift did you bring to the lowly child?
I brought this candle to light His way.
I brought this blanket for His bed of hay.
I brought this corn to the patient ox.
I brought perfume in this gray box.
I brought this rose to the Mother mild.
I brought my heart to the lowly child.
We brought the gifts of the Three Wise Men,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh as they brought them.

—Teresa Helen Fitzpatrick.

RUSSELL FORBIS

I was born in Chillicothe, Missouri, January 14, 1926. I have always lived on a farm near Chillicothe and have always had access to the woods and a fair amount of leisure time. This undoubtedly accounts for my love of Nature. I am 17 years old now and I have been writing for about three years. I have had poems published in the local paper several times. I will soon be beginning my Senior year of High School.

FUGITIVE

Ah, screaming hawk
On distant peak
With grasping claws
And gaping beak.
Perched there
Screaming.
Screaming for the vast forests
That are no more.
Screaming for the broad prairies
That are wheat.
Screaming for brothers and cousins
and ancestors
Solitude and peace.
For all the things that made life a joy
Before the coming of man.
Driven from your most sheltered places
By their cities and smoke and wheels
You can only sail in the distant blde
And sit on the inaccessible crags
Screaming your challenge and longing.
Ah, that I had no restraints
That I might scream as you scream
What a challenge.
And dash into your battle
Tearing, rending, uprooting, killing
In your defense.
But the laws of man forbid
So I shall not.
Perhaps there are other ways.

TWILIGHT

I like to sit at night a bit
Just at the close of day
And watch the last golden sunbeams
Slowly fade away.

Then time of all times it seems
That Nature is the master
With every thing in rime
And nothing slow nor faster.

Then too I like the twilight
When every thing is still
Except the soft whistling
Of the distant whippoorwill.

And the cattle gently lowing
In the barn upon the hill
Serves to increase the quiet
That prevails from hill to mill.

I AM TIME

I am time.
I alone am free.
None long defy me.
Vast multitudes lay prostrate at my feet.
Foolish indeed is he who prophets my defeat.
I healer of wounds.
I am cruel.
I pause not.
My march is forever.
Mine is eternity gone.
Mine is the future to come.
Mine are the river and hills.
Mine are the prodigious cities of today
And of yesterday.
And the greater ones of tomorrow.
The endless wastes of water
I may disperse with a breath.
The fate of this world and all others
I hold in my hand.
Mine is the power eternal.

ANNIE L. DUNCAN FREEMAN

Lives at Relfe, Phelps County, Missouri, in the home established by her ancestors in 1825. The daughter of Robert Bertley Duncan and Lucy Routt Bradford Duncan, descendants of Territorial Pioneers who came from South Carolina and Kentucky in 1819 and settled in what is now Phelps County, Missouri.

She was educated at Springdale Seminary, Relfe, Missouri, a private school built and endowed by her grandfather, Isaac Neely Bradford and Lyndsay L. Coppedge in 1859. Was married to John Herbert Freeman in January, 1899.

President of School Board, Vice Chairman of Phelps County Democratic Committee, Member of Board of the Phelps County Historical Society, etc.

Mrs. Freeman is a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower. All ancestors, both paternal and maternal, trace back to Colonial settlement. Being eligible to most Colonial and Patriotic Societies in America, as Society of Colonial Dames, Society of Colonial Wars, Society of Daughters of Cincinnati, Order of the Crown, National Society of Patriotic Women of America, Society of Americans of Royal Descent, Society of New England Descendants, United Daughters of Confederacy, and was an early member of Daughters of the American Revolution. Five members of her family are engaged in the present war.

Many writers and authors in long line of ancestors.

The following poem written by Mrs. J. H. Freeman of Relfe, Mo., is dedicated to her grandsons, Jack Painter of Newburg, and Freeman Moore of Kansas City, and to all boys in the service.

THE EIGHTEEN YEARS

Young eyes searching the deep dark blue,
Young hands grasping the cold gray steel,
Our Nation's gift to a world at war—
Snatched from the home fires
To free all men from the tyrant heel.

Thrust into the night
Liberty lighting the way—
No halting, no heeding, but stalwart and fine
They face to the light of a glorious day.
Carry them safely fair barque of Freedom

Waves still before them, as they cleave the deep main
Stars guide their course
Through the perils and dangers
Bring them to havens of refuge again.
Welcome them lands of the stricken but valiant—

Clasp their hands warmly in friendship and trust
Theirs is the mission of mercy and justice
Hopes shall arise again
Now trampled in dust.
Eagle wings bear them on pinions of safety.

To free all men from the tyrant heel.
Through tempest of missile
And whirlwind of flame
Bring them unerring to home fields at evening
Heroes all worthy of laurels and fame.

Prayers of your loved ones
Stand guard on the night watch
When veils of swift darkness descend on the plains
Sleep sweetly soldier, soft be thy pillow—
Angels are watching and dawn comes again.

God speed the day, when the foe has been vanquished
And the lode-star of freedom
Shines bright ever more
Bring back our boys from over the billows
Silver wings gleaming and ours as of yore.

High on the wall we shall hang the white banner
Emblazoned the scroll their valor has won—
There we shall kneel in our hearts' deep devotion
Saying, 'Founders of Liberty
Here are your sons.'

—Annie L. Freeman.

VIOLA GARDNER

I was born in Oklahoma; was graduated from Parsons, Kansas, High School and Tyler Commercial College; am now working in Missouri for my B. S.

I am associate editor of the American Courier in which I have each month a page "First Aid to Beginners" through which I try to pass my conviction that what the world needs most is not more poetry but more better poetry — and I am trying to practice what I teach but the more I learn, I find my goal moves a little farther ahead.

I was poetry editor for the Kansas City Journal until its recent folding. We published about fifty poems per month in Golden Bridle. I have won a few writing honors, too small and not numerous to make mention herein, but each one has been a round up the ladder I hope, the real payment, however, has been the pen-friends that have been interested and helpful and a handful of students who show talents of writing much better than their teacher.

I have four children and one husband so that it is only a habit to belong to the Parent Teachers Association, that largest and most beneficent organization in the world. I am working on a book, "Educatin' Ma," but the material is slow in concrete evidence. Also I have a half-done text book, "Poetry Need Not Beg."

RURAL MISSOURI

Yesterday I spent an hour
Inside a wild crab apple bower.
I left the city far behind
With all its noisome daily grind,
And tramped the most inviting shade
Where cozy homes of birds are made.
I crossed a singing carefree brook
That mirrored me a happy look.
I bared my feet on virgin moss
Beside a bubbling whitecap floss,
And reveled in a sylvan state
That paints Missouri roseate.

FRIEND OF MINE

In Newfoundland Quarterly
Did you ramble with the rose;
Seek where downy cattail grows;
Walk the lady slipper walk;
Hear the dogwood almost talk?
Did you pass a poppy riot
With a bobwhite nesting by it
In a honeysuckle bower,
That ambrosial-scented flower,
Friend of mine?

Did you trail a morning-glory
Up some sunny promontory
Just to listen to the trees
Playing tag with every breeze?
Did you sense the blue larkspur
Springing up round where you were?
And I wonder: Have you seen a
Meadow blushing with verbena
Friend of mine?

Did you notice daisies nodding
Alongside of milkweed podding;
Did your nose pick out the scent
Where jack-in-the-pulpit went?
Did you catch sweet William running
Spryly over Queen Anne sunning
To find Johnny-jump-up hiding
Where wild columbines went riding.
Friend of mine?

—Viola Gardner.

HATTIE L. GATES

(This letter so sincere and sweet could not be improved on as an autobiography so I place it here).
(F. McCullough).

This carries me back to the beautiful old village of my childhood, Gouverneur, Saint Lawrence County, New York. My father, Luther L. Gates and Mother moved to Iowa when I was a small child, from there to Cherokee, Kansas. I went back to our old home in New York just before Father's death in 1909.

Coming back to the Ozarks I have spent many happy days in Eureka Springs, last August I took a trip through the Ozarks, the beauties of nature God has on display. The beautiful trees on the hill and in the valley. A frost or two and you will be enchanted by the charm of the color and the way He is working it out. When I think of that great unchanged power of mind and soul that ever upward yearns in me, then I am certain God is there behind this strange vast magic of mingled autumn shades; while the gentle zephyrs are fanning the flowers, throwing off their fragrance in sweet profusion. Most of my poems deal with nature and personal feeling, my sincerity is unquestioned. No I have never published any of my poems but have made the world brighter for me having lived in it, so I am told, by sending my poems on cards of sympathy, cards of greeting.

FIFTY YEARS TOGETHER

Going fifty-fifty for fifty years,
You have shared each other's joys and tears.
Since you have crossed the summit and nearing the goal
May the evenings of your lives be bright as sunset's gold.
Fifty years reflecting all the kindly cheer
You have brought to others through each passing year.
Floating down life's stream together
Each year the ties of love grow stronger.
And now may kindly fortune hold for you in store
All the richer blessings, this and many glad years more.

HE LEADETH ME

In Pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;

I oft would faint with terror and with fright.
Only for this—I know He holds my hand.
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Oftimes the heavy tempests 'round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry

Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo it is I!"
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day:

In every path of thine I lead the way."
So, whether on the hill-top high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where 'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.
So, where He leads me I can safely go
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—Hattie L. Gates.





HUGH GORDON

Hugh Gordon is an Ozarkian by adoption, having been born and reared in Boone County. His great grandparents on both sides were pioneers and among the founders of Columbia, Missouri.

The old Mansion built by his great grandfather in 1820 still stands. It is now owned by the Stephens College and is used as a recreation place for their girls. They call it "Gordon Manor."

Mr. Gordon, a lover of nature, has visited many a fisherman's paradise up and down the Ozark region and never loses interest in exploring a deep ravine or mountain crag where trails are dim. For 25 years Mr. Gordon has been a Railway Mail Clerk on the Frisco.

He lives with his wife at the beautiful Woodlock Holiday House at Davisville, Missouri, and writes as a hobby, or as inspiration guides.

PLAYLAND

For forty years and more I've fought
The city's noise and strife,
But now I know that I have found
What is the real life.

Down where I live in Ozark Land
Our worries seem so small,
So many pretty things to see
And they are free to all.

A crystal spring, a babbling brook,
Perhaps a deer or two.
A good sized sack of butternuts
To carry home with you.

The rugged bluff, the clear Huzzah
A-winding on its way.
It beats a stroll on Olive Street
I'll say it does, — I'll say!

I wish that every city man
Could have this kind of play.
He would not have to move down here
But come for just a day.

He'd ~~never~~ have a finer view of life
And we'd have won a friend,
And he'd come back on other days
A pleasant time to spend.

—Hugh Gordon.





CLARA ELYN GORDON

Clara Elyn Gordon was born in Davisville, Missouri, a native Ozarkian and proud of it. Is married to Hugh Gordon of Columbia, Mo.

Began writing rhymes in grade school. Writes poetry, short stories, and contributes to many publications. Some of her poems have received wide publicity in print and on the radio.

She cherishes a number of letters from famous people complimenting her on her work. She writes from the heart inspired by her love for all nature. Her pleasing personality is noted by the many guests who return again and again to her home, the Woodlock Holiday House at Davisville, Mo.

EASTER THOUGHTS

Does it seem possible that a lowly shrub,
Creating thorns as it grows,
Could hold in its bosom so rare a thing
As a rainbow tinted rose?

Whence came the color, the various hues
Of gorgeously brilliant shade?
And where, Oh Where! in this thorny shrub
Is that heavenly perfume made?

Then why should we doubt man's inner soul
Though incased in common clay?
Jesus gave His life to remove that doubt
On that Glorious Easter Day.

Dedicated to the boys from "The Huddle," a tiny village with less than 100 inhabitants, yet they have 28 Stars in their Service Flag, and was written for Staff Sgt. Duoyne L. McCullough, Flying Radio Man on a B-29, February, 1944.

UNCLE SAM'S BABY

I'm sailing today in the "B-29,"

To a height heretofore unknown,
At a speed far greater than any ship
In the whole wide world has flown.

She's Uncle Sam's baby, his pride and joy,
She is more than he dared to dream,
She's "got what it takes," oh boy, oh boy,
She is definitely "on the beam."

T'wixt you and me, we've flown the sea
And up to the stars (well, not quite,)
No guns known can reach her, says Uncle Sam,
She knows not her strength nor her might.

When Uncle gets ready, he'll give her a name,
'Twill be news to the world as news goes
A glorious, marvelous Queen of the Air . . .
(But I knew her in swaddling clothes.)

My love is far greater because I was one
Who tended and taught her from birth,
Her word is my law, I'll go where she goes,
Though she leads to the end of the earth.

He who has guided through limitless space
The migratory birds in their flight
Will guard me and that ship over uncharted seas
To our mission . . . though dark be the night.

What mission and where? Wouldn't you like to know?
So sorry . . . s'cuse please, cannot tell;
But a nation of FIENDS who have tortured our boys
Shall be bombed to the bottom of hell.

—Clare E. Gordon



DON C. GRAFTON

Don C. Grafton—poet, prose writer, song writer, musician, editor, for 15 years president of the Tri-State Writers Club—is a native Missourian and citizen of Joplin. He has been in newspaper work, either as editor, reporter or in the composing room, since 1888. At 17, editor and publisher of a country weekly . . . has had a varied career—trouping with circus and repertoire companies . . . saw the last frontier vanish in the Oklahoma “run” of 1889 . . . orchestra leader in the old musical comedy days and vaudeville . . . in 1906, wrote the first story about the Ozarks, entitled “The Mills of the Gods, a Story of the Ozark Hills;” followed later by “An Ozark Prodigal,” . . . Other published short stories are: “Cupid Takes a Long Chance,” “A Santa Claus From Texas,” “Dead Leaves,” and “The Spirit of the Ozarks,” the latter appearing in the T. P. A. Magazine and was given a circulation of two million copies, and won for the author a special resolution of commendation from the National convention in Oklahoma City. . . Mr. Grafton has written many poems and was one of the original columnists on the Joplin News-Herald many years ago . . . served his county of Jasper in the 60th General Assembly of Missouri as representative . . . He is now working on a novel—about half finished—which has its locale in this sector of Missouri, with characters who lived and moved through the colorful decades of the mining city of Joplin and district. . . Having lived himself for many years in the Ozarks, he knows the manners, the customs, the language of the people and regrets the popular “story-ized,” eastern slant given citizens of the Ozark Hills region.

REVERIE

Rain drops patter on the window pane
And bring sweet thoughts of thee.

Night winds high as if in vain
To still a heart in reverie.

The broken tendrils of a perfect love
Run blood-red still Ellene.

The mournful cries of a lovely dove
Echo yet from yonder green.

Could we but live and love again
In life's eternity;

Could we but meet on starry plain
And whisper fitfully;

Could we but wing our way to Mars,
In vaulting heaven high,
And mingle love themes with the stars—
On moonbeams ever lie;

If through the years, our passage swift
Was surely just as fleeting,
Would not thy heart be caught adrift
In that one happy meeting?

"L' ENVOI"

I know not if, on starlit trails,
Our souls will alien be
I only know our barque sails
On Love's eternal sea.

—Don C. Grafton.





JANE STARR GRANT

January 18, 1927, to be exact— "A baby daughter, Jane Starr Grant, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Grant. Then the trouble began. Hardly three years after we had a depression — no, I did not bring the depression, but it came.

Due to my Father's occupation we moved about in several states and my schooling always has been "She's from that state where the Indians come from"; or "She's from the state where the dust bowl is or whatever it may be."

I have never gone to the same school very long and I have always been placed ahead or back of where I should be, so coming to Joplin last fall, I was placed in the 10th Grade.

After moving to Joplin I discovered I had to write poetry about what we translated in Latin Class. Resigning myself to writing the poem which had been assigned, I discovered that nothing could rhyme until all of the sudden words formed in my mind (not about Latin). Poetry or at least it resembled it. I kept writing and finally sent one to a magazine and asked them if they could use it. They liked it and asked for another. I also entered a contest and won. This brings me up to the present date.

I DREAM

What did I dream last night
When the night was cold and still?
I dreamed I stood in curling mists
On top of a lonely hill.

The calmness of the silent night
Made my head seem clear,
And all at once out of the still
Angels did I hear.

They swelled in heavenly chorus,
In a great and glorious song,
As a figure dressed in white
Came out from the heavenly throng.
Her white robes flowed about her
As she glided through the mist,
About her throat, a necklace of stars
And stars around her wrist;

Her dark hair blended with the night;
She raised her eyes to mine.
I dazzled by her brilliance,
For those eyes I saw were thine.
Thy face was shining like the sun
When I took thy soft warm hand
And led thee into a valley,
The place of the promised land.

Then the night began to fade
And the sun began to rise,
And every ray that pierced the sky
Brought us some new surprise.
We walked through the ancient mountains
We crossed the laughing brooks,
And passed through the cool green valleys
Explored earth's every nook.

Then as the sun came into view,
We heard again God's band
And turning back to heaven, we walked
Together, hand in hand.
Now my eyes let in the light
I am alone, 'tis true,
But I know that in the darkest night
I really was with you.

—Jane Starr Grant.

ERNEST PAUL GOGGIN

Born in the Ozarks, Ernest Paul Goggin is a true son of the soil. Young Goggin is with the armed forces, being stationed at Little Creek, Virginia, at the great Naval Training there. Before his enlistment in the Navy he resided at Rolla, Mo., where he is a member of the Gasconade Writers' Guild. Goggin has written many poems and some prose, and is poetry editor of the "'Gator," the magazine published monthly by the Naval Base at Little Creek. The accompanying song poem is from the pen of Mr. Goggin shortly before he entered the service:

WHERE THE SHAMROCK GROWS

Was your father born in Ireland,
And perhaps your mother, too?
In the Country of the Shamrock
Is that where they first found you?
Your appearance says you're Irish,
And you have that Irish wit,
You're coquettish and beguiling
And I can't blame you a bit;
You're as pretty as a picture,
You're as fragile as a rose,
And I'm proud you came from Ireland
Where the green, green Shamrock grows.

—Chorus—

Sure my achin' heart is troublin'
Since I first left dear old Dublin,
For I'm deep in love as anybody knows,
I'd be happy in a shack, dear,
If you'd let me take you back, dear,
To the country where the Shamrock grows.

For if one ever loved a lassie,
Sure I'm very fond of you,
And I think you're very classy
And as sweet as mornin' dew;

Let me put my arms about you,
Let me kiss your dear sweet face,
Let me hold you closely always
In one loving, fond embrace,
'Then we'll go back to Killarney,
You'll become my own sweet Rose
And we'll go and kiss the Blarney
Where the gay, glad Shamrock grows.

OLD GLORY

(Prize winning poem, 'Gator Magazine, Little Creek,
Va., Naval Base magazine, Summer, 1943).

Old Glory is flying
On land and on sea,

Old Glory is flying
O'er all that is free;

So proudly display there
Her stars and her stripes,

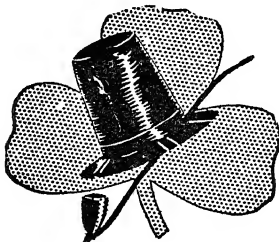
She knows we would die,
'To make safe her rights;

We shall keep her waving
And when war is through

She'll wave over Japan,
Over Germany, too,

And proudly display there
'Her Red, White and Blue.

—Ernest Paul Goggin





GOLA DENNEY HAGLER

Gola Denney Hagler,
(Mrs. Don Hagler), La Russell, Mo.

Born August 20th, in Douglas County, near Seymour, Missouri.

Parents: William E. and Almedia Hartley Denney.

Occupation: Housewife and Storekeeper.

Hobbies: Reading and writing.

Has had several poems and articles printed in the Southwest Missouri newspapers and Farm Journals.

Completed a course in journalism under Newspaper Institute of America in New York, N. Y., in 1942.

Was married August 11, 1942, to Don Hagler, a farmer.

LONGING

There was an aura of gentleness about her
The wee little lady in faded blue,
One felt a nobility when near her like aristocracy true
There was a wistfulness in her cameo like face
As she lovingly fingered the silks, satins and lace.

With a resigned air to the clerk she turned,
Away from the silks for which she yearned,
Three yards of the muslin, please, that lovely hue;
My daughter's eyes are azure,
She will adore that heavenly blue.

FACES

As I go walking
Up and down the street
I note the faces
Of people that I meet.

Some are lonely and sad
Others are joyful, gay.
Please God let my face cheer
Those I greet today.

Houses like people have faces,
Somber, cheery, glad, or blue,
That bring you inspiration
Or depress and sadden you.

Please God let my house face
A friendly one be
Saying, "please come in
For a cup of tea."



Who can ever doubt
That God is hereabout
When a stem shoots up
And grows a buttercup?
Beauty out of murky sod.
Just Nature, or is it God?
—Gola Denney Hagler.





VIOLET THOMAS HARTMANN

Violet Thomas Hartmann, whose poems appear continuously in the Kansas City Star, The Unity Publications and the Grade Teacher Magazine, has been writing for 15 years. Her poems are copied in magazines and newspapers all over the United States, Canada and Mexico.

In 1940 Mrs. Hartmann won the gold medal award for the best poem on "MISSOURI" given at the New York World's Fair. She was given the Eugene Field Honorary membership

award by the Governors of the Board of the Eugene Field Society for "literary skill and craftsmanship for your outstanding published poems," last year.

She was guest editor in July of the Kansas City Poetry Magazine. On Mother's Day, she read from the pulpit of the Wayne Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, a group of her Mother's Day poems.

Her poems appear in the following poetry magazines: Verscraft, Emory University, Ga.; The Country Bard, The Lantern, Kansas City Poetry Magazine and others.

Her poems are constantly read by radio stations who devote time to poetry. In the Heart of America District, the radio stations of the Latter Day Saints Church in Independence, Mo., read many of Mrs. Hartmann's poems on their broadcast, "Thoughts For the Day" on Sunday mornings at 7:30. She is frequently heard on the Star's WDAF Radio Station, "Moonbeams" at 11 P. M.; also the WHB radio station, Kansas City, Mo.

WHEN IT'S MAYTIME

When it's Maytime, elfin bluebells
Ring their ballads through the air,
Lady's-slippers, fairy-tinted,
Dance and frolic everywhere.

When it's Maytime in the woodland,
Then the pink Arbutus star
Comes with laughter, gleams with music,
Where the gold-spun Cowslips are . . .

In the Maytime when fawn lilies
Call to sunbeams all the day,
There is gladness and much singing
In my soul, for it is May.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES

Through this summer twilight
Misty blue and cool,
I hear the sound of cow-bells
Across a woodsy pool.

Then a sleepy murmur
Of drowsy whippoorwills
Comes faintly as the shadows
Enfold the quiet hills.

All this silvered silence
Brings again to me
A country home . . . a garden . . .
On wings of memory. }

Brings a moon-white pathway
Where wisps of night wind played
Where lovers strolled in summer
And love-filled pledges made . . .

I see again our farm house
With meadows rolling wide
And feel again its blessing
Of peace at eventide

—Violet Thomas Hartmann.

WAC MARCHING SONG

(Tune: "I Lived Ten Thousand Years Ago.")

I'm a WAC and I'm glad that I am
I'm proud to be in the rank of Uncle Sam.
I'm here to do and dare
And I'll go just anywhere
Just as long as I am serving Uncle Sam.
I'm here to do my duty or to die
To be a WAC with honor I will try
No one knows when I'll be back
Still I'm glad to be a WAC
And be serving in the ranks of Uncle Sam.

WHEN BLUE

When dark clouds are gathering thick overhead,
You're downhearted—blue, you wish you were dead,
Don't give up the fight, for all thru the night,
Someone is watching to guide you right,

Keep up your faith, keep up your praying,
Out of the dark clouds a voice will be saying,
Do not despair, I'm everywhere
Ready and willing your troubles to share,

So keep up the fight
Do that which is right,
And someday not far off
You'll all see the light.





CLAUDE LELAND HEAVIN

Born September 11, 1919, Anutt, Missouri, the son of William S. and Hazel Dagley Heavin. Graduated with the class of 1937 from Rolla High School, Rolla, Mo. He has written variously, song lyrics being his first love. Has assisted in writing of plays and their production, starring in the folk play, "Lew Renshaw from Arkansas" in 1936-37.

In March of 1941, he was married to Miss Minnie Isenberg of Arlington, Missouri. Soon after his marriage he was called to the Naval Base at Corpus Christi, Texas, where he has taught Metal Artcraft for the past year and a half. He has one son, Bill Heavin, II,

HOW LOVELY YOU ARE

Seeing the moon
Seems to get my heart in tune
Like all my dreams of you, it seems to say
How lovely you are.
Wondering now soon
Fate will heal this burning wound
That you leave in my heart each time I think
How lovely you are.
If you knew the moments I have spent repenting
I know you would be a little more
Relenting—more relenting.
Seeing the moon
Seems to get my heart in tune,
But in my dreams all I can see is just
How lovely you are.

—Claude Leland Heavin

HAZEL DAGLEY HEAVIN

The daughter of William M. and Mary C. Dagley and is a native Ozarkian of Anglo-Saxon Cherokee Indian ancestry, her paternal grandmother was the daughter of the owner of a southern plantation and slaves. Two of her father's slaves came with her to Missouri as bound boys.

Miss Dagley was married to her school day friend, Bill Heavin. They have two children—one son a cripple from birth, now 28, and a second son, Claude, now 24.



Because of her necessity of staying in with her crippled child, Mrs. Heavin has devoted most of her time to study of literary work. She is a lover of music. A charter member of the Ozark Playmakers; President of Gasconade Writers' Guild; active member of Ozarkian-Hillcrofters; Missouri Historical Society; Missouri-Arkansas Writers' & Artists' Guild, and many others.

Her poems have found wide publicity in print and on the radio. She has two books of poems to her credit, and her column, "The Country Road," in the Rolla Herald has won her many friends.

Mrs. Heavin was the subject of a feature article by F. A. Behymer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of which she feels very honored.

Her home is Rolla, Mo.

BRAVERY

A man may face grave dangers
With calmly bated breath,
A man may snap his fingers
In the very jaws of death;

*

*

But when my little cripple lad
~~A man may snap his fingers~~
Looks up at me to say
A passing car is 'pretty',
While other run and play,
When every time he stumbles
He grins and tries again
You know . . . I sometimes wonder
Are heroes ALWAYS men?

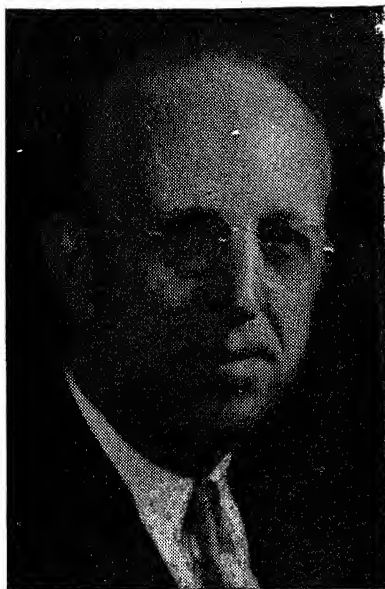
MY. SON

Stalwart fine, young
My beloved
In love with life, the world at your
Vibrant young fingertips;
My child! Did I in giving you life
But give you death
Place you in the way of cannon's spray?
Shall you go marching away
Keeping step with the spectres
Of yesteryear's war? Shall their
Hollow footfalls resound in rhythm
with your
Sturdy young stride? Or shall you
arise again
After the horrible crisis is past
To peaceful dawns at home? Shall
Poppies dot your last resting place,
And shall a cross mark your stilled heart?
My son! It must not be. I
I who gave you life must have
faith. War's grim
Hosts must be halted.
"They shall not pass."

*

*

—Hazel Dagley Heavin.



WILLIAM JAMES HAYNES

Williams James Haynes, was born in St. Louis, Mo., August 18, 1887, of English and Scotch-Irish descent. Mother born in Missouri. Father in North Carolina. All his folks originally came from North Carolina, Kentucky and Virginia.

Mr. Haynes is a member of the Kansas City Board of Trade, and has a jolly pleasant personality.

Writing beautiful poetry is only one of his hobbies.

His home is in Kansas City, Mo.

REQUIEM

Oh, River long take all my song
And bear it to the sea
Where rolling waves sweep o'er the graves
Of sailormen like me.

And soothe their sleep in ocean deep
Where graves no marking show,
Though waves roll high beneath the sky
It's still deep down below

And may their rest be ever blessed,
Oh! River take my song
And spread it far across the bar
Where sailor songs belong.

SINGING

I cannot bear the singing,
his beauty hurts my heart
And wounds but half healed over
Are torn again apart.

Oh! let the silver echo
Fall low and sweetly die
As afterglows at sunset
Fade out and leave the sky.

I cannot bear the singing,
Ah! Must I hear it again,
That happy, laughing, little song,
For memory is pain.

LIGHTLY

Come trip with me another dance
The music's swinging free, {
A bright tune, a light tune,
A tune that's full of glee.

Come let me clasp you in my arms
And glide away with me,
A clear smile, a dear smile,
No other let me see.

For death is waiting just beyond,
Yet would I dance away, {
Quite fearless, nor cheerless,
So would I greet the day.

For when the sun breaks through the light,
A rendezvous I keep
With glad death, not sad death,
And then for me, just sleep.

—William James Haynes.



OLIVE ROSE HELTON

Olive Rose Helton was born January 14, 1925, at Orange Field, Texas, the third of a family of five children in the home of Clyde and Clara Helton. She came with her parents to Joplin in 1930. She is a student in East Joplin high school and a member of the mixed chorus in her sophomore and junior years. She started writing poetry at the age of thirteen; has had poems published in the Relief Magazine, and Joplin Leader and her work was featured in a display of outstanding school children by the schools of Joplin. Her ambitions are to be a singer and to continue her writing.

THE RAINBOW

The evening sun was setting,
Far in the glorious west,
The little birds were settling down,
For their nightly rest.

When suddenly large raindrops,
Began to pitter-pat,
They fell against my window,
With a loud splatt-splatt.

As suddenly as it began,
It quickly ceased, and then,
Began to pitter-pat-pat-pat,
And then it stopped again.

A rainbow blossomed overhead,
As from a magic wand,
Of red, and green, and lavender,
And pink not far beyond.

SNOW

Bright sparkling diamonds,
Falling everywhere;
Clinging to the treetops,
And dancing in the air.

CHRISTMAS

May all the merry churchbells ring!
To mark the coming of our king!
That he might reign,
And ascertain;
'Tis of he the angels sing!
Oh, what a glorious sight!
The shepherds saw that night!
The angels bright,
In robes of white;
Sang of Jesus with delight!
Oh, may the whole world sing!
May all the people sing!
With resounding joy,
Of that baby boy;
Who was born to be our king!

OZARK AUTUMN

The countryside was glowing,
In the bright October sun,
And the golden leaves were dropping,
From the tree limbs one by one.
The bright flowers blossomed radiantly,
While the cricket chirped with glee;
As the breezes rocked the grasses,
Where he rested gay and free.
Birds were singing, bees were humming,
Lake Ozark's waters azure shone,
As if trying to tell the nation.
The Ozarks country is God's own!
—Olive Rose Helton.

CHARLES HENDRICKS

Chas. Hendricks, Lawyer, Probate Judge, Circuit Judge, Grand Master of Missouri I.O.O.F., Food Administrator of World War I, and poet, gives much of the credit to his sainted mother and his good wife. (Sorry, no photo available this time.)

THE BOYS OF THE OLD HOME TOWN

They're scattered everywhere today,
The boys of the old Home Town;
And rich or poor, they're old and gray,
The boys of the old Home Town;
They've won their share of life's acclaim,
They've filled their nitch, they've won their fame;
They've missed their step and been to blame,
The boys of the old Home Town.
But right or wrong they'll always be
The boys of the old Home Town;
The friendliest bunch on earth to me,
The boys of the old Home Town.
Oh! Could we all but meet once more,
Around the stove in the old grocery store,
And spend the evening like the days of yore,
The boys of the old Home Town.
Ah! Many would fail to answer roll call,
The boys of the old Home Town;
For they paid the debt, payable by all,
The boys of the old Home Town.
But could the rest all meet in the old grocery store,
And laugh and joke and visit as before,
And relate how we failed to knock at opportunity's door,
The boys of the old Home Town.
But we're scattered today to the four winds of earth
The boys of the old Home Town;
And we could scarcely hope to meet again,
The boys of the old Home Town.
But when the last trumpet wakes the earth and sea,
And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
We all again united will be,
The boys of the old Home Town.

—C. A. Hendricks.

ZIDA M. HUNTER

Was born July 29, 1895, in Englevale, Kansas, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Richardson. At an early age her parents moved to Pierce City, Mo., where she attended both grade and High School. Nothing of interest happened much other than usual small town happenings. Attended Park College at Parkville, Mo., and the Springfield State Normal at Springfield, Mo. The next seven years were spent in teaching the little tots. During that time she married Wm. Hunter of Sandusky, Ohio, and settled in Webb City, where she lived until 1943.

She was always one who liked to spend much time alone, thinking and writing or studying. She has written several poems. Many of which have been published in small town papers.

She now lives in their beautiful home at Carterville, Mo.

AIR CASTLES AND DREAMS

I've built the prettiest castles,
Away up high.
Out of the big white fleecy clouds
That floated in the sky.

I've dreamed the sweetest dreams,
Of contentment and rest.
But they, just like my castles,
Vanished into nothingness.

—Zida M. Hunter.





LUCY W. HOUSE

Lucy W. House was born in Morgan County, Mo., daughter of a Baptist minister, Rev. and Mrs. B. D. Stone.

Mrs. House's work has appeared in the Kansas City Star, Kansas City Journal, The Note Book, The Garrett, Arcadian Life, Modern Bards, Cass County Democrat, Kansas City Poetry Magazine, and many others.

Mrs. House has been writing poetry for many years and sometimes the thoughts come tumbling in rhyme, so fast she cannot write them all down.

She is a member of the Kansas City Athenaeum, Kansas City Quill Club, Modern Bards, and Arcadian Guild.

IF I PLEASE GOD

Published in The Word & Way, Baptist Newspaper,

If I please God, what matter what I meet,

If I regard each task assigned to me,
With gratitude for faith above defeat—

My heart the chalice of my destiny,

With ample room for gifts of perfect mold

All mine . . . a child of earth, but heir to heaven.
My heritage the truth the years unfold.

When mystifying doubts are all transformed,

And variant hates have found their leaven,

By quickened life to truth and love conformed
Where wasted years, regrets and earth bound feet
Have faded on the gleaming upward trail,

If I please God, what matter what I meet,
If joyously I search and find life's Grail,
Where stars like sentinels assure my feet.

In my thought I dedicated this poem to my father who
was a Baptist minister and was very happy when Word and
Way published it in the 1943 Christmas number.

From The Garrett, 1309 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

AUTUMN GOLD

Oh, I would keep the Autumn gold,
Unchanged forever, if I might,
And under harvest moon made bold,
Would salvage silver every night,
To make gay coverlets for cold,
And starry chalets, chimed and bright,
Where dreams love never cold withhold,
Would touch the rhythmic keys of light.

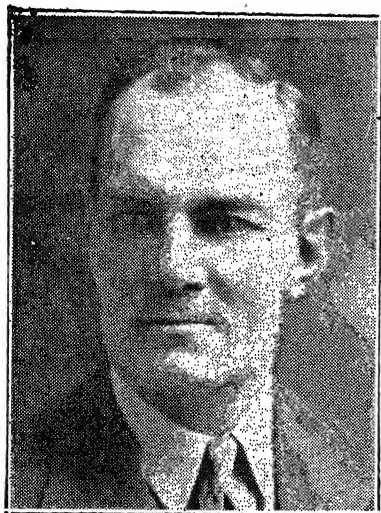
Oh, I would keep the Autumn gold,
To hear each choral sunrise speak,
Of risen joy high trails unfold,
And with my dreams unspent would seek,
The shreds of wealth that autumn brings,
Sublime, from earth's abundant way,
Like pilfered down for dear wild things,
To nestle in at close of day.

Holly and Mistletoe — Compiled by Flozari

HOPE

You perch on my shoulder,
Up close to my ear,
And whisper a message,
I avidly hear;
If I appear doubtful,
Your bright twinkling eyes,
Emit scintillations,
That reach to the skies.

—Lucy W. House.



GUY HOWARD
"Walking Preacher of the
Ozarks"

This glamorous region boasts a number of unique personalities, but none that has attracted wider local interest than this quaint, self-effacing gospel preacher, who makes most of his ministerial appointments on "Shank's mare." Buoyant with energy, youthful zest and abundant health, he swings over the hills and dales of the Ozarks, preaching hundreds of sermons annually, and walking literally thousands of miles every year—making many remote rural churches, schoolhouses and rustic homes that would be inaccessible by auto or wagon.

Unlike the typical mountain person, Mr. Howard speaks with a rich, faultless diction; collegiates have marvelled at the redundancy of his speech, his rare vocabulary and his resonant, orotund voice. While he tells a rustic story admirably, having for years made a study of the quaint dialect of the hill folk, their native humor and charm, he is at his best in his colorful descriptive Bible passages, his fine phrases, imagery and word-painting, that are like a perfect cameo, or a piece of finely-carved Phydian marble.

Since coming into the Ozarks from Iowa in 1933 he has traveled 40,000 miles, preached 1500 sermons, and written millions of words of descriptive articles, stories and bits of philosophy.

At present his home is at Schell City, Missouri.



IT WILL BE DAWN

You ask: "If winter comes, will spring
be far away?"

Yes, dawn must follow night, and soon
the brilliant day

Must burst, full armored after war's
dark night;

After the bleeding blackness we shall
feel the light.

The warm sunrise of peace; the robin
choirs will sing;

The litanies of love, rose-kissed, will
come with spring;

The glad plowboy will whistle as he
roams the hills,

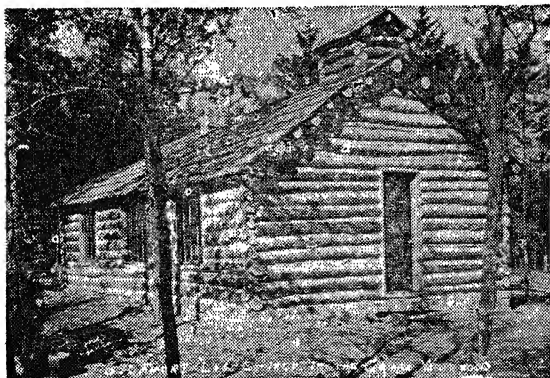
And bloom-cheeked girls will weave their
wreathes of daffodils.

All hate must die; joybells must ring; the
golden fields of corn

Proclaim God's promised thousand years;
... "A Child is born!"

—Rev. Guy Howard.

(Courtesy of Christian Standard)



BEULAH M. HUEY



Beulah M. Huey was born, and has lived most of her life so far in Missouri. Her first poems were written about the beauty of its hills and valleys, and she is still writing about them. They are an inexhaustible inspiration.

Publications which have accepted her poetry are: Northwestern Miller, St. Joseph News-Press, The Country Gentleman, U. S. Air Service, The Denver Post, The Oregonian, Better Home, The Indianapolis News, Los Angeles Examiner, Chicago Tribune,

Kansas City Poetry Magazine, many Sunday School publications, poetry magazines and Anthologies. In August, Vivian Yeiser Laramore, Poet-Laureate of Florida, featured Mrs. Huey in her column of verse, Miami Muse, in the Sunday edition of The Miami News, as a visiting poet.

She is now living at Chula, Missouri, and is a member of the Chillicothe Scribblers' Club, and The Missouri Writers' Guild.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Give the homesick son of mine, Dear God,
On foreign battlefront, one hour of Christmas peace
At Christmas time; some odd,
Imaginative moments where the tropics cease
And moonlight paints a cliff of snow
In shining white where these bare sand dunes rise;
Hang on jungle palm a moment's mirage of cedar
and mistletoe,
And a candle of faith for his home-loving eyes.

MOONLIGHT

In the magic of moonlight, when the night is cool
With lily-scented zephyrs borne from the pool,
Dark loses its terror, lone vigils their dread
The wet jungle grasses, the helpless dead—
Only this moment seems worth release,
Soul-deep in moonlight, skydeep in peace.

WHEN TREES ARE RUSSET

When trees are russet, I shall stand,
Upon a hill where sky and land
Stretch limitless in golden sun,
And cares will leave me, one by one.
When trees are russet, I shall walk
In sepia forests, without talk,
And hear the crispy, rustling way
That oaks say what they have to say.
The paths stretch out in frosty white,
Where trailing mist foretells the night,
But on the hill the sun in red
Paints sky, and lake, and house, and shed,
Into a loveliness that aches
To word the feeling it awakes.
When trees are russet, on a hill
I shall find cure, whose soul is ill.
—Beulah M. Huey.



CLYDE STANLEY HYDE



Clyde Stanley Hyde (S. K. Inny) born at Unionville, Missouri, July 25, 1880. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hyde. His family settled in North Missouri soon after the Civil War. Leaving Unionville in 1889 for Oklahoma, stopping at Topeka, Kansas, while mother went to Oklahoma, and filed on a claim. They moved to Oklahoma in March of 1890, living in, or near Guthrie since that time.

He attended school one mile west of where town of Meridian now stands. One of his schoolmates later became Mrs. Hyde. They have three lovely daughters.

Mr. Hyde has written approximately 500 poems and many short stories that have been widely published. A lot of these poems being 89'er type. Over 200 of his poems have been published in The Oklahoma News. He also has the original hand written copies of each.

Mr. Hyde's unique pen name of S. K. Inny was taken from his nickname of Skinny Hyde, he separated the name thus S. K. Inny. He and his family live in their beautiful country home near Guthrie, Oklahoma.

THE TIDE OF TIME

The tide of time again has sped
Outward and taken all,
Our deeds and every unkind word
However great or small,
To breach them on a distant isle,
Far out beyond recall.

No power within our universe
Could cause to be undone,
The things gone outward with the tide
The good, the bad, or none
Could cross the sea of time again
And backward to us come.

The moments spent in idleness
Are speeding with the tide
And lost for all eternity.
They on the yonder side,
Where lay eternal sands of time,
Shall evermore abide.

GRATITUDE

Father, Thou who hast guided those
Across the deep and troubled sea,
We offer up our heartiest thanks.
This day, upon our bowed knee,
And all the time which is to come,
We bow in gratitude to Thee.
They came from far across the Deep,
To carve from out Thy Wilderness

The homes, where they could live in peace.
They offered up their thankfulness
To Thee for harvests bountiful
In silent prayer, and humbleness.
O Father, guide our Ship of State
Safely upon this troubled sea,
As Thou once did the Pilgrim Band.
We're thankful that we are free

To live a life which is our own,
And in our way, to worship Thee.
Be near the Helmsman as He guides.
Over the wave, and lay Thy hand
Upon the wheel, if any winds
Would drift us farther from our land.
Watch over me, while on the Deep,
As Thou hast done the Pilgrim Band.

—S. K. Inny, Guthrie, Okla.
(Clyde S. Hyde).





EUNICE CLEMENT HYATT

Eunice Clement Hyatt, born September 28th at Yale Kansas. Parents names: John N. Clement and Leila M. Clement.

Began writing poetry in 1939. First poem was published in the Daily Free Lance of Henryetta, Okla. Since then have been published in The American Courier, Reflections, Cass County Democrat, Fletcher's Farming, John Milton Smither's column, Horizon House, Shining Light, The Quickening Seed, Poetry Palisade, Artcraft Pub-

lishers, Avon House, and a number of other publications. In the last two years have fourteen prize winning poems to my credit, and have sold twenty to paying publishers.

Both publishers and Ozarks poets, to me, are the salt of the earth.

I used to write for mere pastime, but now I write because it helps me find the beautiful things there are in life. Poetry really makes life worthwhile. A poem is a blueprint of beauty. It is a living thought that has been purified by the refining fire on the altar of perfection.

So long as I am given breath, may my soul and lips breathe poetry.

OZARK HILLS

My heart has wings
When autumn softly steals into the hills,
And aptly flings
Her gold upon the trees above the rills.

Each towering pine
Upon the summit nestles in the glow.

Each trailing vine
Will catch the merry stain the winds bestow.

The tall oaks stand
Like kings in royal coats of flaming red.
To their command
The gaudy sumac bows its scarlet head.

Though snows are near,
And birds have gathered for their Southward flight,
No thought of fear,
Is borne upon the crisp October night.

My heart has wings
When autumn's gold reflects above the rills,
And all earth sings
Within the golden sheen of Ozark hills.

REVERIE

Evening . . .

Moonlight . . . a small world slips by,
Hours creep along on soft sandaled feet;
Darkness falling like dew from the sky,

Evening . . . the time for dreams . . .

Of gossamer things, a small child's prayer,
The haunting strain of an ancient tune,
Angels and harps and a golden stair,
Poetry, music, a blue lagoon,
Soft curls, a dimple, and laughing eyes,
Float gently on through the silvery skies.

Evening . . . the time for dreams . . .

Reviewing again the vanished years,
When towering goals were but puny things,
Reviewing again the joys . . . and tears.

Evening . . .

Moonlight . . . a small world slips by;
Peace showers the earth from an open sky.

—Eunice Clement Hyatt.

(First published in Reflections Magazine)

CHARLES IDEN

Born October 15, 1880, at Logan, Iowa, son of John S. and Mary S. Iden. In the dry summer of 1894 the family set sail in a prairie schooner for Northwest Arkansas. There it was his pleasure of knowing personally the late Tom P. Morgan, humorist and short story writer. In 1900 the Iden family moved to Monett, Missouri, and took over the Monett Leader. He worked in newspaper shops, and as local correspondent for various city papers (Memphis, Atlanta, St. Louis, Kansas City, etc.)



He was married in 1913 to Josie Marie Davis of West Plains, herself a capable printer. They took over the Pleasant Hill (Missouri) Register until the spring of 1917, when they came to Crocker, Missouri, and bought the Crocker News.

He began writing while yet a child. His poems have appeared in various metropolitan newspapers for a number of years, many appearing in the "Echoes of the Streets" column in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In 1938 his work appeared in the anthology, "Poets on Parade," compiled by Donna B. Brown, and "Living Authors of the Ozarks," compiled by Florence W. McCullough. In 1940 he published from his own a booklet, "My Own Poems," containing some fifty poems for distribution among friends.

Other incidents include an honorary membership in the Eugene Field Society, the Christian Church, and Mayor of Crocker, Missouri. He is also a Past Master of Waynesville (Missouri) Lodge No. 375 A. F. & A. M. He still finds time to take palette and brush to fix some view of lake or stream in oil, that trait being a heritage from his father,

I WONDER WHY

Gray dusk and a tinkling bell,
Star-gleams and a chill wind's sigh,
And the lowing herds from the farther field,
As they tread the path that is near concealed
By the drywisps blown from the meadow's yield,
Come home, and their sleek sides tell
Of grass that was lush and high.

Comes night, and a friendly glow
Shines out on the silent hills
As a neighbor turns from the daily grind,
That has damped his brow and has wracked his mind,
To the things of love that his heart can find
By lamps that are burning low
In the niche his family fills.

Ah, me! And I wonder why
Folk yearn for the distant things
When a home awaits, and a mate to cheer,
With a smile, a word, or a happy tear
On the face of one that is more than dear—
Comes dusk, and my wife and I
Find joy while the kettle sings.

Echoes of the Streets" in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SEPTEMBER INTERLUDE

I like to wander out of doors and watch September pass;
To see a fallen yellow leaf at rest upon the grass;
I see the flame of goldenrod a-light along the way,
With scarlet sumac and the blue of chickory today.

September is a lovely time that calls me out to see
The ripened summer's gay parade march down the days
for me—

A blessed, tender interlude—that wood doves muted cry
White clouds afloat where shadows play while summer
passes by.

—Charles Iden.

CARL BARKLEY IKE



Carl Barkley Ike was born in Sidney, Ohio. Came to Missouri when very small and is a dyed-in-the-wool Ozarkian. Known as the Hillbilly Poet, his beautiful, whimsically philosophical poetry has gone to far reaches of the Nation to sink deep into hearts of the people. Endowed with the gift of saying much in a few words an attainment that is reached by few and envied by poets, Ike is one of the higher lights of Ozarkian Bards. He has written hundreds of poems, has appeared in many anthologies both here and abroad and is one of the leading feature writers of Missouri. Prominent in lodge and church circles and noted for his benevolences. Member of many literary groups, chief among them being the Missouri Writers' Guild, Ozarks Press Association, Gasconade Writers' Guild, and many others. He is also co-founder of the Ozarkian-Hillcrofters. He was the first poet laureate of the Ozarks. Has several published works, among them *Memory's Encore* and *Memory's Autograph*, the latter in collaboration with another Ozarkian writer, Hazel Dagley Heavin of Rolla. Is a member of the Missouri Historical Society. He is a member of "Bookfellows." Has been featured over many radio stations of the middle-west.

DESIRE

I'd like to see you coming
To me in glad surprise
Across some moonlit garden
With laughter in your eyes.

I'd like the moonbeam fairies
To dance away in glee
And leave you in that garden . .
Quite all alone with me.

MY MISTAKE

Twice have I remembered
Things I should forget
Once when first you kissed me . . .
Once when first we met.

SAFE GUARD

Only the wise folks store away.
Money, they say, for a rainy day;
But I have lots of your memories, dear—
I've put them away till the clouds appear.

TRIBUTE

Many things I might have done
As life's race was being run,
Were it not because of one . . . Mother.

Many times, would I have failed
When the storms and fears assailed,
Had I not one leader hailed . . . Mother.

Many blessings rich and fine
Following on duty's line,
Do I owe this friend of mine . . . Mother.
—Carl B. Ke.





BESSIE BROWN JACKSON

A daughter of Reuben H. and Martha A. Brown, was born in Lebanon, Missouri, April 22, 1866. Finished Lebanon High School, and also attended the Laclede Seminary.

She taught rural school in Laclede, Miller and Jasper Counties, Missouri.

She was married in Carthage, Mo., to Thomas L. Jackson, a farmer.

Mrs. Jackson writes poems and songs and has received honorable mentions for state song contest.

THE WRINKLED OLD HANDS OF MOTHER

There are hands soft and tender,
There are hands smooth and fair;
Other hands to us may render,
Faithful service, love and care;
But the hands we hold so dear,
Liv'd their life of love and fear;
The wrinkled old hands of mother.

Wrinkled old hands, wrinkled old hands,
Hands whose touch were like no other,
They carress'd us day and night,
How we lov'd their very sight,
The wrinkled old hands of mother.

They were hands warm and loving,
They were hands so rough and old;
But yet to us still proving,
Honest value, firm as gold;
These dear hands we know so well,
Fill the world with deeds that tell;
The wrinkled old hands of mother.

(Published in Paris, Mo., Mercury).

MARSHALL T. JAMISON

Marshall T. Jamison of Springfield, Mo., poet-writer and president of the Ozarkian Hillcrofters Guild. (Sorry, a more detailed autobiography before going to press).

OPPOSITE FORCES

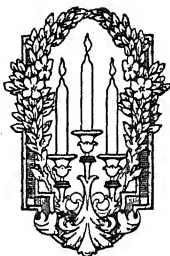
Now, said my Angel, I leave you;
So, whispered the Devil, I come;
And I stood discouraged,
Dark clouds had covered my sun.

Through life I have always found it,
No matter, where ever you go,
Two forces are always working,
One from above and one from below.

In life we are ever moving
Either forward or backward we go;
My Angel is urging me foreward
But the Devil is awake down below.

So let us not drift with the current
But pull with one Angel upstream
For if we stop, then the eddy
Drags us back, and shatters our dreams.

—Marshall T. Jamison.



MARY TWITCHEL JONES



It was a poet, who after walking through a country cemetery, summarized human life as born, married, died. Mary Twitchel Jones, the subject of this sketch, met the first of these engagements at a time in the past, the second somewhat later, and has the third yet to meet.

She is a native Missourian, with one line of descent from the early Puritan Colonels, the other from tide-water Virginia and from Kentucky, and has lived in the Ozark vicinity most of her life. Mrs.

Jones was selected as chairman of the Missouri State Division of the National Thanksgiving Poetry Contest Association.

Has long been an active member of the Tri-State Writers Club, of Joplin, where she resides.

APOSTROPHE

This day marks the time of Thanksgiving set forth by that
hero of old—

Give thanks to the Lord for His mercies, bestowed upon
us manifold!

Observe it, America blessed, let acclaim ring from seashore
to crag;

Acknowledge with worship the blessing conferred in our
star-spangled flag.

This flag makes our safe sanctuary, the sure guarantee of
each right,

First flown in defense from a tyrant, in sacrifice, hardship
and fight;

It now is the pledge and the ensign, the hope of all men,
near and far—

Hats off, O American people, to Liberty's own guiding star!
With reverent heart, O Columbia, lift your glad voice unto
God

For this sign and seal to all nations, of path that our fore-
 fathers trod;
 For never, of peoples of record, had other such nation as
 ours,
 With government grounded on justice, and citizens grant-
 ing its powers.
 America, God will not fail you; your children are steadfast
 and true,
 The flag of our freedom waves ever, the glorious red, white
 and blue—
 The red of the blood of our heroes, the blue of their loyal-
 ty's ranks,
 The white of devotion—O People, salute our fair flag, and
 give thanks!
 —First Award for Missouri in National Thanksgiving
 Association Poetry Contest.

BLACK FIDDLERS

When I wake up in de mawnin' I goes lis'nin' at my do;
 Foh I thinks I heahs some music dat I done is hyee'd befo';
 So I open de do' a shavin', an' I lissin' at de crack;
 Den I spies a little rascal in a coat o' shiny black—
 Hi, dere! Howdy Mister Cricket. Yo' is jes' as black as me,
 So den taint nah'y wonder you is happy as can be
 Den dat shiny little rascal he go trumpin' out a jig,
 An' he hoe down on hes fiddle, an' he think he mighty big!
 Den he hump hes back an' hustle wid "De Tu'key in de
 Straw"—

Little mite make monst'ous bustle dat yo' ha'dly eveh saw!
 Hey den, shuckin's! Misteh Cricket you all think yo'
 mighty big,

A fiddlin' an' a Trompin' on yo' happy hoe-down jig.
 An dat little shiny cricket, jes' as happy as can be—
 When he wake me de mawnin', he is cumpunny fo' me;
 Fo' he keep de tune a ringin', an' he foot go clatter-clack,
 Til de fus' thing I's a singin' an' a anserin' him back.
 Keep a humpin', Misteh Cricket, til I gets it pu'hty soon,
 Den I brings my own ol' fiddle, and I he'ps yo' wid de tune.
 (By Courtsey of The Country Bard).

—Mary Twitchel Jones.

STELLA V. SMITH JONES

Stella V. Smith, daughter of Charles J. and Dora L. Smith, was born on a farm in Gentry County, Missouri, on July 20. On September 14, 1919, in the same home where she was born, was quietly married to an old schoolmate, Marvell F. Jones. After spending two years in Idaho and a few months in Kansas, they returned to the homeland. Two sons were born.

Mrs. Jones has composed more than 2000 poems, over half of which have been published. She was President of the Community Friendship Club at Parnell, Missouri. Was secretary and treasurer of a National Poet Club for three years, and editor of "The Poet's Friend," a 64-page poetry publication, for eight years, 1930-38 inclusive. Her poems have been read over the air. Her work has been published in newspapers, poetry publications and many anthologies of verse. Two literary publications have devoted an entire issue to her work, one in Massachusetts and the other in New York City in 1934-36. The "Stella Vee Luncheon Club" of Chicago was founded in her honor in 1936. Her first book of poems, "Broken Wings," was published in Iowa in February, 1935, copies of which may be found in many public libraries. She is co-author to "Romance in Platinum" published in California in December, 1937. And editor of an anthology, "The Dipper at the Well" compiled also in 1937.

Stella V. Jones, one of the most loved and respected personalities, is a nationally known poet, long associated with the little magazine movement. A woman who has found beauty and hope and faith in life and wants to share with the whole world. She possesses also the sympathetic understanding of human nature and the clear-eyed courage, of a great philosopher. She possesses a natural gift of rhythm.

TWO FRIENDS

I have two friends, and one of them
Just bubbles with delight
And fills my soul with joy and song
When skies are clear and bright.

I love to laugh and talk and help
To sip the cherry wine,
With this dear one, when I am gay
And all is sweet and fine.

The other friend is much the same
When every thing goes well,
But when death leaves a broken heart
And failure has her spell.

Then I prefer this other one
Whom hardships do not wane,
But brings a silken parasol
To meet me in the rain.

AN INDIAN CARPET

A spring ago . . . in hand-laid rows
No other garden could compare,
Were Indian carpets of gay flowers
That mother planted there.

And when the wrinkled hands that set
The zennias in the row
Pulled plants for me . . . She said, someday
Your heart like mine, shall know

How old-time flowers have power to mend
Even a costly break
In hearts that suffer long and well
Yet none suspicion, ache.

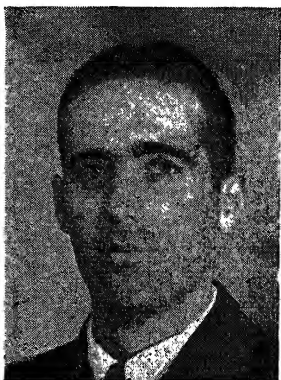
How can I then . . . a few months hence
Walk in my own back yard
All seeded down with old-time flowers
And cry, Life is too hard?

God teach . . . and help the zennias heal
A broken heart in me . . .
For when I greet my country home
No mother welcomes me!

—Stella V. Jones

JOHN LACY JONES

Jones, John Lacy. (1912). A Missouri writer, poet and educator known for his sincerity of character and his love for children with whom he has worked for several years. His native home among the mystic beauties of the Ozarks has had a noted influence upon his life. He is a lover of music, art and nature.



Jones was born near Yancy Mills, in Phelps County, Missouri, a descendant of a long line of hardy pioneers, who helped to blaze the way into this region of historic fame. His boyhood was a happy one filled with the joy of strange adventures among his native hills; of it little more could be said than that expressed by the poet himself, in the following lines taken from his poem.

IF

If I, before life's bell shall toll,
May chance to light some darkened soul,
Or ease a pain or reap a smile,
My passing here has been worth while.

Or if some kindly deed I do,
For gratitude and mercy too,
Should help to make a burden light,
I surely passed not in the night.

Or if, upon the road of time,
I learn to love the things Sublime,
That rise from out the common sod,
I needs must love Immortal God.

Then if these be my destiny
Before the bell has tolled for me,
Somewhere there needs must be a place
To meet the dear God face to face.

DEAR LAND OF YOUTH

O gallant youth where have your fancies led
Upon whose mystic shore thy beauties fled?
Could all thy glory, all thy joy be gone?
Does time so thoughtless dare to haste thee on?

But even as I ask, an aching sigh
Seems now to whisper, youth has passed you by,
Forever drifting on time's aging shore,
Gay youth is but a mem'ry evermore.

O LIFE O TIME

O Life! O Time! wherefore the pain and mortal strife,
The source of war, the grief, the ghasty woe?
Does not each mortal know it's curse and lasting hate,
With all it's horror, all it's death and deep sorrow?

From out his bourne of time has man not chanced to
learn

That stately peace and love should guide the nations on,
Toward their destiny with faith in fellow kind,
As great high minded men who dare leave war alone?

The dearest lesson life and time has taught so oft
Is borne away as tiny seeds before the gale
No profit has been gained from long experience,
So war returns and peace shall ever fail.

O Time! O Life! with all thy various ways and moods,
Thy destiny is strange and yet so much unlearned,
Upon thy mystic shore weak mortals often err,
While life and time must pay for sorrows it has earned.

—John Lacy Jones.





SIBYLLA T. JUDY

Was born in Dallas County, Iowa, of pioneer parents, Candace and Elwood Smith. They moved in a covered wagon drawn by four white oxen to a beautiful homestead in western Kansas, where they had the experience of living in a dugout, and other hardships of the early pioneers.

In 1885 they came to the Arkansas Ozarks. She was married in 1906 to W. M. Judy (now deceased),

Mrs. Judy began making rhymes when about nine. She writes songs, poems and articles, which have appeared in the Church Herald and the Kansas City Star.

Her home is in Alba, Missouri.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

Lilies blue and white and red,
Blooming in the garden bed,
Nodding in the sun.
God above so good and true,
Makes them grow and bloom for you,
Tends them every one.

Dainty dresses lilies wear,
Cut and sewn and bound with care,
Pure from soil or stain.
God has made the lilies clothes,
Ironed them with the wind that blows,
Washed them with the rain.

God who clothes the lilies so,
Makes the children thrive and grow,
Knows them all by name.
Gives them food and clothes to wear,
Wants them pure as lilies fair,
Free from sin or blame.

ON WINGS

When Satan's hosts our souls assail,
And all our strong defences fail,
God hears and rescue swiftly brings,
And bears us up on eagle's wings.

Chorus

On wings, on wings, on eagle's wings
Above all base and sinful things!
On wings, on wings, on eagle's wings,
Up, up, still up to higher things.

In Egypt's land they toiled in grief
Till God in mercy gave relief,
He laid His hand on Egypt's Kings
And brought them forth on eagle's wings.

His chariots are the clouds on high
Upon the winds He walketh by,
He shakes the earth and rocks the skies
And on the cherib's wings He flies.

When nations rise and nations fall
And dire disaster threatens all
And each day new distraction brings,
Our souls escape on eagle's wings.

Sibylla T. Judy



CLEO MARIE KONOW

Miss Cleo Marie Konow, member of Scribblers Club and has been writing since childhood. Her work has appeared in many magazines, anthologies, poetry columns and in radio programs. She also writes stories and articles and much of her work has a ready market. Her home is in Chillicothe, Missouri.

TRAILS

You wished for trails that led beyond
The simple song of birds; ;
We walked those trails together,
Planned journeys sweet with words.

But now you have the road beyond
The vast expanse of sea,
While I walk love's pathway praying ;
For your safe return to me.

(Published in March issue of "The What-Not," Rolla, Mo.)

REMEMBRANCE

(To a Soldier-lover)

Will each Memorial day thru endless time,
Betray my heart with some reminding sound
Of laughter or of song? We held sublime
The treasure of a new-found love that bound
Us close. We vowed that death could never part,
We'd span the miles to reach across life's tides,
And sense the nearness of our spirit-heart,
And feel the love that after death abides.
Today I hold communion at your grave,
I travel quiet trails unmarked thru space,
I feel the clasp of hands reached out to save,
O, soldier-lad peace shines on your calm face.
A flag and blossoms are symbols on this sod,
But you have life—you who now live with God.

(Prize winner poem in May 30, 1942, issue of "The Denver Post," and also printed in Horizon House anthology, New York City, in "The Muse of '42," 1942.

—Cleo Marie Konow.

JUANITA DAWSON LAUGHLIN

Was born on October 13, 1920, at St. James, Missouri. The fourth child, and only daughter of Wm. and Mary Dawson. When I was two years old my mother died and I, with my three brothers, was taken by my paternal grandparents to their farm in Illinois.

I attended Kell High School, for three years, and finished at Centralia High School in 1938. The following December, I married Kenneth Laughlin of Salem, Mo. Mother of two sons.

My husband secured employment at Fort Leonard Wood, so we moved to Dixon, Mo., where we now live.

I have written poetry since I was in grade school, but have never tried to have any published.

TO MY BROTHERS OVERSEAS

(Somewhere in No. Africa)

We know not where you are tonight,
They've sent you overseas.
To fight against the mad, mad foe,
And keep your country free.

You're in a land that's strange to you,
With a million other men.
May God guard and protect you all,
So you'll come home again.

NIGHT

When the deep night descends from the heavens above,
When the birds and the flowers are at rest,
All there is to be heard is the silvery brook,
That's the time that I love much the best.

When everything else is sleeping in peace,
And the night takes the peace of the day,
Then I walk in the dark by the waterfall,
It's a beautiful time to pray.

—Juanita Dawson Laughlin.



VIRGINIA VAN BUREN LOWE

Virginia V. Lowe, born in Platt County, Illinois, came to Pierce City, Missouri, with her parents at the age of eleven. Her father, John Van Buren, served three years in the Union Army as a volunteer from Illinois. Her mother, Julia Morton Van Buren, was a pioneer school teacher in Dent County, Missouri, in the seventies. Mrs. Lowe did not enter school until she was nine years old because she was too timid to go alone. However, her early education did not suffer because her mother taught her until she entered the third grade.

She was married to A. J. Lowe in 1925. After four years on the farm Mr. Lowe was stricken with an illness that resulted in his death three years later. Mrs. Lowe and her sister, Mrs. Lola Duncan, are now living in the old home place at Pierce City.

ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

Peace on Earth, good will toward men,
Why sing it o'er and o'er again?
'Twould seem it were an idle phrase,
Brought down to us from ancient days,
To chant again, from year to year
When Christmas time is drawing near.

Oh, Peace on Earth; God haste the day
When greed and strife shall pass away;
Good will toward men, when battles cease,
And man will serve the Prince of Peace;
The Prince of Peace, our Lord and King,

What joy on Earth His words will bring
When man can truly sing the strain,
"Peace on Earth, good will toward men."
(Printed in Springfield News-Leader).

OCTOBER IN THE OZARKS

This ain't no time for writin',
With such beauty all around;
I'd rather be a pickin' nuts,
And 'simmons off the ground.

There ain't no time for writin',
While you watch the wild fly.
And the blackbirds hold a caucus,
In a giant oak near by.

No, this ain't no time for writin'—
Let me watch the shadows grow.
Let me gaze upon the woodland,
In the autumn's sunset glow.

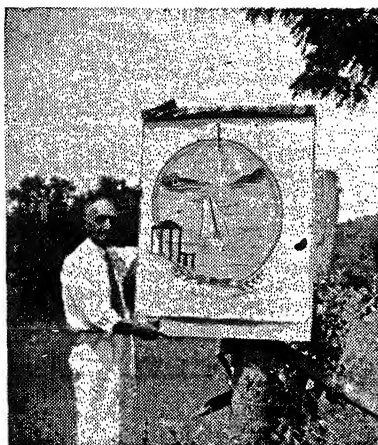
But what's the use o' writin',
When no words can half portray,
The beauty of our Ozarks
On a bright October day.

—Virginia Van Buren Lowe.



THOMAS ELMORE

LUCY



A poet - humorist dramatic artist, world traveler, chalk talker, feature writer and Chautauqua and stage entertainer, was born in North Carolina, of exceedingly humble parentage, in a one-room shack. As the second son of William D. and Hannah (Moore) Lucy he emigrated to Arkansas with the family. His father was a private in the Army of

Northern Virginia, serving at one time as aide to General Robert E. Lee, receiving four wounds at Bull Run, Gettysburg.

His education was limited to the rural school. He entered the shop of the Russellville, Arkansas, Democrat at the age of fourteen as "Printer's Devil." After maturity he entered Parry School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, St. Louis, Missouri.

He has made three world tours; the first in 1909 the year of his marriage to Anna Mae Schumacher of Carmi, Illinois. Two subsequent tours were taken in 1920 and 1922 to Australia, Asia, the Orient, Great Britain and Egypt. His travels are described in his book, "Smiling 'Round the Seven Seas." Other volumes from his pen are "Cinders and Sawdust," "The Entertainer," "Way-Station Musings," "Through Prairie Meadows," and "Sammy," the latter a cheap brochure for news stand distribution, of which near 100,000 were distributed.

His travels over the world on professional engagements number more than a million miles, and his record shows near eight thousand personal appearances. He was a charter member of the International Lyceum Association and recently instructor of Dramatic Art in Minnesota Bible University.

A PIPE OF DREAMS

It's sweet to turn the memory-leaves of life's old
picture-book,

And chuckle at the silly silhouettes of yesterday,
When everything seemed tragedy to your unformed
little mind—

Each curtain-call and tableau in your little music
play.

But, always came the after-show, when daddy dried
your tears,

And told you he had felt the same way many
times, like you;

And when the morning dawned your mother raised
the window shades

To let you see the morning glories as the sunlight
filtered through.

I think, somehow, somewhere, sometime, when the bat-
tle-thunders cease,

And the tumult and the shouting of the captains
are no more;

When we hear the robins piping on the wrecks of
rusting planes,

And the Sunday morning hymns drown out the
cursed cannons' roar,

That God's children will awaken in a silver-misty
morn,

Forgetting all about the years when "rained the
ghastly dew",

Just in time to see the Master open His ancient window-
blinds,

And whisper: "Come in, children," as the sun-
beams filter through.

—Thomas Elmore Lucy





ALICE M. LYTLE

Was born in New Brighton, Pennsylvania. The daughter of Thomas Marshall and Mary Reeves. Was educated in Pittsburg, Pa.

Married after leaving school. Lived an uneventful life. A happy wife and mother. Have explored the Ozark Mountains very thoroughly. Lived at Springfield, Missouri, seventeen years. It will always be home to me.

MY HOUSE

Just build me a house, on the side of a hill
With Hollyhocks growing near
I want to hear the murmuring stream
And the call of the Whipperwill.

A little white house, with shutters of green
Amid great tall shade trees

I am sure you would think it the prettiest house
That you had ever seen.

And the trees would cast their shade at eve;

And the birds come flying home
To their nest above in the leafy top
What joy I would receive.

I would like a fence painted white

And a fountain on the lawn

Where I could sit and dream at night

Perhaps until the morning light.

(Published in "The Poet's Friend," 1937.

GRANDMA'S CHAIR

In an attic of cobwebs, and dust one day
I was looking around in a curious way
And there I spied my Grandma's chair
I don't remember, who put it there.

It must of been a long time ago
Or, Did I just seem to think it so
But as the tears came into my eyes
It seemed so long since I said Good-Bye.

So I brought it down with loving care
And gave it a place that I could spare
And as I see it from day to day
It's Grandma's chair, you hear me say.

Now it's free today of cobwebs and dust
And all for the Love of her I trust
Someone will love it as much as I
In the long, long years that will pass by.

THE OLD SUMMER CAR

Don't you remember the old summer car?
It took you to town, and also afar
In fancy I know there is nothing to beat
An evening ride on the old front seat.
Many parks and picnics it took us to
But we'd have to leave, when the car was due,
The motorman would merrily kick the gong;
With the greatest of glee as he passed along.

In a suit of blue, with buttons of brass,
On the running board the Conductor would pass
And collect a nickle and also a smile
From pretty girls. from to mile.
Many years have passed away
And the Old Summer Car is now passe
In fancy I still ride the front seat
Of the Old Summer Car, It can't be beat.

—Alice M. Lytle

LEONA LLOYD

Leona Lloyd, Poet, Writer and Publisher, has many poems and other wrtings to her credit, and is now working on a manuscript based on life in Southeast Missouri. She was editor and publisher of the magazine of poetry, "The Outburst."

Her home is in St. Louis, Mo., where she operates a book store.

The following have featured her work:

Visions — Note Book — Country Bard — Arcadian Life — Skylines — Missouri School Journal — Faucets — Beacon Publishing Co. — Christmas Lyrics — Candor Avon — Beatrice Publications — Ridgewood Herald — St. Louis Star — Hartford Times — Scimeter and Song.

LIFE'S HARVEST

Life begins in the Springtime
Tender, fresh and pure,
Opens its eyes in wonder
To a world of vast allure.
Bursting forth in the Summer
In glorious, glad array;
Blossoming full of spirit;
Life is a gala hey dey.
Proud to the point of boasting,
No burden, or spirit dismayed,
Rushing and crowding each moment;
Presenting a pageant well played,
Maturity comes with the Autumn,
The grain in the golden field
Droops and sways with the zephyr
Burdened with heavy yield.
The master reaper then cometh
As a stealthy thief in the night,
To harvest with scythe and sickle;
Working with main and might.
A shadowy respite is Winter,
Of lives short lived, yet old;
Left mellowing now in the garner;
Completing the story oft told.

(Used in Cadence of 1940)

MRS. BONITA MANN

This poem by Mrs. Bonita Mann, wife of Dr. C. V. Mann of Rolla, Mo. Member Gasconade Writers Guild (Sorry no biographical sketch available on going to press.)

GOD'S PEP-ER-UPER

Sometimes my day is gloomy and drear,
My heart bowed with sadness, wanting cheer,
Quickly my troubles all take flight,
The shadows flee, out comes the light,
And everything seems right —
When the cardinal sings in our cherry tree.

His flaming feathers, his gaudy coat
Fill my eyes with beauty,
Lifts my soul with each note;
How could I murmur or complain,
Forget the sunshine because of rain,
When the cardinal sings in our cherry tree?
—Bonita H. Mann.





CLAIR V. MANN

Born June 3, 1884, at Frankfort, Kansas. Married Miss Bonita A. Hunt in 1906. Has five children. Received education in Public Schools, Reserville, Kansas; Prep School, Boulder, Colo., University Colorado, University Iowa. Began work in Civil Engineering in 1903. Taught School of Mines since 1920. Many published works; two books "Objective Type Tests in Engineering Education" and "History of School of Mines" being outstanding works. Member Tau Beta

Pi, Phi Delta Kappa, Eta Tau, Gasconade Writers' Guild, Community Music Club of Rolla, Missouri Academy of Science, American Association Univ. Prof., and other professional societies. Recognized in Who's Who in American Education, American Men of Science, Leaders in Education, current issues. Space does not do justice to his biography in this book.

PHELPS COUNTY, I LOVE THEE.

O Phelps County I sing love for thee:
For thy rolling hill and valley so fair.
Land where life blossoms full, rich, and free,
Climate where freedom so blest fills the air.

Thy verdant fields stir deep heart thrills—
In thy Ozark woodlands wide I love to roam,
'Mid thy cool sparkling rivers, springs and rills
Neath the azure skies—yes, this is my home.

—Copyright, 1941, by Clair V. Mann.

OZARK CHRISTMAS CAROL

Glist'ning snow flakes, twinkling, sparkling,
Soft upon the hilltops lie. Oh,
Moonlight shimm'ring, starlight glimm'ring,
Herald happy Christmas days.

Chorus

Heigho! Heigho! Heigho!
Ring out o'er field and snow!
Happy Christmas bells, and joyous laughter,
Happy Christmas days are here.
When sleigh bells begin to jingle,
Christmas days are on the way. Oh,
When sweet bells with carols mingle,
Dear old Santa's on the way.

Chorus

Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Yo Ho!
A-sleighing we will go,
Through the flying snow how fast we go,
While singing carols all the way,
Once o'er peaceful Beth'lem's hills
A Star, so lovely, rose on high.
While shepherds heard sweet voices singing,
"Peace on Earth, good will to men."

Chorus

And Lo! And Lo! And Lo!
With wonder they did go.
To the tiny Stranger, in the manger,
All on a happy Christmas day.

—Clair V. Mann.





ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

She was born in Bologna, Italy. She came to the United States with her parents during the Spanish- - American War.

In the years Mrs. Marinoni has been writing she has had published poetry, articles and short stories for syndicates and magazines. She also has to her credit five books of poems and two books of epigrams "In Passing" and "Pine Needles."

Mrs. Marinoni has written a multitude of juvenile stories, Detective, Adventure, and Ghost Stories, as well as love and human interest stories. Her work found a ready place in such publications as the old Literary Digest, New York Tribune, Scribners, Pictorial Review, Good Housekeeping, Holland, New York Times, Chicago Tribune and others. Her work has been recognized by outstanding critics as Heywood Brown, Wm. Stanley Braithwaite and Ralph Chey. Mrs. Marinoni is poet laureate of Arkansas Federation and a member of Tri-Delta Sorority. Married to Antonio Marinoni, they have two children and live at Fayetteville, Ark.

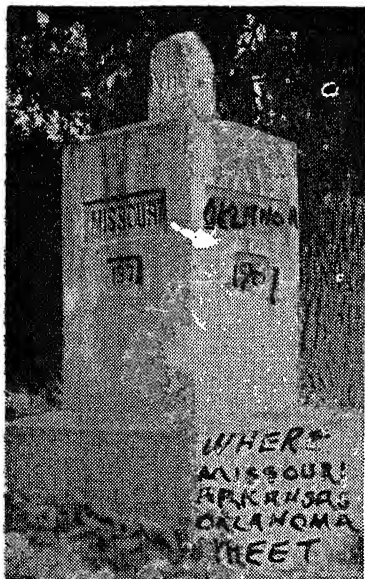
CRUSHED FENDER

It happened in Milan one summer night,
While we were driving down a narrow street.
A fender crushed—the brakes froze to a stop
Beneath the pressure of the driver's feet.
I hurled my ire against the guilty one:
"You should be taught to signal as you turn!"

At least put out your arm!" I cried at him;
"You could have caused our car to overturn!"
At first the man was silent, then he spoke:
"Sorry," he said, "To cause you such alarm.
You did not see it, for the night is dark,
But as I turned, I did put out my arm."

Please take my license number and my name—
I hope you will forgive and understand.
I was a soldier once, somewhere in France
My left arm is a stub. I have no hand."
I could not speak. The words choked in my throat—
I did not take his number, nor his name—
I turned the car against the dull dark night;
My face averted to conceal my shame.

Reprinted by permission of Author—
—Rosa Zagnona Marinoni.





MARY ELIZABETH MAHNKEY

Mary Elizabeth Mahnkey was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Prather at Harrison, Arkansas. Her parents came from Indiana to Arkansas, about 1869. Her father, a Union soldier, was given a federal appointment.

Mrs. Mahnkey began to write local news for the Forsyth paper when she was 14 years old.

For 17 years I have written regularly every week, besides for our county paper, a little column for the Springfield

Daily News, the editors headed it—In the Hills. I have many lovely letters from so many different people who read this.

Last November, after trying for so many years, I won first place in the Poet Laureate of the Ozarks contest sponsored by Springfield KWTO and KGBX and was given a trophy that pleased me very much. Perhaps because it was recognition from home. The prize winning poem was "W^old Honey."

Was chosen best country correspondent in the nation by Crowells in 1935.

Mrs. Mahnkey has one book of poems published, "Ozark Lyrics." She says she is indeed a true Hill-Billy, having spent the greater part of her past life in the hill country, and I add, the pleasant expression, the twinkle in her eye bespeaks of much happiness and health too, to be found in "Them Thar Hills." Mrs. Mahnkey writes of homey, every-day things, with all to the point of briefness so appealing. She was married to Charles Preston Mahnkey in 1899. She is the mother of four children and lives at Mincy, Missouri.

DUTY

Duty is an ugly jade
From Repentance cloth her robes are made.
I do not like her leering grin
But submissively I follow in
Where Duty lies in sunless gloom
No singing birds, no joyous bloom
She grimly tells me what to do
Meekly I drink her bitter brew.
(Springfield Daily News)

ARTIST

She scanned the table with her keen old eyes
There was the brown fried chicken
The creamy custard pies
The cool bright green of pickles
And the ruby glow of jell;
Then she hastened to the cellar
Just before she rang the bell
And brought the golden butter
With its frosty drops of dew
Chilled and sweet and delicate
In a deep bowl of blue.

DAUNTLESS

She was in sorrow
Almost despair
But she brushed and she curled
Her snowy white hair.
Her thin wrinkled hands
Marked with toil and with pain
Touched lightly, clutched tightly
A ruby bead chain.
The years shall not crush her,
Nor sorrow, or care
For she wears her red beads
And curls her white hair.

—Mary Elizabeth Mahnkey



ROY E. MARTIN was born September 28, 1879, on a farm near Atlantic, Iowa. Son of Matthew W. Martin and Helen Farmer Martin. Family of five. English and Scottish ancestry. Rural mail carrier at Springfield, Mo., since 1912. Recently retired. Author of 100 poems, and songs. Often referred to as "The Postman Poet."

Member of The Hillcrofters and The Ozarkian Writers Guild.

Outstanding trait of character, fidelity to the memory of his only daughter, Mrs. Ruth Elaine Martin Brooks of Chicago, deceased (1936). The deep and beautiful devotion, existing from childhood between father and daughter, whose picture appears herewith, and who was a talented singer, actress and poet, has been a source of inspiration for Mr. Martin's many beautiful poems, such as the following:



THE LAST FAREWELL

At the side of a scenic wooded dell
 In the early morning light,
 She, smiling, waved a long farewell
 Till I faded from her sight;
 For I drove all day on that last long way
 Till the falling shades of night.
 The sun rose red, the clouds hung low,
 Then came the storm and rain,
 Prophetic (I would later know)
 Of coming years of pain,
 And my soul was astir with a prayer for her
 Till we should meet again.
 I had looked at life through glasses bright
 As a drop of purple wine,
 There was naught my work or faith to blight,
 No threatening sinister sign,

And I still had gleams of those old, old dreams
When youth and hope were mine.
The flowers bloom and the days are long—
The seasons come and go,
The world is filled with mirth and song
But joy I can not know;
For my heart lies there in that hillside grave—
Where the silent night winds blow.

LIFE'S SUNSET SEA

On life's path are loved ones near me
Roses rare in deserts drear,
How they help, console, and cheer me
As I drift—from year to year—
Some teach love and some teach duty,
Sacrifice and self control,
Some have tact and wit and beauty—
All have wealth of mind and soul.
The harvest field that's white and wailing
For the reaper's helping hand,
Greets, entreats, and writes the rating—
Sons of men in every land;
Those who work, the wrong assailing,
Toil till the sunset's fading ray,
Those who shirk, are falt'ring, railing—
All must face the judgment day.
Oft I pause and wait and wonder
As the years go speeding by,
As my hopes are rent asunder
And my heart cries, "why, oh why?"
At the end of all things mortal
Will I slumber with the just?
Join my love at heaven's portal,
When this dust returns to dust?
God has given, God has taken,
Pearls of price, worth wealth and fame,
But with fervent faith unshaken
Still I hail His holy name,
Clouds my skies may dim and darken,
Time at last will some day tell,
All who to the Word shall hearken
That He doeth all things well.



ADDAH MATTHEWS

Addah Matthews, native Ozarkian, was born in Barry County near Cassville, Missouri. She taught school several years, in both Barry and Lawrence Counties. She was married to Roger Matthews, of Monett, Mo. They have one daughter. Has resided in Monett since her marriage 30 years ago. She loves the Ozarks, and has collected much data on the folk lore of the hills. She is a member of the Hillcrofters, Gasconade Writers' Guild, and Ozark Writers and Artists groups.

Mrs. Matthews writes both poetry and prose. Her work has been published in many Newspapers, Farm Magazines, Ozark Guide, Anthologies, Whightman Melton's Book on Trees. She has sold material to Mirandy of "Persimmon Holler." She has written about 400 poems and several short stories.

Her hobby, aside from writing, is collecting buttons. She belongs to a National Button Collecting Society. She also collects rocks, and likes to travel. She aspires to visiting every state in the union.

She is very active in Church, lodge and club work in her town.

THREE MEALS A DAY

Poets sing of gallant knights and of lovers bold,
Of women fair, and mighty heroes both young and old;
And the use of pretty phrases their fame to portray,
Forgetting still the women who cook three meals a day.

Many women have done this time old task
 Day by day, shut in from the world, no honors they ask:
 Bakin', broilin', fryin', they never ask pay;
 Happy and content with cooking three meals a day.
 These women rise e'er daylight kisses darkness adieu;
 For there's floors to be swept and dishes to do;
 They measure each task, their own untiring way,
 So they will have the time to cook three meals a day.
 Feeding sons and daughter who will make a great name,
 Feeding those, who will never know riches or fame.
 These upraised women give loyalty and love I'd say
 As they lovingly and faithfully cook three meals a day.
 Their work is mightier than the work of great fame;
 Unknown to the world their praise I would sing;
 As their hands and their brains keep working away,
 For it takes work and thought to cook three meals a day.

THE WIND'S GARDEN PRANKS

A baby potato hied as the wind passed by,
 Naughty wind blows onion in my eye;
 Mamma potato scolded the wind, stop, stop, I say,
 Enraged she showed her Irish, the wind went its way.
 On he rampaged to the home of the cabbage head;
 I'll blow dust on you the wind teasingly said,
 Proud Miss Cabbage shouted, "Stop mean wind, stop
 Now I must get a shampoo at a down town Beauty shop."
 The wind gayly laughed at the Cabbage's dusty head
 And puffed on across the garden where stood, instead,
 Rows of Country Gentleman corn with many big ears
 Covered securely with silk and shuck, free from fears.
 Of Mr. Wind and his teasing pranks, puff and blow,
 With each ear protected, the corn stood bravely in row,
 Shouting begone wind our ears are closed to gossip, ever;
 For you bully and tease, we are a bit too clever.
 The mischievous wind sighed, for if he blew his best
 He was beaten, The sun was sinking in the west,
 So the wind pillowed its head somewhere out of sight,
 And dreamed of new adventures, all through the night.
 —Addah Matthews.



GEORGE WALTER MATTHEWS

Born at Salem, Mo., December 18, 1861. His father, Ezekiel B. Matthews, joined the Union forces under Grant in 1862. and died near Vicksburg, and is buried in the National Cemetery at Youngs Point on the Mississippi River. George W. with his two sisters and two brothers grew up on the farm of their grandfather, Wm. Hudspeth, located on the beautiful "Cotaway" (Courtois) River, near Berryman (then Osage P. O.) in Crawford County, Missouri.

This region of the Ozarks is wonderful, Along the creeks which are fed by innumerable springs of almost ice cold, crystal clear water; were groves of wild plum and cherry and crab apple trees, which, when in bloom in the springtime are a rare and most beautiful sight. In this region the growing child's mind and heart are impressed with the beauties of nature, and if cultivated with poetic and romantic ideals, will lead to great happiness throughout life. From the age of 12 to 16 George W. Matthews attended the Salem Academy. At 21 years of age Mr. Matthews located in St. Louis, where he was for more than 20 years a railroad man. Afterwards he was associate editor and advertising manager of Monetary Record, a monthly financial journal, published by Judge Jacob C. Fisher. In the autumn of 1907, Mr. Matthews moved with his family to Chicago, where he has since made his home. He is now (1944) in his 83rd year; still active in body and mind. Takes an interest in political and world affairs; reads much, thinks some, writes a little and devotes a few hours each day to his advertising business.

I AM GLAD

Listen, listen and learn from this why I am glad, for this means you as well as me. I've lived a lot—I have known great and lasting happiness—and I am glad. I have loved, earnestly, ardently and devotedly, and my heart has been broken because of it—yet I'm glad.

I have known the greatest sorrow and felt the deepest grief, and loneliness and heartache—still I'm glad. I've tried and failed and been laughed at; earned money and spent it; visioned great wealth and power and position and achieved none of these—

And why am I glad? I am glad because I have life; glad because out of all the things I might have been, I was, like you, born human, with the marvelous and magnificent gift of a brain, and the dauntless and divine gift of a soul. I am glad that I live, and in my eighty-second year, glad that I can still dream and still love,—glad because once in a million times I've been brave, even though I may be a coward; and once in a million times I've been honest, even though I may be a liar, and once in a million times I have been wise and kind though I may seem stupid and cruel—glad that something in me was always higher, always finer, always whiter than my outward acts.

And most of all, most of all I'm glad because I have loved—glad because I dared to demand love, dared to risk everything I had in the service of love, and dared to go on loving, even when I failed at love; for love is worth all it may cost, anything it may cost—tears, prayers, shame, suffering, loneliness, heartache—a grave. Love is worth anything; life is worth everything, and I am glad because I've learned it. And no matter what the learning may cost. I hope there'll be more to learn, more to buy, more to pay, more living, more loving—forever

And if there isn't any more? If this is all there is? Then, still I am glad—still glad I am here—and if in that last moment before the long silence, I shall hear death calling, God give me dominion and strength to whisper: Why death, you can't hurt me, nor rob me, nor scare me—life is eternal, love is everlasting! I am not afraid—I have lived and loved!

—George W. Matthews

PERRY JAMES MASON

Perry James Mason was born near Bois D'Arc, Missouri, on Hallowe'en, 1901, son of E. C. and Amanda Mason, where he spent sixteen rather uneventful years. Of course there was the usual broken bones, school activities and affairs of the heart. He loved to hunt and fish, and preferred to go alone. He is remembered as a good marksman.

When 16 years old he, his father, and brother, Harvey, took two well drilling rigs to the booming mining district of N. E. Oklahoma. They settled at Quapaw. Here Perry finished high school in 1920. His parents did not feel able to send him to college, but he scraped together money for books, and entered Drury College that fall. In 1925, entirely through his own efforts, he took A. B. and B. S. degrees from Springfield Teachers College.

But over exertion took its toll. About this time he went out to teach and he was stricken by a rare nerve paralysis, Parkinson's disease, which gradually affected his speech and left side. He still walks very well and can use his left arm some. There is no known cure or even treatment for the affliction which is progressive.

All his life he has written jingles, but in 1932, when he realized he must give up his career, he began writing seriously. Since then he has written some 500 poems, most of which have appeared in Springfield and other newspapers and magazines. He has published three books of verse, of which 6,000 copies have been sold.

When this was written, 1943, he was working in a defense plant at Quapaw, Okla.

A BABY'S SMILE.

(Published in Springfield, Mo., News, and in
"Human Interest In Poetry and Prose.")

I saw a baby smile at me,
So innocent, so sweet.
He knew no reason he should be
At all reserved, discreet.

His very soul showed in his face,
He held me not in awe.
In his small span he knew no trace
Of tact or social law.

DREAMS FOR SALE.

(Published in Springfield (Mo.) News).

An advertisement? If you please.
I hope that many a reader sees.
Although I know that I must sell,
The hurt it gives I cannot tell.

How shall I word my little ad?
I cannot think with heart so sad.
"For sale: A cradle—baby bed."
That is enough. He was born dead.

—Perry Masor



MAY KENNEDY McCORD

"Hillbilly Queen"

She has many titles, but she loves the one of "Queen of the Hillbillies" the most. She was "crowned" at a ceremony of the Ozarkian Hillcrofters several years ago.

Listed in "Who's Who in America," Mrs. McCord is nationally known as a folklorist. Her column "Hillbilly Heartbeats" which ran for ten years in Springfield Papers, Inc., endeared her to thousands, and she was later heard over the Radi-Mutual Network, KWK, St. Louis.

Folklorist, lecturer, collector of ballads, traditions, lore and legendry of the Ozark Mountains, Mrs. McCord has recorded for the Library of Congress more than a hundred ballads and play party and old shape-note hymns. Many of these are recorded in her own voice. She has perhaps done more than any other Ozarkian to preserve for posterity, sympathetically, the olden things peculiar to the Ozarks, its survivals and its culture. She is the pivot around which the Ozarkian Hillcrofters' Organization revolves; the heart and soul of everything Ozarkian. Her story, a typical hill story in American Mercury in 1941, "A Partin' in Smoky Holler," was required reading in a New York University—as a "history of the language."

Mrs. McCord's highest aim has always been that of wife and mother. Her husband, Charles C. McCord, passed to the land beyond in September of 1943. She has two sons, Leslie, her youngest, in the Navy, and Charles, Jr., of Springfield, Mo. Her daughter, Maudeva McCord Janss, lives in Springfield.

Mrs. McCord is a director of the National Folklore Festivals and is in demand over the nation as a lecturer. Her poetry, singing gold, is whimsically lovely, typical of

the heart of the writer. She sings and her ballads are as wind in the trees, softly laughing. She brings tears with her realistic word-pictures of intimate things as she sings her beautiful lyrics.

May Kennedy McCord — beloved, adored, revered and cherished — a native Ozarkian. Her home is in Springfield, Mo.

AN OZARK BALLAD

Sing me an old, old ballad, dear,
While I lie here and rest,
And I shall remember a bunch of lace
Against a sweet old breast.

I'm tired of songs with labored themes,
With motif stiff and strained,
Sing me a mournful mountain tune
And I'll find my heart again.

Sing a song of the buffalo days
That Granny tells about,
While I lay my hands across my eyes
And shut the whole world out.

Sing an old "come all ye" ballad, dear,
With notes so strange and wild,
"The Gypsy's Warning," dark with pain,
The grave, where sleeps her child!

Sing an old tale of love, my dear,
With death-bells in the telling,
Like crying wind that can't forget
The love of "Barbara Ellen."

For life is a strange grey laughter, dear,
And love is a crimson pain—
So sing me an old, old ballad,
And I'll find my heart again.

—May Kennedy McCord.

M. L. McCULLOUGH

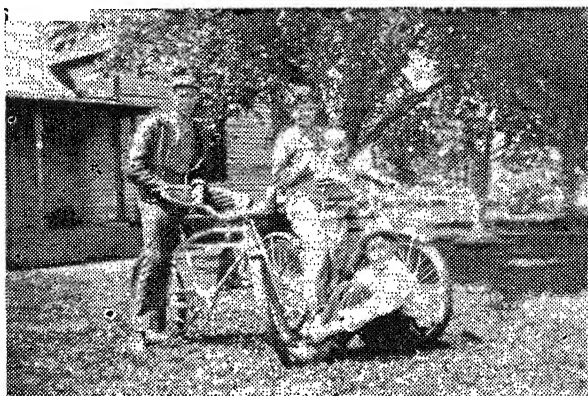


Born near Sandy Lake, Pa. The production of crude oil has been his life's work which has carried him to many part of the Globe. He made two sojourns to the Far East, Upper Assam India, and Burma where World War II caught him in 1939. He remained in the service of the Burma Oil Co. until evacuated by military when the Japanese were 15 miles out of the oil field town.

The Japanese needed oil and did not bomb the oil field but airplanes would swoop down and machine gun everything for four months before the Allies had to fall back because of lack of equipment at that point at that time. Mr. McCullough's letters of his travels and experiences have been widely published and he has been sought and has spoken at many Kiwanis, Rotary and other organizations.

Mr. McCullough was married to Florence Woodlock in 1909. They have two sons, Staff Sgt. Duoyne L. McCullough in foreign service (India) and Pfc. Dannie D. McCullough also in foreign service (Pacific).

His home is Joplin, Mo., Route 1.





Florence Woodlock McCullough

Was born in Davisville, Mo., to Patrick D. and Henrietta Woodlock.

Married M. L. McCullough of Sandy Lake, Pa., in 1909. They have two sons, Staff Sgt. Duoyne L. McCullough, a Flying Radioman in Foreign Service, and Pfc. Dannie Dale McCullough, Demolition man, also in Foreign Service.

Mrs. McCullough says the menfolks of her family are all wonderful, she could not help being proud of them. Mrs. McCullough writes poems and juvenile stories, which have appeared in many newspapers and anthologies both in U. S. A. and England. She compiled and published the first edition of "Living Authors of the Ozarks and Their Literature" in 1940, and second edition now compiled.

Member of Hillcrofters, Ozark Writers Guild, Tri-State Writers, The Ozark Press, and The Missouri Historical Society. Her home is Joplin, Mo., Route 1.

TO OUR SOLDIER BOYS

The trumpet calls our youth to fight
A ruthless cruel foe,
Thru months with aching muscles
Thru this training he must go.
In mud, rain and freezing nights
Or desert's sand and heat,
Long are the hours, hard is the way,
For our soldiers' weary feet.

This son of Freedom does all this
That the world be free again.
Fail not to count his sacrifices,
His work, his blood, his pain.
Fail not! I say, these Soldier lads,
Oh, bend your knee and pray,
God's choicest blessings on these boys
Who go that YOU may stay.

—Flo Woodlock McCullough

MRS. AUDRA (CONNELLY) MILUM

Mrs. Audra (Connelly) Milum was born near Champaign, Illinois, came to Harrison, Arkansas with her parents, where she still resides.

She was married in 1907 to Roy W. Milum.

"Life begins at 40" may be grand in a book but Mrs. Milum says "it is still grand at 50 and at this stage of the game the most important thing is that she has five lovely little granddaughters."

Mrs. Milum has written poems from childhood, never having any published until she was past 50. In the sunset of life, she started them on their way where they have found refuge in several Anthologies, many magazines and newspapers. One editor writes, "Writing verses is a wholesome and happy hobby with Mrs. Milum. Keenly observant of life and its tasks, duties and joy, all around her, she has learned to write of the things she knows and loves—a Poetess of Humanity and Home.

Anthologies—Poets on Parade, Christmas Lyrics, The Poetry Digest, The New York World's Fair Anthology, Blue River Anthologies 6 and 7, and Living Authors of the Ozarks.

Magazines—Country Bard, Modern Bards, Sigma Iota XI, Scimitar and Song, Arcadian Life, Skylines, Reflections, Musings, Visions, Candor, Today in Poetry, Song and Story, Quest, Cantos Abrowsos, Midland Poetry Review, Faucets, Mother's Day Bouquet, New Era News, Lighted Pathway, Fletcher's Farming Ozark Messenger, and Christian Visitor.

TIME MOVES ON

My own dear people once lived here,
Yet from their finished race,
I seem to walk the streets alone
With scarce a familiar face.

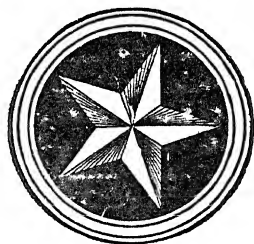
Our town is filled with those who come
To make our city bright,
I welcome them with open arms
Yet . . . I'm alone tonight.

The little stars peep out at me
The same moon shines above,
But in the crowded streets I stand
And sigh — for those I loved.

My silent people lie asleep
The new ones do not know.
What happened in this little town
A few short years ago.

THE WHEEL OF TIME

When will we mortals learn
Life's trials not to spurn
As the wheel of fate does turn?
The spring is most complete
Then summer, autumn leaf
And fall brings sad hearts grief.
But we hug false glow
We fail to enjoy the snow
That's human . . . even so.
The spring we think is real
Till sad heart aches we feel
While turning life's great wheel.
Are all our fancies lost
On waves of life, high tossed,
Worth all the tears they cost?



JANE MARLIN

Jane Marlin was born August 19, 1931, at Springfield, Missouri. She is the third daughter of Mrs. Ida Greer of Warsaw, Missouri. At present, she is a seventh grade pupil of Mrs. Lois Day of Benton County. She has taken a great interest in writing rhymes, some of which follow here.

WALK AND TALK

She walked and talked; then sang a song
Merrily as we walked along.

We always had a good time together
No matter what kind of weather;

She was as pretty as pretty could be,
And oh! my joy when she walked with me.

WALKING IN THE RAIN

Do you like the rain? I do. Why wouldn't you?
When it rains it pours, so stay indoors
Even though you like the rain.
Do you like to walk in the rain
And see the pretty neon stain
It's fun to run in the rain, just run
And then walk out in the sun.
The rain usually comes down

Splashing on roofs in city or town.
And when I'm in my grave
You may think of the rain I crave.
And when we walked in the rain
While it was beating on the window pane.

—Jane Marlin.

FRED O. MOORE

My parents were born and reared in Franklin County, Ill. They moved to Kansas in the year of 1878. They moved to Benton County, Ark., where I was born February 24, 1881, where the Pea Ridge Battle was fought in the Civil War. My Father was a miner and a timberman, naturally he taught me to follow him working in Timber and Mines. Was married at the age of 22 to Miss Emma Payne. There were nine children born to us, seven girls and two boys, of whom three girls and one son died in infancy.

It was a happy life to me and my family, until God took from the family the Dear Wife and Mother on August 28th, 1940. I am at this time living with my only son in the City of St. Louis, Missouri.

SPEND A WEEK IN THE OZARKS

There's a lovely place in the "Ozarks"
Where — YOU — and I will be,
If you'll come to "Oregon County"
And spend a week or two with me.

We'll stroll out in the Wildwoods,
Where all Nature is quiet and still,
Enjoy a real vacation — "There,
Out on a beautiful "Ozark hill."

Or we may go on the — River,
Fish for Crappie, Bass and trout,
And if you chance to fall in the water,
I'll be there to fish you out.

Here in the lovely Ozark region,
We'll encounter many thrills,
Peace and joy reigns forever,
Out in the rugged Ozark hills.

You may come in the month of April,
Or you may come in the month of May,
If you spend a week in the "Ozarks"
You will sure come back Someday!

(Copyright by F. O. Moore)



NELL M. MOORE

Born December 14th, 1888, near Danville, Illinois, the fourth child of eight born to John Jackson Myers and Amanda Acton Myers.

Came to Missouri at the age of eight years. I can remember yet the fear and trepidation with which my mother and sisters first set foot on the "ill reputed soil of Joplin", and the shocked surprise we all experienced to find Joplin people as fine, respectable and as hospitable as the friends we left behind us..

Married in 1908. Have a son and a daughter. Have written a good many factual articles, some of which have been accepted by metropolitan newspapers, several by local papers. Have also written and published a few short stories and some poems.

BORN IN TH HEART . . . IN THE HEART MUST IT LIVE

When freedom's faint beginning was just a shy wild hope
That had its birth in some forefather's heart,
But sprang to instant being, an ideal of his soul
As he breathed it to his neighbor at his work or in his home!

It was then emotion seized it! It was flung from mouth to mouth,

A righteous flaming subject for debate

And then . . . the rolling blare of drums and march of booted feet

And Freedom was a cause to fight and die for!

I thank thee God for Freedom and the will of my forebears to win it!

I pray thee God for health and strength and the courage
to defend it!

Majestic, our nation rose, the home of Liberty!
The tyrant's yoke was sprung and shattered them!

We're evermore a people born of equality.
Let's not be smug, self satisfied, but prayerfully remember
As we proudly stand beneath our worthy Stars and
Stripes, Freedom

Born of some heart oppressed and suffering,
Back to the heart again must fly for nourishment and life,
Enduring only, while staunch souls uphold its cause.
I thank thee God for Freedom and the will of my forebears
to win it!

I pray thee God for health and strength and the courage
to defend it!

TRIOLET TO APRIL

Laughing April, misty eyed,
You will always be my true love.
Rains may pour and storms may ride
Laughing April, misty eyed,

I lacs shining, dripping, bide,
Iris brilliant, raindrops hide.
Laughing April, misty eyed,
You will always be my true love.

Happy April, tender still
You are ever dearest to me.
Your beauties cause my eyes to fill
Happy April, tender still

Rainbow in the roadside rill
Seeks its own up o'er the hill.
Happy April, tender still
You are ever dearest to me.

—Nell M. Moore.

BETTY LEE MIDDLEBROOK

Betty Lee Middlebrook, says no 'one has much of a biograpny, at twenty-one. There is not much she can tell you about her life. But she says, "I have lived in different parts of the Ozarks, but have never really been out of them—to live. "Nothing spectacular ever happened to me, and my life has no milestones. I remember the towns where I have lived mainly by the shape of the hills around them. Wherever I was, I was well acquainted with the country side, and every clear day explored it on my bicycle. I still use the same bicycle I started out with. It is rather worn and tattered now, but we have journeyed together over many roads, disputed the right of way with stubborn mules, coasted slowly through Arkansas peach orchards and pedaled over pine ridges and through dry creek beds and over rattly wooden bridges; we have travelled roads lined with yellow bitter weeds on summer days when the hot earth smelled of sun; we have side-slipped down gravelly slopes and come peacefully home in so many sunsets that I think it keeps on going now out of loyalty to me.

"I am the housekeeper of our home—my mother works as a bookkeeper, so I have learned to bake a cherry pie, and collect recipes—yes, and quilt patterns, too, in my more domestic moods. (Some day, when I get around to it, I am going to make a quilt.)

"We have many books, so I read, too. Sometimes when I am reading, I forget about dinner cooking on the stove, and it burns. I get books from out-of-town libraries, too. I want to write biographies; and am now studying the Johnson era and working on a biography of Mrs. Thrale. "I guess that's all there is to my life."

SAYINGS

Old saying in my memory

Like lavender I keep —

"Laugh before you breakfast,

Cry before you sleep."

They stir the mind and calm the heart

As west wind do —

"When you hear a hoot owl
Turn your shoe."

Sayings vital as the rain,
Whimsical as laughter;
Quaint as strings of withered herbs
Hanging from a rafter.

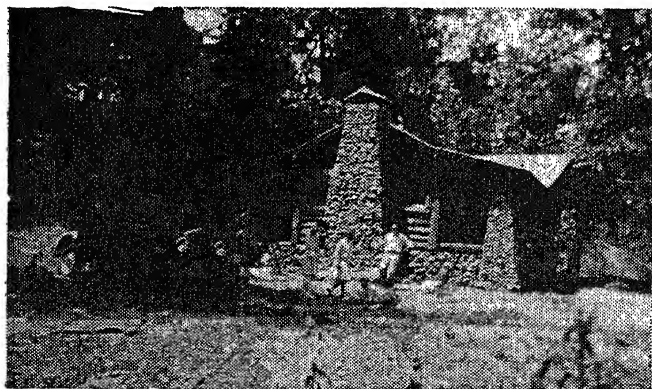
"When a thing's past mending
Better let it be."
Miniature collections
Of Philosophy.

"Red clouds at the sunset
Bring a lovely day."
"Snakeskin from a wren's nest
Charms your warts away."

"Never sweep the house dust
Out across the sills."
"Buckeye from the hills of home
Cures all ills."

—Betty Lee Middlebrook.

Published in "Springfield Daily News" June, 1940



AN OZARK COTTAGE

CARRIE WATKINS MOSSER

I was born in Eastern Nebraska and was reared on the plains of Kansas. "There was no indication that I had latent poetic talent, excepting for one incident. My parents took me, with three older brothers to a phrenologist to have our "heads examined." As I remember this was done thoroughly and painstakingly. Books with charts were pulled out for future guidance in the careers of four round-eyed, awe-struck children.

According to the phrenologist, the "bumps" on my head indicated that I had teaching ability and also a poetic "bump." The embryo of poetic talent was then, and has been ever since, considered a huge joke in my family.

I taught in the public schools of Kansas and Iowa for several years, without as much as a single jingle or rhyme to my credit. To break the monotony I worked for a year at the Rembrandt Studio, where I learned portrait photography. I bought the old Buck Studio in Webb City. Then came the year of 1918. My two brothers had enlisted in the Army and I was married. Later a friend and I bought a studio in Tulsa, which we operated for nine years.

NOT OF WORDS

(Honorable mention in "Flaming Fall Revue" contest 1939)

Oh, Poet! How can you paint with words
The charm of the Ozark autumn hills?
Can you catch and hold the flame and gold,
Or the haunting call of sylvan rills?

Can you portray with a facile pen
A summer that poaches on autumn's reign,
An errant chinock on a chilly morn,
Or the harvest glory of fruit and grain?

Can you capture peace from quiet glades,
The strength of radiant far flung hills,
The pulse of life in sheltering gloom,
Or the weird night cry of whip-poor-wills?

The raptured glow on a rugged face,
That lifts to the call of the wild brant's flight,

Or the faith again in God and man,
That is born born anew in the star-lit night?

Vain Poet. You can not paint for me
A thing so precious, divinely fair—
'Tis the breath of Hope to faltering hearts,
The Spirit of God in answered prayer.

TO AN OZARK WINTER

Oh, there's something in the winter,
When the days are dark and drear,
Makes it worth the time of waiting,
When an Ozark spring is near.

Something in a snowy landscape
Brings to mind the dogwood white—
And of silent shadowed valleys,
Spring will weave the purple night.

Something in the frowning cliff brow,
Where the icy frescoes cling,
Tells us, — columbines will bloom there;
With the coming of the spring.

Something in the first sweet trilling,
From a tree branch bare and drear,
Stirs us, — now that buds are swelling,
And the springtime's almost here.

Soon again we'll go a-roving,
Vagrant as a dethroned king—
Oh, the winter's worth the waiting,
When it brings an Ozark spring.

—Carrie Mosser.





DENNIS MURPHY

I quote here a part of Mr. Murphy's lovely letter, so well spoken I will not attempt to rewrite a biographical sketch for him.

I was born in Festus, Missouri. I grew up close to the dewberry vines and the stump-scarred hills of clay which I write about. I have tramped all over the Ozarks and lived a year in Arkansas. And I am a product of Missouri State educationally. The past ten years, however, I have been outside the state working for my doctorate and teaching in other universities. I came here to teach

last September, and "Doomed Race" was published late in December. Another book, "Boy With A Silver Plow" was published sometime earlier.

You may be interested in knowing that a third book called "Out Of The Clay" goes to the publisher this week. My mother attended a one-room log school for a few years. I taught in that same little Pleasant Grove School. The more university degrees I got the more determined I became to write poetry so simple and so heart-felt that even the humblest layman would understand and like it.

Quotations from "Doomed Race":

GOLGOTHA

I saw a clod-hopper plowing for bread
Ozark share-croppers dying, not dead.

I heard a hill woman's grief, at thirty,
And ragged younguns hungry, dirty.
Life was contrary; sorrow sufficed—
I thought of Mary and a man named Christ.

HICKORY WHISTLE

When I was a lanky Ozark lad,
A hickory whistle was all I had.
A hickory whistle—but the tunes I blew
Were light as a thistle, clear as dew.
Now that I'm older I envy him
Who captured music in a hickory limb.

FROM "DOOMED RACE"

Who will lament these simple Mountaineers
When presently they take their holiday
In heedless dust, or who will pause to say
Brave threnodies appropriately theirs?
Who will remark this man who cleared frontiers
With glenting arm and grubbed the rooty clay,
Or who will mourn this woman, starved and gray,
After the last lean sunset disappears?
Weep not for Troy. weep not for Greece, nor Rome,
Nor all the marbled peoples of the past.
They will endure in stone. But grieve, instead,
A simpler race whom leads back home
To quiet clay. unhonored and outcast,
And dumb beside the monumental dead.

—Dennis Murphy.



MABLE E. MUELLER

Mable E. Mueller of Rolla, Missouri, Poet, Author Folklorist, Columnist for thirty years. Writes in part, "Being a Hill-billy." She writes of hillbilly things, and wrote each week over a period of two years for Washington, D. C. Archives, perpetuating Ozark Folklore. She has also wrote as a reporter for the St. Louis, Kansas City, and Springfield, Missouri, papers. She has collected over 5000 complete phrases, and over 3000 words not found in dictionary, all "first hand," and several thousand Ozarkian superstitions—legends, dialect, ghost and witch stories, ancient riddles, dances, fiddle tunes, play party games, old ballads and many other such things pertaining to Ozarkian Folklore.

Mirandy of National Farm and Home Hour—coast to coast—network, NBC, uses her dialect poems and philosophy and called it "charming."

Mrs. Mueller lives in Rolla, Mo.

HEAP O' LIVIN'

Thar's suthin' bout these hills o' mine,
Thet sets my heart aglow,
Ther's suthin' mity homey-like,
An' comfortin' tu know.

Ther's a heap o' joyous livin',
Ye ketch et at a glance,
An' ever' breath o' air ye breathe,
Is chuck full o' romance.

The sight o' them tall sturdy oaks,
An' corn-rows standin' by,
With splashin' streams atellin' ye
Thet "Kingdom Come" is nigh.

Ther's a head o' satisfaction,
In knowin' whut life's worth,
You git it in the growin'
An' the smell o' Ozark earth.

I wouldn't trade it nary bit,
Fer city work er play,

Jes' got a hankerin' notion,
I'm planted hyar tu stay.

(2nd Prize Winner, 1942, Mabel E. Mueller, 8th
Annual Poet-Laureate Contest, Conducted by
KWTO and KGBX, Springfield, Missouri).

SOLILOQUY

—An Ozarkian Woman's Last Request—

When it cums time fer me to die,
I don't want folks t' stand roun' an' cry,
An' tip-toe quiet 'cross the floor,
Pull down the blinds an' crepe the door.

'Tain't ary use tu stop the clock,
'En put me in a windin' frock,
Don't want no hi-fa-lutin' choir,
'Er a preachin' man you haf tu hire.

Don't want a crowd o' curious eyes,
Awaitin' roun' tu hyar folks lies,
'Erbout how good en bad I bin,
'En whut wuz my outstandin' sin.

Flowers thet I kain't see 'en smell,
I like 'em heap whilst I am well,
Hain't no use fer a big-tu-do,
'Ith scads o' folks I never'knew.

Jes' sum kin' wurds an' soothin' hands,
Tu hep me crost tu unseen lands,
An' fold my arms agin my breast,
Contented like tu rest an' rest.

I hope thet sum kind frien'll cum,
'An' breathe a prayer an' gently strum,
My ol' gittar, a hummin' low,
My fav'rite tune, "Long, Long, Ago."

Hain't no use fer a great big fuss.
Uv 'Yearth tu Yearth an' Dus' tu dus';
Jes' plant me 'neath a hickory tree,
Wush me well an' let me be.

—Mable E. Mueller.

MRS. PHIL MUELLER

Mrs. Phil Mueller, born at Cardwell, Mo., in 1907, began writing short stories while yet in school. Has one story now ready for publication entitled, "An Ocean Between."

Attended business college at Poplar Bluff, Mo. Worked as stenographer in St. Louis, before her marriage in 1927. They have one daughter and live in Webster Groves, Mo.



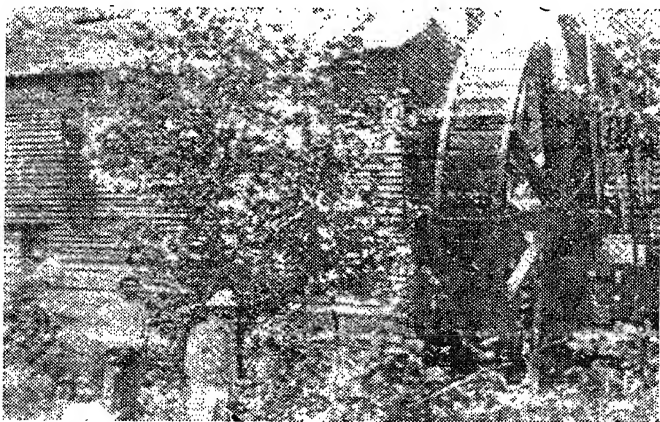
A DAM ON HUZZAH RIVER

FRANCES NEIDHOLT

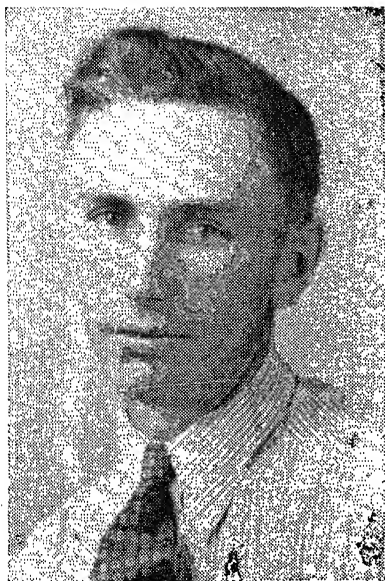
ODE TO A FRIEND

Old Faithful—you have been for many years,
A most loyal friend,
Ever since I first knew you;
In times of sorrow and distress
You were there to give me strength and courage.
In times of joy and pleasure you were there for
celebration;
In toilsome hours at work you relieved my fatigue,
And gave renewed strength to finish my task;
But old faithful—the best of friends must part—
Our parting time is now here;
Farewell my loyal friend — “coffee” —
We shall live in happy memories of the past,
—au revoir—
At the banquet of victory, we shall meet again
In triumph and celebration.

—Frances Neidholt,
Chillicothe, Mo.



OLD-FASHIONED WATERMILL



LUNA E. NEWTON

Luna E. Newton was born February 5, 1903, in a log cabin near Ava, Mo., where he graduated from high school a valedictorian. Has written poetry since childhood and has appeared in many publications. Has published a book of his own poems, "Voice From the Hills".

He also had the honor of being chosen poet laureate of the Ozarks in 1937 with his poem of "Grandfather Gray" which he composed in about 30 minutes while he was employed in re-planting corn on his father's farm, as were many of his beautiful poems.

Mr. Newton has taught school several years and resides in Springfield, Mo., with his wife and two daughters, Carole Jean and Judy Ann.

SMILES

I wonder who invented smiles
Or first learned how to grin—
Who first learned how to laugh away
The trouble he was in.

Who ever did, whate'er his name,
Has done a deed worth while;
And he deserves undying fame
Who taught the world to smile.

THE PEDDLER'S WARES

Pray, peddler, what do you have to sell?

My lady is ill today;

Yet, if your wares be right, my man,

Right well, may you count your pay.

Could you sell me a breath of Ozark air?

Or a song like the robin sings?

Or a glass of water cool and clear,

Dipped fresh from an Ozark spring?

A dozen apples both ripe and red

Methinks would do her good,

Or a quart of the luscious blueberries

That grow in your Ozark wood.

Come, what are your wares, oh peddler man?

Make haste, I pray you, speak!

Have you any bright Ozarks flowers, perchance,

That would brighten my lady's cheek?

The hills were all scarlet and blue and gold

When my lady left Ozark land.

If you could tell her about them now—

Come, peddler; you understand?

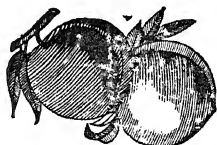
O, peddler, sir; if you have them all—

Those priceless wares I name—

Your fortune thrice is already made,

And my lady is well again.

—Luna E. Newton



A. B. PAYNE

Was born near Knoxville, Iowa. He attended college to Indianola, Iowa, Detroit School of Fine Arts, completed penmanship in Detroit Business College. He engaged in photographic work for a good many years. He met and married Miss Almira Davis and came to Missouri to handle the western office of the Keystone View Company. He traveled much of the time, visited twenty-two countries, some of them being Mexico, five Republics of Central America, England, Ireland, Germany, Italy, Norway and Sweden.

Among the many things of interest it was his good fortune to attend and visit was the Burial of Pope X, Leo XIII, and the election of Pope Pius X in Rome. In Norway the funeral of Henrik Ibsen, the great dramatist, King Haakon's Crowning including a special photograph of the King and Queen and Crown Prince Olaf, the king's brother who afterwards became King George and the Queen and Princess Alice, the last Czar of Russia and Prince Henry of Germany.

Mr. Payne has written seven-hundred and fifty poems. He now lives in, he says, the most beautiful place in all the world, "The Heart of the Ozarks" at Branson, Missouri, where he operated a photographic business until a few years ago when he retired.

Mr. Payne says he has never tasted intoxicating liquor, tea, or coffee since he was eleven years old.
Success.

THE GHOST

Sam an' Andy sound am sleepin'
'Neaf de windah on de flo'.
All at once Sam waked up, leapin',
Yellin', "Debble got us sho!
See him Andy, fru de windah!
Wake up, boy and save yo'sef.
He gwine bu'n us to a cindah—
Got us, Andy, sho' as deff!"

“See his eyes—dey look lik fiah!
Wid dem teef, he’ll taih us, Oo—!
Looky, Oh! He’s comin’ nighah!
Ghost, what am you gwine ter do?
Mammy, come! De flo’ am sunkin’—
Wustes fing ah eveh seen!
Save us Lawd!!” — “Gosh dats a punkin
Sam, say, dis am Hallowe’en!!”

NOT YALLAH, WHITE O’ BLACK

If Heaven’s fo de white folkses, den hell is fo’ ’em shu’!
De Lo’d wuz talkin’ to de same, w’en tellin’ of de twa.
He tol’ de folks ef dey is good, to heaven dey could go;
But ef dey ain’, why den de place fo’ dem is down below.

He nevah said a wo’d arbout de colah of de folks,
Dat’s gwine enjoy de streets o’ gol’; o’ suffah in de smokes.
He nevah dremp’ dat any one ud draw de colah line,
O’ try to keep some otha folks f’om gwyin’ wha days gwyin.

An’ so ah ’lows de Lo’d won’ pay no min’ to what dey say;
No’ do de t’ings dey asks Him to (ef sech folks evah pray!)
An ah don’ ’spect dey’s gwine ter be no Jim Crow laws up
dah.

We’ll be as free as we can be, to go jus’ anywhah’!

He said dey wouldn’ be no Jews o’ Gentiles in de place;
An dat dey isn’t gwine ter be no sech a t’ing or race.
De souls of folkses comes from God an’ ef de souls goes
back,

De Lo’d ain’ gwine ter let it be a yallah! white o’ black.

—A. B. Payne.



ADELINE ARMSTRONG PLAWMAN

She wrote her first poem when 13. Her paternal ancestors were ministers, and her maternal ancestors were doctors. Her mother was the granddaughter of Dr. Chase, who wrote the Doctor Chase Family Book.

She has also bowed a knee to Thespis, having both written plays, and directed and taken part in them. She directed and acted a part in a religious drama several years ago which was judged a winning play. She has also written prize winning short stories.



Adeline Plawman also loves animals, and enjoys training them. She owned "Brilliant Dolly," the talking dog, so widely published. Home: 70 Walnut, Chillicothe, Missouri.

Poems written by Adeline Armstrong Plawman have appeared in: Hobbies, St. Joseph News-Press, the local newspapers, Kansas City Poetry Magazine, and Yours For Success.

JUST A'LONGIN'

Just a'longin' for my north woods,
Just a'longin' for my pines,
A'longin' for the northern lights,
And the whiff of iron mines.

For the tamerack and the balsam
And the lakes so cold and clear,
For the regions wild and lonely,
And the trails recrossed by deer.

For the little brooks that mumble,
When the ice melts in the spring,
And the wild flowers start a riot,
As they hear the robins sing.

Just a'longin' for my north woods,
And the lang that's in the air,
For the evergreens and fern fronds,
That cast shadows everywhere;

Let me dream then of my north woods,
Where the wild winds sob and moan,
'Till the sun-god quells the riot,
And the sigh — is just my own.

VENETIAN BLUE

Take the purple of the twilight
And the light of setting sun—
Take the dew from out the violets,
Ere the morning hours are done;

Take the mountain's orchid shadow
And the blue from smoky spruce,
With the deeper shades of sapphire
And a little added puce—

Take the iris from the peacock,
And the azure colors too;
Now mix them all together,
There—you have Venetian Blue.

—Adeline Armstrong Plawman



MRS. W. D. PRICE

Although I was not born in the Ozarks, I love the Missouri hills, where I have lived since coming from the Rockies of Wyoming when I was eleven years old.

My parents, Mary Elizabeth McDonald Gates and Daniel Percil Gates, were born and lived till after they were married in the mountains of Pennsylvania. In 1889 or 1890 they went west and homesteaded a ranch a few miles from Rock Springs, Wyoming, where I, Martha Ellen Gates, was born November 1, 1891, in a sod house. How they hurried to get that house finished! I came near being born in a tent. Perhaps that is why I love the outdoors so.

I am an American from America's melting pot, as I have the blood of at least five European nations in my veins.

In 1912, on Easter morning, William David Price, a native of the Ozarks, and I were married by an old-time hill preacher. We have one daughter and three sons.

I like solitude. I love the hills, the rocks, trees and little streams, for to me "The heavens declare the glory of God, the earth shows forth his handiwork."

TO THY CARE.

) Today again I look into his room
) And all in order lays,
(Closed in his cedar chest, his chifferobè:
) No ties bestrew his desk,
) O, God, watch over him,
) My sailor son.

TODAY I WASHED

Today I washed. I hung my washing out.
Just one short line, a sheet, some towels, a slip.
I do not use the long line any more.
I used to need it every bit for shirts.
The blues were Harold's, he liked his collars stiff.
The tans and brown lightly starched for Bob.
The whites were Bill's—sometime a green one though.
Today is wash day in our neighborhood.
How few the shirts are up and down the block.

—Mrs. W. D. Price.



MISS BEATRICE PHILLIPS

Miss Beatrice Phillips was born in Windyville, Mo., January 26th. Received her education in Dallas County, Missouri. Makes her home in Republic, Missouri, where she is employed in a defense plant. She is chaplain of the local Art Crafters Guild of that city.



MRS. J. H. PURSLEY

Mrs. J. H. Pursley, a gold star mother, was born December 24th, in Polk County, Mo., is married, and the mother of eight children. Her oldest son, Homer A. enlisted in the Engineers at the beginning of the war and was killed in Alaska, two years ago. Another son, Staff Sgt. Johnny M. Pursley is now in France.

Mrs. Pursley has been writing many years, both poetry and country correspondence. Her home is Bolivar, Missouri, Route 3.



EDWIN STANTON De PONCET

Home, Carthage, Missouri. Educated at Scarritt College, Ozark College, the University of Missouri, University of Michigan, National University of Mexico, University of Grenoble, and University of Heidelberg. Professor of Romance Languages, University of Redlands, Head of Modern Languages, Salt Lake High School, two years Professor of Modern Languages, Colorado State College of Education 14 years, Head of Languages, Huron College, 12 years.

Author of: *Everybody Works But Father*, a comedy in Three Acts, in ten languages. Rosaria, Argentine, 1917.

Paid in Full, a dramatic sketch in one act, in five languages, Boston, 1938. *The Devil's Defeat*, a novel in English, Boston, 1938. *Better Stories, Jokes and Toasts*, 800 short stories in English, Boston, 1938. *Rosalie and Le-Chauffeur*, two French comedies, 1920, Boston, Ginn and Company. *Un Drama Nuevo*, Spanish edition of *Tamayo* a Baus famous play. *Yonker-On-The-Hudson*, 1921, World Book Company. *El Ultimo de Su Raza*, romantic drama in Spanish, in five acts, relating the adventures of Francisco Villa, Boston, 1923. *Acres de Diamantes*, Dr. Conwell's famous lecture translated into Spanish, Boston, 1923. *Personne Chez Lui*, four-act comedy in French, Greeley, Colorado, 1918. *Die Heldin von Manila*, romantic drama in four acts in German, Greeley, Colorado, 1918. *The Tower of Nesle*, adaptation of Dumas' most famous drama, New York, 1934, Samuel French.

La Tierra del Diablo, short story in Spanish, Mexico City, 1924. *Midnight in Mexico*, romantic drama in three acts, Mexico City, 1939. A full length novel, in press, 1941. Translator for Gordon and Bennett, New York. Producer of plays for Howart-Dorset Stock Company and The Message Publishing Co., P. O. Box 210, Joplin, Mo.



MYRTE'S MARIE PLUMMER

Myrtes-Marie Plummer conducts four Creative Writing Classes in Kansas City. One of her poems, "Mary and Jim," was seen by a business firm who bought it, illustrated it and had printed 10,000 copies. One of her adolescent age books, "Fair Winds," will be published next spring. She has been selected to put some of her poems on phonograph records to be used in schools.

LOVE'S COIN

You cannot go and search for love with gold,
And hope to find it in the market place.
It is not ware that can be bought and sold,
For it is free, and yet so dear; the race
Could not endure without its saving grace:
The only coin that buys true LOVE is LOVE.

MARY AND JIM

With horse and cow, and little else but pride,
Came sturdy Jim with Mary as his bride.
It was a lovely springtime long ago,
They started planting crops with plow and hoe,
And tilled their fields from dewy morn to night.
Then Jim would do his chores by lantern light,
While Mary's tireless hands prepared their meal;
Their tasks well done, they prayed with fervent zeal.
In happy interlude, a son was born,
And they gave thanks to God that joyful morn.
Unending days slipped into speeding years,
Ftchworked with toil, with laughter and with tears.
And now around the evening fire at night,
They listen to war news in hidden fright.
With pride and faith in their bronzed, stalwart one,
They reckon time by letters from their son.

—Myrtes-Marie Plummer.



LIDA WILSON PYLES

Lida Wilson Pyles was born March 25th near Eagle Rock, Mo., on a farm. She began writing poems while in grade school.

Tho' she is the mother of three children she still finds time to devote to motherless children. She is known for her kindness and readiness to help those in unfortunate circumstances, and collects and remodels clothing for her needy ones. That is what she calls her pet hobby.



She is a member of the Hill Crofters, The Ozark Writers and Artists Guild and the Gasconade Writers Guild.

Her work has appeared in Springfield Daily News, Arkansas Gazette, Grit, and several others. She is listed in Who's Who in Poetry, The 1st Edition of Living Authors of The Ozarks compiled by Florence McCullough, The Poetry Digest, and "The Year Book of Public Opinion" by the Paebear Company. Several local radics have read her poems.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

There is a woman who never tells
An unkind thing she hears,
She never gossips about the neighbors' "bruts"
And calls her own "little dears."

She never nags her husband,
His faults she never finds

But there's a reason for all these good traits,
She is deaf, dumb and blind!

There is a man who never drinks,
Never smokes, swears or chews,
He never comes into the house
With mud clinging to his shoes,

He never plays poker, 'tis said,
He has been a good man for twenty years,
His wife knows where he is each night,
For twenty years he's been dead!

NEIGHBORS

We were small-town neighbors,
The path between your kitchen door and mine
Was a path into each others hearts
That made our friendship a thing sublime.

We shared each others joys and heart-aches.
We borrowed sugar or an egg or two
You used my tea-cups in emergencies
You gave my dog an extra bone to chew.

We exchanged favorite recipes,
You read my books and I read yours,
You came and helped when I was ill
No neighbor could do more.

But now that I have moved away,
Will the new neighbor find
My place in your heart, as well,
As the path between your kitchen door and mine.

—Lida Wilson Pyles.



OTTO ERNEST RAYBURN

Editor, author, poet, and folklorist, he is cached away in the Ozark hills.

Mr. Rayburn was born in Davis County, Iowa. He received a diploma from Baker University in 1916 and was doing his first year of college work when the first World War broke out. He enlisted at K. C. and served two years with the 35th Division, one year of the service being in France. After his discharge from the Army he taught school in Kansas, Texas and Arkansas.

Mr. Rayburn purchased forty acres of land near Kimberline ferry.

Upon returning from France in 1919, he built "Hide-away Lodge," on his "forty." In 1924 he was Superintendent of Schools at Kingston, Arkansas. Here this young teacher became interested in folklore. In 1925 he published "Ozark Life Magazine" along with his teaching until 1930 when the depression brought him financial ruin. The next two years were spent in editing Arcadian Magazine at Eminence, Missouri, with C. M. Seaman as publisher. In August, 1933, he started Arcadian Life Magazine. Rayburn helped organize "The Ozarkians" in 1927, and wrote the constitution for "The Hillcrofters." In 1937, he began promoting an annual "Arcadian Poets' Fair" at Caddo Gap. The 1940 meeting was held at Hot Springs National Park and resulted in the organization of "The Arcadian Guild of Creative Workers." Mr. Rayburn was elected president of this guild.

Otto Rayburn has chosen Ozarkian folklore as his special field and has become somewhat of an authority upon the subject. His "Ozark Country," is one of the books of the American Folkways Series, sponsored by Erskine Caldwell and published by Duell, Sloan and Pierce, New York. Other books by this author are: "The Inward Real," (poetry), 1927, "Dream Dust," (poetry and prose sketches) 1934, and "Rayburn's Roadside Chat," (Arcadian Lore and Logic), 1939.

Mr. Rayburn married Lutie Beatrice Day at Dallas, Texas, 1925. They have two children. The Rayburns live at Lonsdale, Arkansas.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

I am in love with the music of earth
With the dirge of death and the sounds of birth
With the minstrellog of life in the call,
Of the swish of bats from a cavern's wall.

With the twang of storm or the tweedledee
Of a vagrant breeze in pasturale.
Like an Angel's dream is the carol's worth
If the piper pipes from the lyric earth.

I am in love with the colors that greet
The nomadic life with its itching feet;
With flavors of soil and the smell of the sea
That salts its way through an eternity.

With fragrant cedar and redolent rose,
And the thousand things that delight the nose.
Attar of roses or muscadine scent,
They always creep into a Gypsy's tent.

I am in love with the color of things;
With the flash of red in cardinal's wings;
With the green in pine and the friendly hue
Of a sky dressed up in a homespun blue.

With the blazing gold of the summer sun,
And the purple shades when the shuttle's done.
In spectrums of nature, shadows have wings
That glow with the tints of beautiful things.

—Otto Ernest Rayburn.



L. L. RICHARDSON

In South-East Missouri there is a mite of a farming community called Hazel Run. . . . and here I was born.

July 13, 1910, to be exact. As my memory became sharpened to the world about, it was of cherry and plum trees bedecked in white against a clear blue sky, of deep rutted red clay roads, of Boiling spring in the hollow whose sand bottom danced to my delight, of the birds, of the flowers. Then as skies would darken we ran from the berry patch into the frame house whose timbers shivered at the rolling thunder and we were scared like animals peeping out into the dark.

That is by way of recalling my early childhood.

Having began at 12 to write down my thoughts I have kept steady at it and in 1934-35 I published a folk magazine "The Grape-Vine Telegram" which was an organ for The Ozark Research Society of which I was director. We took camping expeditions into that rugged St. Francois mountain region collecting data and photographs. My work has been published in most all the Ozark magazines, including all the St. Louis papers, in Golden Book magazine and in many poetry anthologies.

I have never married, 4-F army classification and have defective hearing. That just about sums up my personal history.

Of unpublished stories with Ozark background I have these: "A Backwoods Hero," "The Day It Snowed," "The Browns Get A Cow," "The Sougning Cedars," "That



Chat Road Woman”.

There are a great number of poems in my collection,
some Ozarkian as the following:

FLAMEFEST

Two nights, now,
The hill over there has been shooting fireworks
it, somehow,
Gives life to the deadening quiet of fore winter.

Lapping flames!
They bite at a shuddering stand of cedars;
Snapping flames!
Creeping fearless soldiers marching along the front.

Warm blazes,
From whence did they come—from some other distant ridge
Mad Crazes
To quinch their thirst with dried needles of the cedars.

—L. L. Richardson



BERTHA MAE RINCK

Bertha Mae Rinck (nee Fuller) was born at Newburg, Missouri, December 14th.

Being left motherless at three months of age, she was reared by her grandparents, who during her early years lived on a farm which was one of the pioneer homes of Missouri. Her schooling was completed at Rolla, Missouri, where soon after she was married to Walter Sidney Rinck, and since then her home has been in the town of her birth, Newburg, Mo.



WHEN IT'S JUNE

Moon light like a silver flood,
With shadows like a stain;
Golden days when sunbeams dense,
Drowzy hours of rain.

Rain crows flying in the dusk
Soar, and dip, and boom—
Don't you wish the day was longer
When it's June.

Wild strawberries everywhere,
If you wish to dine;
Humming birds are happy
In the honeysuckle vine.
Wild roses nodding as you pass—
All the world in tune—
Doesn't the heart inside you sing
When it's June?

Hollyhocks like stately ladies
Standing in a row,
Flaunting pink, and red, and yellow,
With white ones pure as snow.

Do you hear a buzz of gossip
As you stroll along?
Bumble bee is reaping honey
With his velvet jacket on.

And you get that lazy feeling,
And you long to find a nook,
Down beside some stream or river,
Where the willows bend to look.

And you just care for nothing,
Morning, night, or noon,
Only to go afishing,
When it's June.

Bobwhite calling in the wheat field
With a plaintive little note,
Cat bird warbling in the treetop—
Seems as tho' he'd burst his throat.

Daisies white in every meadow,
Clover all in bloom—
Don't you think Missouri's heaven
When it's June?

—Bertha Mae Rinck.



MARGARET SOUTHGATE RUCKER

Wife of Eooker Hall Rucker, Sr. Born in Rolla. Married in Rolla. Both sons born in Rolla. Still living in Rolla.

JULY BY THE GASCONADE

Sitting on the porch sleepily sewing,
Lazily thinking, dreamily watching.
The steam quietly rising
From the tranquil Gasconade.
Suddenly a gust of wind—
Clouds slowly gathering.

Look! down the weedy road
Gliding quickly, head erect,
Fangs out quivering,
Weaving body from side to side
Goes a glittering blue-race.

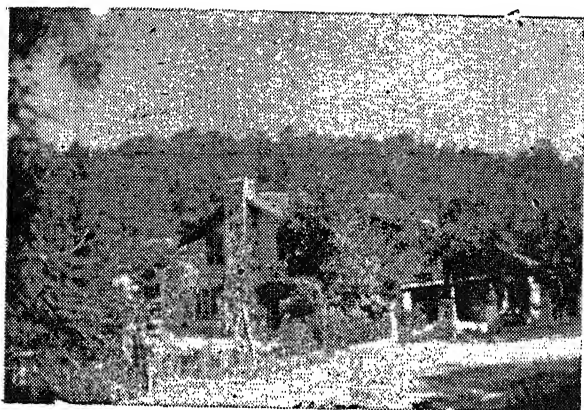
Now a wood-pecker's tap! tap!
The snake stopping, listening,
Disappearing through the grass
By the poison-ivy twined tree.
Again the wood-pecker's tap! tap! tap
As though calling him there.

A chipmunk scampers by
Causing Dusty's sharp bark
Following his quick look.
If I were a Burgess
I could write a child's book.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

The day before:
I make my New Year's resolutions.
The day after:
And find them hallucinations.

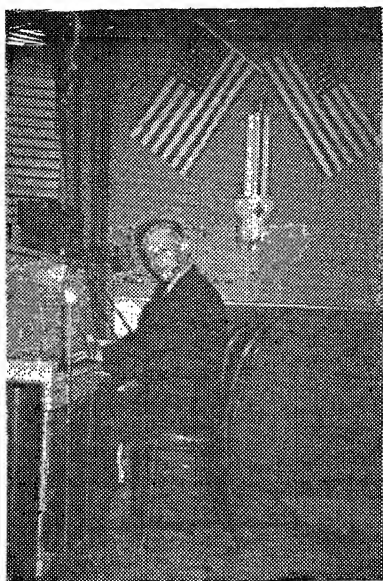
—Margaret Southgate Rucker.



THE VERANDA AT WOODLOCK'S



THE WOODLOCK HOLLIDAY HOUSE



JOSEPH A. SARACINI

Born at Poplar Bluff, Missouri, March 23, 1906. Son of Rose Marie and James Saracini, had four brothers and three sisters. Graduate of Poplar Bluff High School, and attended University of Alabama. Majored in music and arts, did concert work as a violinist, orchestral conductor, and Teacher of Music. Gave the first full hour music recital over Radio Station KSD (the largest in the Midwest) in summer of 1922 at age of 16. Started writing poems and music as a hobby, and made it a profession. Has composed over 150 songs (words and music); numerous poems, short stories, literary articles, and now working on his first book-length story. His best known published songs are: "Loan Me Your Heart," "God Bless Our Soldiers", "Happy Birthday Mother," "Hearts For Sale," "We'll Shout Hallelujah," (When it's over everywhere), "Sweetheart of Heaven," "The Spirit of Freedom," "It Was Like Christmas Morning." His best known poems are: "To My Son," "Stars of Heaven," "Another Day," "There Come A Friend," and "We'll Carry Through." For recrea-

tion, Mr. Saracini likes movies, clean vaudeville, hiking, and all indoor sporting events; loves adventure; will disregard food, sleep or business to hear good folk-lore music and poetry over the radio. He does not imitate others in his works. His innermost desire: To enlighten the ways and hearts of the tired and weary, and to make the world a much better place to live in, than it has been in the past. He never fails to thank God for his every effort and accomplishment. Hopes to die young. Now resides at 5009a Delmar Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

IT WAS LIKE CHRISTMAS MORNING.

I had a dream last night,
Oh, the sun was shining bright,
Ev'rywhere ev'ryone was so happy,
Not a tear drop was in sight,
Storm clouds had scattered completely,
The skies were so blue up above,
The world seemed so peaceful and dreamy,
Ev'rywhere hearts were filled with love:

1st Chorus.

It was like Christmas morning,
The happiest day of my life,
And good will towards men,
Peace on earth reigned again.
No sorrow, no heartaches, no strife,
Snowflakes dropped down from Heaven,
The earth was all silvery and white,
Oh, it was like Christmas morning,
Once again ev'rything seemed all right.

2nd Chorus.

It was like Christmas morning,
A picture I just can't describe,
A new world was born
Like the Christ Child that morn,
Protected by Heaven's own light,
Thus we must take fair warning,
Live closer than ever before,
For when it's like Christmas morning,
There'll be peace on earth forever more.

—Words and Music by Joe A. Saracini.

ELIZABETH D. SCHUMANN

I am a native Missourian from Kansas City, where I learned to read and print before entering kindergarten. My folks moved to Hickman Mills, where I graduated in 1934. That year I attained my first literary success—winning the essay contest held by the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the subject: "Sidney Lanier: Poet and Musician." It was my biggest thrill, especially when I received a check for \$15.00, the first prize award!



My first attempt in this direction met with unexpected returns. I wrote some Ozark poems (my first ones) and submitted them for the 1939 annual Poet Laureate of Ozarkland contest conducted by radio stations KWTO-KGBX. I won. Emboldened by this success, I sent some Ozarks poems and observations to "Missouri Notes" of the Kansas City Times. I was still rather timid about it, and if my work had then been rejected, I would probably have retired into my shell. But my writings were printed, and from then on I considered myself launched on a new career. In 1940, I again entered the "Poet Laureate" contest and retained my title and won another silver loving cup like my first one.

The anthologies discovered me, eventually. "The Hill-dwellers," a poem originally printed in the Eugene (Oregon) Daily News, appeared in the Davis Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1940. "Heart of the World" is accepted for American Sonnets and Lyrics, 1941 (Artcraft.) "Ozark Peace," 1939 contest winner, will be in Who's Who In Poetry in America, 1941. We joined my contemporaries in the Ozark Writers' - Artists' Guild and the Hillcrofters. My humble efforts have been noticed and praised by other newspapers, including the New York Sun.

COMMUNION

Robed in the silence of the peaceful night,
The hills stand in Jehovah's secret place;

The moon, a shining taper, spills her light
And spreads in sylvan naves the altar-lace.
The wine of Autumn scents the still, sweet air;
The bread of harvest on earth's table waits.
The fallen leaves stir, as if whispered prayer
Breathes from the sod to rise to Heaven's gates.
Thus Nature joins in holy sacrament,
Remembering her great Creator's love;
As though for mankind's sins she would repent,
She offers Beauty's at-one-ment above.
And who am I, perplexed by human ways,
To stand aloof while all creation prays?
Printed: The Kansas City Star, "Missouri Notes,"
Reprint: Springfield Morning News,

OZARK PEACE

On crimson-altared hills where Beauty kneels
And worships her Creator, I have stood
And with all heaven communed. In field and wood
And rich brown aisles where friendship softly steals
With willing hand outstretched in clasp that seals
All hearts alike in common brotherhood,
The wealth of God's own harvest-gold of good
Outpours in splendor that His love reveals.
Here in His temple clamor dies away.
The sparkling air, the chanting rill, the pines
That hold life's secret, bid all strivings cease.
From lands that yield to blind confusion's sway,
My homing feet have fled all grim confines,
And in the Ozark hills my heart knows peace.
—Elizabeth D. Schumann.

(Prize winning poem, 1939 "Poet Laureate of Ozarkland"
Title Contest, KGBX-KWTO, Springfield Radio Stations)
Published: The Kansas City Times, (Star), October,
1940. New Era News, (Springfield), February, 1940, and
The Backlog (Des Moines), February, 1940.

EVA WEAVER SEFTON

Born and reared in Missouri, and always returned to Missouri, says she expects to end her days here. Writes poetry because she loves the rhythm of metered words, and has written about 700 poems, many articles, short stories and children's stories.

She is president of the Chillicothe Scribblers Club and active in encouraging more and better writing. Her home is in Chillicothe, Mo., where she and her husband have a greenhouse.



JUST AN OLD LOG

Just an old log beside the stream,
But my heart lifts up and sings,
For many a happy memory
Around this old log clings.

In childhood days I wandered here
With heart untouched by care;
I sat upon this same old log
That we see lying here.

My father's axe the great tree felled,
On which to bridge the stream
Whose course has changed, now the old log
Lies useless as a dream.

And while I stand beside it now
Sweet memories fill my heart.
I cannot see, for blinding tears
Will from my eyelids start.

SIXTY YEARS

Sixty years! Can it really be
I have passed the milestones, one by one,
And climbed the hill where the shadows lie.
Slanting down toward the setting sun?

Sixty beautiful years they have been
Filled with colors of varied woof.
The light, the dark, the rose and gray
Have blended together, shadow-proof.

As I glance over the loom of life,
On which my weaving has been done,
Some somber threads stand out distinct
Above the shades of the setting sun.

And I wonder, could I weave again
The warp and woof, would I change the thread
And use only colors gay and bright
Where the dark ones lie instead?

—Eva Weaver Sefton.



ANNA FARRIS SELVY

Anna Farris Selvy was born at Ash Grove, Mo., November 7, 1875, the daughter of John C. Delzel and Lavina E. Kelly Delzell. Had only the schooling of the country schools until her son was old enough to attend school—; and at that time she went through the eight grades with him by studying at nights with him. Has lived most of the years in Missouri.

At present is living at Reeds, Mo., on a farm where she has been fighting a stroke of paralysis from which she has practically recovered; is a nature lover and raising fine roses is her "Hobby." She was the winner in the first Poetry Contest put on by the Ozark Playground Association in 1932, winning with a poem entitled "The Seasons." She has had poems published in various magazines. During the past year she has completed a book of 50,000 words, and hopes to get the book published soon.



AUTUMN MEMORIES

The gypsy sumac by the road,
Has set her campfires burning;
The weary bee all laden down,
Unto his hive is turning.

The fruit and grain are gathered in,
From fields where late we sought them,
And now there come to greet us,
The gay and festive Autumn.

I can hear the blue-jay's chatter,
As he flits from tree to tree—
And another voice I hear,
'Tis the Ozarks calling me.

When once you've talked with Nature,
And hear her whispered story,
When once you've stood and viewed,
Their rich autumnal glory;

When once you've walked these mystic hills,
Thru Autumn's sun a-shining
Your heart becomes a captive—
And each year begins a-pining

When birds fly South, and breezes cool,
And golden leaves a-falling—
And you know well, the reason why,
It's the Ozarks calling, calling.

Today the sun is shining,
Thru rainbow colored trees
The scent of ripening apples
Floats in on every breeze;

In fancy I can see the streams
And, Oh, how I'm a-wishing
That you and I were there today,
Just busy with our fishing.

Oh, the weary miles between us,
And at times my tears a-falling
For I am sure we both can hear,
Those dear old Ozarks calling.

(To my niece, Neta Denny of Detroit, Mich.)
—Anna Selvy.





HELEN GODDARD SHERRELL

Helen Sherrell was born in St. Louis, Missouri, May 10, 1904. From childhood she haunted the Public Library where she lived in a land of dreams.

She married Virgil Sherrell of Arlington, Missouri. They have three children. Mr. Sherrell died December 13, 1943.

Her chief hobby is the study and planning of homes, a home to her, being a colorful poem. Altho she says she finds her pleasure in expression of thought in written words.

BE YE THANKFUL

I thank God for my warm home; For my children going to school in freedom and safety; The clothes dancing merrily on the line in the wind; For the aeroplane overhead of which I have no fear as it is the plane of an American; For the sun, moon, and stars; For the harmony and love, food and raiment I am thankful; For the knowledge and assurance that even though war lords are raging at each other, peace will come and right will win out. In my thankfulness I pray that soon this peace will come;

My house is small, my living simple, yet how wealthy I am in having all I have—love, peace, freedom! What greater things can we acquire? They are ours to enjoy in this land of democracy worked for, fought for, died for by our pioneer fathers who let God use them for future generations. May we draw near each other in thankfulness and work together, prayerfully, unitedly, unselfishly to keep our nation a free and glorious land and future for our children who will reap the results of our present actions and efforts.

EDWIN R. SWITZER

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Switzer in Jewel County, Kansas, who were early pioneers. Came to Missouri about 1900, living on a farm until he was about 16 years of age. His first employment was in a printing shop where he pulled an old Washington hand press.

In 1902 he started the newspaper, "The Graphic Review" in Webb City, Missouri, which he still publishes each week. He also publishes the Webb City Leader. He edits the column, "The Hard Egg," since 1932 which has much interesting information and many chuckles. Mr. Switzer also writes poetry and short stories which have appeared in many poetry journals and magazines.

Mr. Switzer married Miss Emily Hyatt. Their home is in Webb City.

GARDEN SASS

It all started because Mrs. Corn made a senseless remark to the effect that Mrs. Canteloupe did when she was married, and that she was awfully wrinkled for one so young; but Mrs. C. came right back at Mrs. Corn by saying that at least she was not silly enough to wear silk on her ears. All the balance of the neighbors began to take sides and talk about each other.

Mrs. Succotash started to take sides with Mrs. Corn but Mrs. Radish turned red in the face and said if she didn't mind her peas and qqqqs Mrs. Cabbage would squash her head, and furthermore that she didn't carrot all if she did. Mrs. Rhubarb was too sharp to be drawn into the argument, for she knew Mrs. Onion was too strong for her while Miss Tomato was blushing and looking like she was ashamed of the whole affair.

The two young Potatoes (Sweetie and Irish) were over in a corner crying their eyes out. "We want to get married," they said, "but, because we have the same name, our parents won't lettuce."

Old Man Asaragus, who overlooked the entire affair, went away scratching his bean. "The way these women carry on beets me," he said. "You never know what will turnip next."

MRS. DRUSILLA COX SMITH

Drusilla Alice Cox Smith was born in Chillicothe, Mo., March 1, 1867. She moved with her parents, Benjamin F. and Elizabeth Cox, when a small child to a farm near Gallatin. Here she grew up and taught school for several years. She was married to George W. Smith on March 19, 1891. After living in Gallatin, Trenton, and St. Joseph, Missouri, for many years, Mrs. Smith returned with her husband to Chillicothe, where she still lives.

Writing poetry is a sideline with Mrs. Smith. Some of her poems have been published in local papers; others have been written and sent to friends, of whom she has many. Besides writing poetry her hobbies are scrap-books and flowers. She used to piece quilts and make rugs until failing eyesight made her give up this work.

WISHING AND HOPING

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight"
And give me the strength to enter this fight!
My country's at war and I sit here at ease
While boys are fighting and dying far over the seas.

I am seventy-six and can scarcely hear or see,
But should like to do something to speed victory.
I can't knit, I can't sew, nor manage a plane,
So turn backward, time—make me young again.

I can't be a W.A.A.C., a Spar, or a W.A.V.E.
And thereby do something my country to save.
I can't help bomb Tokyo, or Berlin
If I could I am ready now to begin.

But perhaps there is something I can do, after all—
Some way in which I can answer our country's call.
I can pray and have faith in God's saving power.
In this, our dear country's most trying hour.

I can accept without murmur, my rationing card
Which gives me less butter, less bacon and lard;
I can do with less clothes, and less kitchen scraps
In order to help rout the Germans and Japs.

I can stand by the President—our Commander-in-chief.
To me that's not difficult since 'tis my belief
That he is the wisest and best in the land,
Well able and fitted to be in command.

I can have faith in our leaders abroad and at home
And believe through their guidance sweet victory
will come.

Perhaps I can encourage some doubting friend
To believe we will conquer, through God, in the end.

And also to believe that some happy day
All dark clouds of war will be driven away,
And the white dove of peace will come to remain,
And joy and gladness bless the whole world again.

NEIGHBORS

A neighbor is one who understands
And helps you in time of need,
Hoping to brighten life's pathway
By kindly word and generous deed.

Perhaps something nice from the garden,
A flakey pie, or a slice of cake,
A ride in your car — if you have one—
And other deeds for a neighbor's sake.

Sometimes they say it with flowers,
Sometimes with a friendly call.
When sickness or sorrow comes your way
They are there to answer your call.
—Mrs. George Smith.



RICHARD LEON SPAIN

Born September 15, 1915, near Mangum, Oklahoma, Richard Leon Spain has spent most of his life in the Ozarks of Northwest Arkansas. His efforts at self-expression through the medium of poetry began at the age of 12 and brought him encouraging recognition almost immediately.

Since then his poems have been published in most of the worthwhile poetry magazines and in numerous periodicals, including *The Commonwealth*, *Household Magazine*, *New York Times*, *Oregonian*, etc. Many of them have been widely reprinted in newspaper poetry columns, including such well-known ones as "A Week of Verse" (*New York Herald-Tribune*); and in some of the better anthologies.

His poems have been broadcast on radio poetry programs by Elmo Russ, Ted Malone and others; and have won awards and gratifying approbation in a number of poetry competitions. He won first prize in the Ozark Playgrounds Association's annual Flaming Fall Revue poetry contests four times during the last seven years prior to their suspension because of the war.

Spain's first collection of poems, a brochure entitled "Travelers of the Night," appeared in 1938 under the imprint of Bar D Press, Siloam Springs, Ark; and was followed in 1942 by his first book, "Rock and Cumulus," published in New York City by the League to Support Poetry. Concerning this book a reviewer writing in *The Winged Word* said, in part:

"It is a happy experience to come upon work so honest and wholesome. These poems * * * have an integrity of style that is not cheapened by striving for effect. * * * Among the best are those that tell of the Ozark country and its people who 'walked uphill beyond each day's defeat.' Through all runs as an undertone the calm of a countryside that endures storms and quietly repairs their ravages."

He has also written book reviews and articles on a variety of subjects. An enthusiastic life-long interest in gardening in all its phases has culminated in his successful entry into the field of horticultural writing. His

"Arkansas Garden Forum" is a popular weekly feature of the Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock). He illustrates all his garden articles with original drawings which have attracted much favorable attention.

LOVE SONG

You are the dawn against my window-glass
After the night that held so much of pain;
You are the quiet splendor of new grass
Scattered with sun and daisies after rain.

You are the understanding heart among
The many hearts that will not comprehend;
The clear, unshadowed eyes; the honest tongue
Among the hordes that perjure and pretend.

Throughout my days an aura of delight,
You live in all things beautiful and free
That conquer storm or cold or friendless night,
Your counterpart in all wherein I see
The clean and shining flag of hope unfurled
Above the desolation of the world.

—Richard Leon Spain.

(Published in New York Times and "Rock and Cumulus";
Broadcast on Moon River Program, WLW, Cincinnati)



DAISY E. STOGSDILL

Born March 13, 1884, on a farm in the Bluff District near Rolla, the daughter of pioneer parents, the Wilsons and Fullers. Her mother was a direct descendant of the Fuller who came over on the Mayflower. The Fuller family come to Missouri in 1864 from New York, the Wilsons from Kentucky.

She received her education in the schools of Phelps County. She says, "I was the eldest of a family of six children, and in those days it was customary for the oldest girl to remain home to help mother at least one day a week, either doing the wash, or tending the baby while mother did it. So of course, learning was obtained under difficulties; then, too, as soon as I was old enough to "work out" I began working.

Mrs. Stogsdill has three sons in the armed forces. She and her husband live on their farm near Rolla.

VICTORY

I caught the cry of Wild Geese
As they came flying over,
Forming a "V" for victory—
O, when the war is over and we can form a line
From east to west, from north to south
And shout the victory cry!
Not victory for earthly gain,
Nor worldly fame nor valor,
But peace for the world-wide domain
Now and forever after.

IT PAYS

Just a little bit of loving
As we go along life's ways,
Laugh about it if you want to,
But you bet your life it pays;

Just a little bit of thinking
Of the ones you love; to tell,

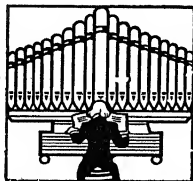
Of your story of inner tenderness—
It will surely pay you well.

Just a little bit of 'kidding,'
Just a little mite of cheer,
Don't care if it does seem foolish,
Sort o' helps while you are here,

Helps the heart when you are lonely,
When you feel so sad and blue,
Helps you just to know that someone
Surely cares and thinks of you.

Just a little bit of 'taffy,'
Just a little word of praise,
But it makes the world seem brighter,
Makes you know that goodness pays;

Pays to know when life is passing
That you gave your flowers while here,
Gave to hearts a bit of sunshine,
Passed along your load of cheer.
—Daisy E. Stogsdill.





STELLA STROECKER

I, Stella Stroecker, columnist writer and writer of short stories and verse, was born on a farm near Springfield, Mo. I am the youngest daughter of Calvin Maples and his wife, Mary Maples, both deceased. I attended elementary school in the country until I was 13 years old, at which time I became a student at Marionville High School. I began writing at the age of ten and wrote

the Boaz news for a weekly paper at Billings Mo. Later contributed Ozark news to Crane, Missouri, paper. In 1931 Zerse Brothers published a poem entitled "Civilization," and a song. In 1934 and 1935 they likewise published several biography booklets which I wrote. Within the past five years I have studied under the guidance of the Hoosier Institute of Chicago and the Comfort Writers Service of St. Louis, Mo. In early youth I married Frank Stroecker, who is now deceased. A son and daughter was born of this union who have been and are a solace to me. I hold in great esteem the memory of my deceased friend, Mrs. Blanche Ward, who encouraged me in my writings.

LIFE'S DAY

I was happy when the dawn of day had come,
Not knowing that soon I would be alone.
In the morning hours my grief was there,
Lively, though partially akin to anxious care.
At noon I stood alone and wept;
Tears of anguish my memory had kept.
When the shadows of eve gathered near
I listened for the midnight gong without fear.

REV. PAUL R. STEVICK

Paul R. Stevick was born April 23, 1888, at Strongsville, Ohio, to Frank D. and Rose May Nicholson Stevick. He graduated from Southwest College, Boston University and State University of Iowa (Ph. D.).

He was married to Elizabeth Alma Redmond on July 14, 1920. They have two sons.

He has been published in International Journal of Religious Education, and Voice of Nature. He published Principles of Religious Education with E. E. Emmel. Success in Study for Freshmen appeared in the Morningside College revised edition for 1925.

Many other of his works have appeared in worthwhile magazines and anthologies.

Rev. Stevick is pastor of the "Little Rock Church," Chitwood, Missouri. He also is an instructor of Guidance Philosophy, and Sociology in the Joplin Junior College, Joplin, Missouri. He lives at Joplin, Mo.

COMMUNION PRAYER

Holy Jesus, Savior, thou
Art among us while we bow,
Praying with a contrite heart.
Send new grace to us impart.

Thou whose broken body proved,
Thou hast all men dearly loved,
While this bread we eat may we
Feed in spirit upon Thee.

Thou who for our sins has bled,
Thou whose blood for all was shed,
While we drink this cup may we
Find our lives renewed to Thee.

Rev. Paul R. Stevick.



ADOLPH B. SUESS

Adolph B. Suess—Editorial and feature writer, book reviewer, author, editor, poet, free-lance writer and friend. For many years edited a magazine for Catholic Girls. Author of booklet, "The Romantic Story of Cahokia, Illinois," which is a forerunner of a larger book.

The following trilogy of sonnets are a beautiful tribute to our Ozarks from the pen of Mr. Suess.

MORNING IN THE OZARKS

Come fair Aurora, and with finger deft,
Flush cirrus clouds with roseate hues;
That seeing morn in robes of splendor,
The songsters of the copse may
Thrill their ecstasies again.
Repeat the wondrous theme,
That fashioned 'oft, through centuries,
The shimmering glory which now lies,
On clustered leaves, and swaying fronds!
With fairy fingers of the goddess morn,
Spray aureole tints and visions fair,
And clothe in beauty hills and vales,
An endless source of pristine glory!
It's Morning in the Ozarks.

HIGH NOON IN THE OZARKS

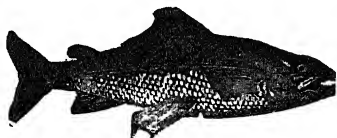
Rise, oh, Sun! To thy zenith wend thy way,
And in effulgence spread the glorious light,
That dawning first was softest tint of rose,
Now shines resplendent; a golden coronet!
Rise, oh, Sun! Crown the day's great meridial height,
And fill the vales and forest glades with light;
That flushing all in gorgeous colors,
The Earth's fair wonders may emprise,
It's High Noon in the Ozarks.
And to the questioning eye its visions splendid
Unfold, when Noon reigns in the skies!

NIGHT IN THE OZARKS

Come night! and with your darkling shadows
Fill all the glades and hollows 'round about;
'Till purpling mist enfolds the crags
And mountain heights, that rise
Above the level of the seas!
Twilight descends and ope's the chambers
Of the stars' vast glittering course;
Gleaming soft, the moon's faint rays appear
Reflected in yonder sylvan stream!
And fringe of incarnidated clouds
Drifts slowly by . . . silence breeds
Upon the fallow fields, whilst
In the distant wood, the hoot-owl
Sounds his melancholy note!
Night reigns in the Ozarks.

—Adolph B. Suess.

The above prose-poems, a trilogy of poems, were written by Adolph B. Suess, editorial and feature writer, many years ago, while entranced with the beauties of the Ozarkian hills. It was at Salem, Missouri, in October, that he wrote them.



MRS. EMMA SUMMERS



Mrs. Emma Summers, poet, song writer, musician and composer, born near Cape Girardeau, Mo. Has many compositions and songs to her credit, one outstanding published song entitled "The Tulips Are Missing in Holland," which brought the written commendation of Her Majesty, Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, also Mrs. Forrest C. Donnell, wife of Missouri's Governor, and of Mrs. Stuart Godfrey, who is chairman of music for the service with headquarters in Washington, D. C.

Her home is 610 S. Benton St., Cape Girardeau, Mo.

COME, GREAT WHITE SPIRIT

Come, Great White Spirit from Thine abode,
Lift up the fallen, lighten the load.
We do not merit seeing Thy face,
Still, Great White Spirit, come with Thy grace!
Once Thou hast said, yea, Thou dost recall,
For just one righteous Thou wouldst save all;
Oh, Great White Spirit, can it be
That all Thy children have turned from Thee?
Melt into love this cauldron of hate!
Comfort the sorrow, wild pain abate—
Thou, too, hast known deep sorrow and pain,
Death on the cross—the rabble's shame.
Quiet the storm on land, sky and sea,
As Thou once stilled the far Gallilee.
Come, Great White Spirit, from Thine abode,
Pity Thy children, lighten the load!

THE HAWTHORN—State Flower of Missouri

Growing in the woods away
Near some quiet leafy bower—,
For the children born in May,
Long you've been the "chosen" flower.

While you, hidden in the wood,
With the brown quail and her brood,

Came Missouri Indian Mother,
Brushed aside the copse and cover,
Found you . . . called: "My native child!"
"Born when here the deer ran wild"!

Crowned you: "Symbol of the State,"
Queen of all her beauteous flowers!

Each, in turn, now abdicate
In your favor . . . you are ours!
They can be your maids in waiting,
Beauty bows to native rating—

Hawthorn, on Missouri's throne,
We salute you: Chosen One.

—Mrs. Emma Summers.

(This poem was written by Mrs. Summers when the River Hills Garden Club and the Girl Scouts planted 43 Hawthorn bushes along Outer Drive about the middle of March, 1941. There was quite a ceremony as the Hawthorn is the Missouri State Flower—and this poem was read at that time, and was also published in The Southeast Missourian.)



MAXINE TAYLOR

Born in Aurora, Missouri, where she attended high school, finishing high school at Aurora with the class of '34. The following year tragedy visited the Taylor home, her mother losing her eyesight. Miss Taylor then began her mission of love and loyalty. For seven years she ministered to her mother and kept house for her parents, working meanwhile at odd jobs as time from her home duties permitted, doing manuscript typing and filing. In speaking of those days, Miss Taylor says: "Those were the lean years; I am truly a product of the depression, with respect for money and its buying power." When the war is over Miss Taylor plans to take up the loose threads of her writing career in her homeland hills. Her greatest service, in the eyes of her friends, however, lies in the beautiful life of sacrifice she has lived since her mother's affliction.

FRIENDS

When things go wrong and days are blue,
It helps so much to think of YOU.
Your great big heart and dear sweet smile
Help me to know life's still worthwhile.
Your faith in God, in all things good,
Makes me to feel all ills withstood.
It's friends like you along the way
That makes me say—"Life is good today."

AND THAT—

To be with you was Heaven, I really must admit,
To hear you laugh, and sing, and say,
"Oh Sweet, this must be it!"
But it makes me sad when I think of this . . .
You ended it all with just a kiss.
With you, my dear, I was just a fad . . .
But I loved you, and that was sad!

CIRCUMSPECT

Sometimes it certainly seems to me
That if this is all there is to be,
I might as well be matter-of-fact
And forget about you and our little pact!
—Maxine Taylor.

J. W. THOMPSON

Was born in North Missouri. He received his start in education by the help and encouragement of a friendly doctor who loaned him books—Goldsmith, Johnson, Addison, Plutarch's Lives, Macaulay, Bancroft. The educational process was hastened, no doubt, by the fact that his father gave him a choice of study and reading by a warm fire or of chopping wood to keep the home fires burning.

His life has been active. Like Pope, he thinks the proper study of mankind is man, so his studies run somewhat to philosophy. He is a university graduate, but his college life was brief.

He has taught in universities and colleges, claiming over three thousand teachers as students. He has fifty years of teaching to his credit, with senators and governors as students—with a few politicians and other racketeers thrown in. As a side line he has owned a daily paper and three weeklies.

As a writer he has accumulated enough rejections to paper his study up in the Ozarks, but editors have accepted a few, his earliest being "The White Savage," and some from the Chicago Tribune. Later he wrote articles for the Denver Post, The Wichita Beacon and the Kansas City Star.

At present he has a Western of eighty thousand words that may be published this summer after another rewrite. Like the immortal Cicero he likes to "castigate" his work ten times to perfect accuracy, for he says he owes much to his readers, and he boasts that he has never written a word for which he would be ashamed.

He freely admits his faults—he is poor at characterization, and he cannot exaggerate.

Mr. Thompson is an Ozark writer, and he believes in "them thar hills" where a man is a man. You will hear more of him. His next effort will be "The Virgin and the Dragon"; and a second Western is gestating.

HOWARD LESLIE TERRY

Born in St. Louis, Mo., January 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Terry. Educated Smith Academy, Rugby Academy, St. Louis; Gallandet College, (for the deaf), Washington, D. C. Employment Civil Service, real estate and printing. Lost his hearing in his 11th year. Wrote verse, stories and three books (unpublished) during boyhood. Published "A Tale of Normandie and Other Poems" in 1898. Married Miss Alice Tucker, also deaf, and a writer. Lived near Marionville, Mo., moved to Carthage, Mo., and then to Santa Monica, California, in 1910 where he wrote his successful book, "A Voice from the Silence," a story of the Ozarks. Sold the motion picture rights. Published "Waters From An Ozark Spring" poems, 1909, and "Sung in Silence" in 1929. Honorary degree, Master of Letters, 1938. Member "Pi Gamma Mu", National Association of the Deaf. Placed in "Who's Who in America". Honorary Member of the Eugene Field Society. Appeared in "Living Authors of the Ozarks" first and second edition. Past member Poetry Club of Southern California. Traveled in Europe in 1926. Three married children. Home: 1348 Martel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

ELM SPRING

Below our farm a mile or so
The Elm Spring's waters rise and flow;
By spreading elm and towering spruce
It turns its crystal water loose.

Around about it cresses grow,
Above, the wooded violets blow,
The cowslips in the pastures stray,
And ever the cooling waters play.

The rocks of old around it stand,
So rudely carved by the stormgod's hand;
And on their dripping side so cold
The moss and the lichen have taken hold.

'Tis there the cows from pastures near
Come to drink of the waters clear,

And many a lover of solitude
Has cheered his heart in the shady wood.

And ever the murmuring waters flow,
And ever the happy lovers go,
And ever, ever, songbirds sing
To make hearts happy at Elm Spring.
—Howard Leslie Terry.

MRS. ALICE TAYLOR TERRY

Born May 19, 1878, near Marionville, Lawrence County, Missouri. Became totally deaf at age of nine; educated at Fulton, Mo., Marionville Collegiate Institute, and Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Married Howard L. Terry, March 5, 1901; has three children; moved to Los Angeles, California, in 1910.

Has always been a worker and writer in the cause of the deaf. Has written many short stories; contributed many articles and editorials to different newspapers. Traveled abroad in 1926. Was twice President of California Association of the Deaf. Loves gardening and all subjects with human interest angle. Has an insatiable longing to live in the Ozarks again. Present home, 1348 N. Martel Avenue, Hollywood 46, California.





ELEANOR ANN GREENE TOTMAN

Was born in Minnesota, October 8, 1882, the daughter of Alonzo and Elizabeth Greene. Educated in Wisconsin schools, where she taught in the rural schools for some time. In 1903 she was married to A. Leroy Totman. There are two children, Harold Leroy and Janet Ruth. She has two grandchildren.

She first set foot on Missouri soil in 1894 at the age of 12 when enroute with her parents in a covered wagon to Wisconsin from Kansas where the family had lived for some time. The party camped in the Missouri River bottoms near St. Joe, and Mrs. Totman remembers that pawpaws were ripe at this time. The party explored the nearby woodland in search of pawpaws, it being their first time to see and taste "Missouri bananas."

Mrs. Totman is Secretary of the Gasconade Writers' Guild of Rolla.

Mrs. Totman is a talented poet and edits the little magazine, "The What Not," which spreads cheer and much information to Ozarkians. A member of many organizations, her work has been featured in many publications, and on the radio. She is author of a book of poems, "Glowing Embers," and is an active worker in any literary field. Has a pleasant disposition, a friendly helping hand, and a heart of gold, as her many friends can testify. Her home is in Rolla, Mo.

ENCHANTMENT

When the moon's seductive glances
Your witchery enhances,
'Tis then I'm filled with rapture,
With ecstasy sublime;

When I fold you to my heart
From the world we are set apart
While on the wings of love
We're borne to some Elysian clime.

A PRAYER

I know I've always longed to be
From envy, spite and malice free;
To have a part in God's great plan,
And be a friend to my fellowman;

A friend on whom he may depend,
Who will his right to life defend;
A friend who tries to banish strife
Along his torturous road of life;

One who'll never say him "nay"
Nor aught of evil against him say—
O help me, Lord, to ever be
From envy, spite and malice free.

—Eleanor A. Totman.

(From Country Road, Rolla Herald, Rolla, Mo.)





ZOE AILEEN TUCKER

Was born to Harry and Nellie Tucker in Webb City, Mo., October 29, 1914. Was graduated from the Aurora, Missouri, High School in class of 1932.

At the age of seventeen she became ill of arthritis and has been confined to her bed completely helpless for ten years.

She began writing poetry in high school and

says midnight is inspirational as she writes better after midnight. She won an all High School spelling contest while a Junior in High.

When Zoe became ill during Christmas vacation in her Senior year, the teacher came to her home and helped her with her lessons. Her grandfather, Porter B. Hood, arranged with Miles Elliff for Zoe to finish her course by correspondence and with the cooperation of teachers she was able to pass with flying colors. A delegation came to the Hood home to present her diploma.

In 1939 the KVOO Radio Station's Bob Wills dedicated a half hour to her. She says her mother is her best critic, companion, day and night nurse, and Angel of Mercy, and works for no salary, but I guess that is what mothers are. Zoe owns her own home and lives at Aurora, Missouri.

She prizes very highly the following from the pen of Charles H. Driscoll's "New York Day by Day" column:

"The most widely loved Zoe of today, it seems, is Zoe Tucker, of Joplin, Mo. Many people have written me about her and one lady has written for her, a personal message. This Zoe is immobilized by arthritis, much as is my old friend, Gerber Schafer of Reading, Pa. Firemen of Joplin have used spare time to rig up a mirror in Zoe's room, so that she can see, as she lies motionless in her bed, the world pass by as did the Lady of Shallott in Tennyson's poem. They tilt the mirror for her, and she can see her lovely flower garden, in season. Someone finds time to read

this column to her every day. and she enjoys it. . . . Did some inspiration from the atmosphere cause me to write that thoughtless line about the name Zoe, so that I might discover this good lady and pass on to you the story of her placid, serene, helpful life? For I have the testimony of her fellow-citizens that she encourages the discouraged, and lights her little corner of the world with a radiant smile. . . . God bless you, Zoe!"

VALENTINE

I know that it is customary
On the fourteenth day of February,
To send to the one you love the most,
A heart-shaped token in the post.
Since you're that one. Quite naturally
You'll be expecting one from me.
But if you look and find that I
Have failed to do so, — here is why:
I thought that since you owned my heart,
You wouldn't need a counterpart.

This poem was published in Springfield Leader in
Hill-billy Heart-Beat column by May Kennedy
McCord.

CHRISTMAS TREE

I never see a Christmas tree, star bright and tinsel gay,
But that I see a little boy who now has gone away.
A little boy who could not sleep upon the Christmas eve,
Who stood in wide-eyed wonder, when Santa Claus would
leave
The soldier men, the drums, the horns, and every painted
toy,
That makes complete a Christmas for any little boy.
So when the Christmas stars are out and people start to
trim
The Christmas trees for little boys—I light a tree for him.

—Zoe Aileen Tucker.

This was read personally by Don McNeill
on the N.B.C. Breakfast Club Program.

LAURA ANN FREEMAN TURNER

I, Laura Ann Freman Turner, first saw the light of day December 21, 1870, in a log cabin near Sullivan, Ill. This was a very humble log structure having no window for light, only one door for entrance and to open for admittance of light, it had a chimney built of sticks and clay, and a puncheon floor. For a light they used a candle made in a pan of grease with a twisted string. We lived in this place until I was six years of age, then my mother died. That left



me with no means of getting an education so far as schools were concerned but people with whom I lived from time to time helped me in their limited way of teaching me and that is the way I learned to read, write and figure. The rest I have learned from true observation and being forced to make my own way.

When I was twenty-seven I married Dr. F. Frank ~~Turner~~ Chicago specialist. Then came babies to bless our home and it was then the desire came into my head to fashion my own lull-a-byes and I began to compose my own words and to many of them would add a fitting melody. In 1918, when my two sons were in service of our country, I had my first book published entitled, "Patriotic Poems." I have contributed to a number of papers in poetry and short articles of prose: Springfield Daily News, Ozark Mountain News, Findlay Enterprise, Equality Tribune, Mountain View Standard, Howell County Gazette, Willow Springs Advocate and many others. My poems and songs have been broadcast over radio stations. In 1937 I published a song in sheet music entitled "Ozark Blues." In

1939 I published my second book, "Songs of The Heart." Have another ready for publication now.

My hobbies are painting, using saw and hammer, making novelties of wood and writing verse. I am seventy-three years of age, have lived in and near Mountain View, Mo., for thirty-six years. This hill-billy country is a heaven on earth to me. I am still active in social and church work.

L. A. Turner (Pen Name Hill-billy Ann).

NO ONE BUT JESUS.

No one e'er showed to us a road
That leads to heaven that blest abode.
Such blessings never were bestowed
By anyone but Jesus.

None ever died upon the tree,
That we from sin could be set free,
Or walked the water on the sea,
No one but Jesus.

No one has ever gave a call
And spilled his life blood for us all,
For every one both great and small,
No one but Jesus.
No one in time of darkest gloom,
Can there instead make roses bloom
And fill the air with sweet perfume,
No one but Jesus.

No one was ever known to rise,
Or take their flight unto the skys,
No one was ever half so wise,
As Jesus.
No one knows our wants and needs,
No one is there can intercede
And with the father daily plead
For us, no one but Jesus.

—L. A. Turner.

RUTH H. TYLER

Neosho, Missouri, Authority on Ozark Folklore and dialect - staged a regional Folk Festival at Neosho's Centennial in 1939. Specializes in Ozark Cookery, does a column in Otto E. Rayburn's Ozark Guide: "Ozark almanac." Native born Missourian pure Anglo-Saxon stock from "Illinoy." Writes some poetry, especially bits of folklore told in rhyme. Member of the "Hillcrofters" - Artcrafters - Ozark Writers-Artists Guild. Has sold work to The Kansas City Star, Denver Post, Hearst's American Weekly, Crowell Publishing Co., local papers and trade journals. At present, writing Radio Persimmon Holler who talks



Script for: MIRANDY of each day on ABC from California.

ONE MORE APRIL

I aimed to be a Princess grand,
An' live across't the sea,
But my home's a Ozark cabin.
An' I ride in a model T.

I allus craved fer a diamond ring,
From the feller I aimed to wed,
Now—I'm wearin' a thin gold circle,
On knuckles rough an' red.

I've hankered fer a black silk dress
 A hat with a willer-plume,
 But He got me a Brussels carpet,
 An' a cheer fer the settin' room.
 I reckon they's no use complaining',
 I'll go an' set a hen—
 Git Him to plow a piece o' ground,
 An' scratch some garden in.
 Hit's Springtime! thet's what ails me,
 Me thinkin' sich things—I laugh!
 I'll wish the litter o' pigs does well,
 An' thet Boss has a heifer calf!

Published: The Kansas City Star, March 20, 1939.

Hillbilly Heartbeats, March 31, 1939.

Kansas City Star-Missouri Notes, April 1, 1939.

SUPPER TIME IN THE OZARKS

Whaley, fix the far, and I'll bake yer Pa some biskits,
 Hit's gettin' nigh time fer him to drive in—
 Bill, git the cows an' feed the hawks an' chickens,
 If the chores hain't done—he'll be madder'n sin!
 Suze, fetch some cobs an' tote in some water,
 Min, run to the smokehouse an' git down a ham,
 We'll have skillet gravy an' 'taters in their jackets,
 With scads o' sodie biskits an' strawberry jam!
 Whaley! leave thet cat be! an' do like I told ye!
 I 'declare to goodness—never seed the beat!
 Me workin' an' slavin' fer a onery batch o' young'uns—
 Now run like turkeys—if ye aims to eat!
 Wonder what in Sam Hill's a keepin' John this evenin'!
 Hain't never knowed him to be this late!
 Thar he comes now! . . . Light the lamp Granny!
 An' one o' you youngun's run an' open the gate!

—Ruth H. Tyler

Published Springfield, Missouri News, June 6, 1938

MRS. EUGENE V. UPTON

Lucille Morris (Mrs. Eugene V. Upton), 1419 North Grant Avenue, Springfield, Missouri.

Born July 22, Dadeville, Missouri. Parents: Albert G. and Veda Wilson Morris.

Education: Dadeville Public Schools, Greenfield High School, Drury College, Southwest Missouri State Teachers College. Taught school Dadeville and Everton, Missouri, and Roswell, New Mexico. Reporter on Denver Express, Denver, Colorado, 1923 and 1924; El Paso Times, El Paso, Texas, 1925; Springfield News and Leader, Springfield, Missouri, 1926 to 1936.

Married Eugene V. Upton, July 22, 1936. Writer of "Bald Knobbers," published by Caxton Printers, Inc., Caldwell, Idaho.



A Pair of Hillbilly Boys

OLIVIA VOGEL

St. Louis-born parents were my heritage. I was born in the same metropolis and am steeped in her secrets and lore—warm spring days when nature clothes this city child anew, colorful autumn intervals oft-veiled in sadness after the first welcome, the gray smoky months of winter when the air is thick and heavy but reminiscent of warm fires in our homes, or the cold, snowy, mornings with their hush and austerity, twin to like ones spent in the open and last, the hot oppressive summers which people endure on the lap of the Mississippi because there is little else to do. I am involved in city life as my grandparents were here in the middle-west.

Church spires, tall apartments, county homes, fast buses, lines of motor cars, the hurried step, the gaunt face, the infrequent smile, influence my daily living to such extent that subconsciously I hied back from western shores and the columns of an eastern school to follow the steps of my forebears and to enjoy the spirit of this real American city.

I am a painter and am working on a book also.

MY CAPULET

Alone

Cosmopolitan life spreads at my feet,

Mien and women surge from work.

Trolleys ring their bells in warning,

Brakes applied in haste, are shrill.

Birds, flying together, wing northward.

I wear my loneliness as a capulet

That cannot be removed.

Onlooker and participant in city life,

Yet solitary, too, I wear my capulet of loneliness

That I yearn to have removed,

(Softer) That I yearn to have removed.

(Softer) That I yearn to have removed.

—Olivia Vogel.

NORINE CRIGER WATTS



Norine Criger Watts is predominantly Irish (and very proud of it) with a German strain, a dash of English, French and Scotch. The Criger part of her name is her maiden name, and rhymes with trigger or chigger though most people persist in pronouncing it Cry-ger — to her acute annoyance.

Was born on an Ozarks hillside farm, where it seemed to her the grass always grew just a little greener than anywhere else, and there were dozens of big walnut trees to give shade—she could hardly wait for the first warm days so that she might discard her shoes and run barefooted over the rocky, green hills.

Her mother died when she was seven, "Memories of a Young Mother," was written in memory of her.

She married an Ozarks farm boy,

"I have several hobbies, but my favorite one aside from the little bit of writing I do is pencil or pen sketching. I illustrate all my verse with these sketches; would like to paint, but have never had any instruction and have never had time or courage to try alone. I have not tried as yet to market any kind of writing except verse—which is, of course, hardest of all types to sell — because I have had so little time to devote to the more tedious job of prose writing. But I still have not given up hope of having more time some day.

Mrs. Watts writes me: "I furnished the witchcraft stories for "Ozark Country" (pp 164 to 167). I still have Mr. Rayburn's letter asking my permission to use them, as well as my first draft of the copies I sent him." Her home is Stockton, Missouri.

JEWELS

Jewels there are of fabulous worth,
Men dig them out of redolent earth;
Jewels of mine, I think, are best:
Topaz, ruby, and amethyst,
Shining in glasses and jars arrayed—
Gleaming jewels that I have made.
Royal colors my kitchen fill,
From jelly jars on my window-sill.

MEMORIES OF A YOUNG MOTHER

I cannot see her face for I was young
When last I saw her, but I hear
Her young voice singing ever sweet and clear.
I see her in her garden singing in the sun,
Or feeding baby chicks when day is done.
I cannot see her face, but I can see
Her gentle fingers strum her loved guitar,
And hear again the melody of clear note and bar.
And when the evening sun has painted red the sky,
I see her rock the babe, and hear a lullaby.
I have no mem'ry of harsh words, a tear, a sigh.
A laugh — a song — the pictures come and go;
Tender, and gay, and bright she was—
I've missed her so!

MUSINGS IN SOLITUDE.

Whirling snow-flakes stir my blood,
Send my pulses leaping;
Rain drops at night sing a lullaby
O'er me while I'm sleeping.

A saucy squirrel, a mighty stream,
Moving slowly to the sea;
A shaded path, a singing wind,
Speak a language known to me.

Walking a crowded city street,
Lonely and lone am I;
My friends are folk of the field and wood,
And stars in a velvet sky.

—Norine Criger Watts.



LUCY WATKINS

Born near Frazer, Buchanan County, Missouri, January 6, 1902, to James K. and Laura Giddens Auxier. Ten days later her mother died. She was an only child so was taken and came up under her paternal grandparents. Married Jesse H. Watkins, January 11, 1922. Has three boys, ages 19, 18 and 16.

Has written poems since she was in grammar school for her own amusement and also write prose articles. Loves to read and study the Bible. Has always had a healthy respect for this Book since her grandmother spanked her for making marks in it when she was a small child.

One of her hobbies is music. She plays the piano and knows hundreds of songs in all classes. Likes to draw and paint also.

Some of her work has been published in poetry publications, newspapers and anthologies including the 1942 editions of "The Poetry Digest" and "Who's Who In Poetry In America." "Oaks and Hearts" was recently published in Newfoundland Quarterly, St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Her home is Agency, Missouri.

MY BROKEN HEART

My broken heart is like a rose,
For tears like falling petals start.
Deep down in somber silence glows
My broken heart.

When cupid sailed his fiery dart,
Then let the door to Heaven close
I was adrift without a chart.

As winter wind employs the snow's
Pure flakes to hide earth's blasted part,
My smile shall hide a tear that shows
My broken heart.

Published in Fletcher's Farming, Hondo, Texas.

TOTAL WAR

Bereft, I shall not walk alone
Down war's dark avenue;
Among the mother hearts, my own
Is passing in review.

Our faith shall be a star to guide
Across the foaming stream,
And prayer prove the dauntless shield
Against the madman's dream.

To guard our own with prayer and faith
And many fervent pleas,
We mothers over all the world
Are marching on our knees.

Published in Kansas City Times and Newfoundland
Quarterly, St. John's, Newfoundland. Read over
KMBC Radio Station.

FICTION AND THE BIBLE.

"Light as a feather," you say.
And so is a lie, my dear.
But the truth has weight to lay
Undusted from year to year.

IN MEMORIAM

Little Mother who gave
Me life and went away
I stand beside your grave
And bow to Mother's Day.

MY REFUGE

In pity God reached down a hand
To life my dark despair.
With pleading eyes I turned to Him
And found an answer there.
And oh, His love encompassed me
Till my despair had fled
And I could face the world again,
Restored and comforted.

—Lucy Watkins.

FANNIE ORENA CLARK WEEMS

Was born and still lives in the historic little town of Newtonia, Missouri, where a battle of the Civil War was fought.

Mrs. Weems is a direct descendant of John Hancock, who heads the list of signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was a great, great uncle of her mother.

Her father was a merchant and Postmaster in Newtonia for many years.

She married E. B. Weems, whose parents were pioneer residents of Newton County.

Two of their three children are living. Mrs. Weems' poems have been published in a number of magazines and daily papers, and have been broadcast over seven radio stations. She has won several prizes in poetry and jingle contests.

In 1941 she published a little book of poems, its title, "Through The Years," the poems range from humor to pathos. One of these poems has been featured in the monthly extension club letters.

She has written poems for many special occasions, including P.T.A. — Tri-State Missionary Programs — County Club meetings, and her poem, "To A Bride," which was published in her book of poems, was written by request for a bride in Peoria, Illinois.



HEADIN' FOR THE OZARKS

I'm headin' for the Ozarks
My memory's very clear
Pa always made sweet cider
About this time of year.

I'd give a hundred dollars
(I haven't lost my head)
For a glass of Ozark cider,
And a hunk of gingerbread.
I'm headin' for the Ozarks
I'll hear the old mill chug.
It's cider time in the Ozarks
And I'm going to take my jug.
I'm headin' for the Ozarks
Oh, I can hardly wait
For Pa'll be makin' cider,
And Ma'll be at the gate.

FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

Dedicated to all Mothers who have Sons
in the Service of Our Country

I can see him now as he used to look,
Serene and sure as he pored over a book.
His clear gray eyes were pools of light.
Filled with visions of future days all bright.

I can see the wave in his hair—his kindly smile,
His strong tall form—when all the while,
I knew it was coming—his country's call.
Then he volunteered—he's giving all.
I prayèd, "Dear Lord, he's my only son,
Let not my will but Thine be done.
Though he sails the seas or skims the sky
Please be near him Lord, I know he'll try,
To help win freedom for other lands,
To cut the serpent's slimy bands,
Which bind conquered countries, like cold blue steel,
They're too hungry to fight, too numb to feel."
Through my tears I can see better days ahead,
When nations will lose their fear and dread.
Then we'll lift glad voices—the Stars will sing,
When the world is Free—and God is King.

—Mrs. Fannie Orena Weems.

This poem was cover page of "Word and Way,"
a Kansas City paper, in August, 1943.

MRS. ROSENA WESTRICH

Was born in Bollinger County, Missouri, October 2, 1893. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elfink were prominent farmers in the Leopold community and were highly respected. She received her education at Leopold. She always loved the out-of-doors and could content herself for hours walking along shaded paths in the forests watching the birds or hunting and fishing. She was a great lover of nature. Her address is Chaffee, Missouri, Route 1.



MY PEN

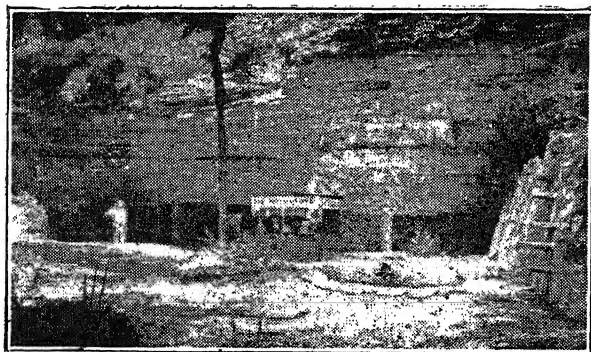
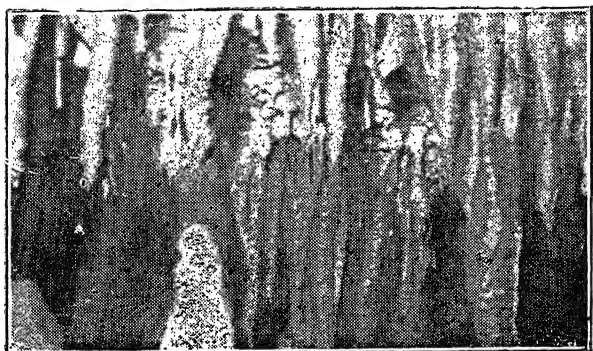
I'll take my pen between my fingers
Yes, they're shakey while I write
Oh, yes, I am growing older
I'll soon be bidding you goodnight.

When I leave this world behind me
May I leave it full of friends
If I've injured any of you
I am ready to make amends.

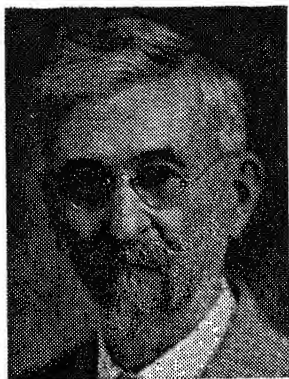
For this life is not worth living.
If you do not live it right;
Turn it into rays of sunshine
Before it's time to say goodnight.

—Mrs. Rosena Westrich.





W. S. WHITE



W. S. White was born on a farm in Saline County, Missouri, and attended school in three different districts while living on that farm, because of new districts being organized and boundary lines being changed. In those days rural schools were poorly organized and with little attention paid to a careful and systematic course of training, however the educational spirit was good and the youngsters derived much good from such old schools. In 1886

Mr. White went to Bolivar, Missouri, and entered Southwest Baptist College which was a very weak and struggling institution at that time. After two years in college he taught country schools (which were usually short terms in those days.) Then back to college for the remainder of the school year until his college work was completed. He became principal of Bolivar High School two terms, then was elected Superintendent of Ash Grove Public Schools where he met and married the charming Miss Helen Baker, the primary teacher. He returned to Bolivar as Superintendent of the Bolivar Public Schools.

Mr. White retired from school work to go into the furniture and undertaking business and has continued that line forty-five years, and as Mr. White says, he has touched the community in almost every conceivable way, serving on the Town Board, Fair, Building and Loan, Library and twenty-five years on the School Board, Ruling Elder and Superintendent of Sunday School, and was sent by the Ozark Presbytery to Atlantic City in 1910 to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. He is an Odd Fellow and has taken all the degrees and gone through all the chairs of the York Rite Masonry and has "pinch-hit" a number of times in the pulpit when the regular minister was sick or away on vacation.

Mr. White loves the great out-of-doors and his life is very active and useful. He likes both poetry and prose if well expressed and meaningful. The Twenty-third and

One Hundred and Thirty Seventh Psalms are his favorite Bible poems. As Mr. White says, "I like amateur poems because they always express the deep and sincere emotions of the heart." Mr. White's work has appeared in the Rotary Magazine, the Desert Magazine and Arcadian Life and his poems have been read over radio stations in the middle west.

THE ISLE OF MY DREAMS

There is a beautiful isle somewhere in my dreams
And its charms are always new
It is the place where all would like to dwell
It's the isle where dreams come true.

And oft in my dreams with all on board
Who are near and dear to me
I set sail on the sea of life
To that isle beyond the deep blue sea.

And I hope when I've reached my journeys end
And all of life's tasks are done
To cast anchor in the harbor of that beautiful isle
Where no disappointments can come.

—W. S. White.





CLARA BRACHER WICHMAN

I was born in 1875 at Cincinnati, Ohio. The fourth child of a group of eight children of C. G. and Emily M. Bracher. Attended the parochial school of the Ev. Luth. Trinity Church, and after my thirteenth year attended the public schools at Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

My musical education was attained at the Cincinnati College of Music, voice and piano, under Professors Winthrop T. Sterling and Romeo Gorno. Under Dean Frank vander Stucken of the College of Music, I was awarded a Teacher's Certificate for Voice Culture. My musical education extended over a period of eight years. Sang in various Episcopal churches over a period of intermittent years. Was organist at the Church of Our Saviour (Gr. Luth.) on Dayton Street, the old "West End" of Cincinnati, for seven years. The last three years of this time I was also employed at the Cincinnati Bell Telephone Co.

In June, 1909, I married Mr. Herman William Wichman of St. Louis. Have three children, a daughter and two sons, twins, born at St. Louis. In 1917 we moved to Jerome, Mo., and still reside at Jerome, Mo.

THE LOST HERITAGE A Lament

This was my heritage — I loved so well
The church of my father, its clear-toned bell!
Each Sabbath eve its glad peal came ringing
To one and all its sweet message bringing—

"Hear ye, another week's labor is o'er
O, come to God's house, come enter its door.
Come up the stairs to the portal's wide spread
With the gath'ring brethren in fellowship tread,

Come, as the organ's rich harmony swells,
Rev'rently enter the house where God dwells.
O come! Bend the knee, your voice in pray'r raise,
His love kept you safely! His be the praise!

Come, for a space forget wrangling and strife,
Taste of God's bounty, the true Bread of Life!
Come, hear the story of God's wondrous love
Receive His blessing, the peace from above.

Hear ye, clearly I peal every word,
O come all ye faithful, worship the Lord!
Deprived of my heritage in exile I dwell,
Far from my church with its clear pealing bell.

Out of the past its echo comes ringing
As in days of old its message bringing.
"Oh God of my fathers, hear, I implore!
Call me from exile, my heritage restore."

(Published by Concordia Lutheran in 1932)

GOODNIGHT, MOSS ROSE

Intrepid moss rose growing
In withered flower bed,
Still cheerfully uplifting
Your crimson-petaled head.

I wonder, are you knowing
November winds blow cold?
You should be soundly sleeping
Beneath the leaf-strewn mold.

Was it some soft breeze blowing,
Or did you whisper this?—
"I'm patiently awaiting
November's good night kiss."

"Then I, too, will be going
Contentedly to rest
Tucked in a downy blanket
Close to my mother's breast."

—Clara Bracher Wichman.

(From St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Nov. 17, 1936)



MARGUERITE ELIZABETH WIGGINS

I was born in Webb City, Missouri. Moved to Waterford, Wisconsin, with my family when I was ten years old. Attended both Grade and High School in both states.

In High School I had a burning desire to be a great dramatic actress. I had the lead in all the school plays, and was greatly encouraged by my dramatic teach-

er when she said I could be a great success if I chose.

I married Floyd Kenneth Wiggins, October 31st, 1928. Our little daughter, Cecelia Jean, was born three years later and then about four years after that our littel son, Floyd Richard, was born. Our greatest enjoyment is taking a day off to roam the woods and hills of the Ozarks.

My parents, Minnie and Alfred Toutz, were both reared in Missouri. They had four girls and one boy. My father was a mining engineer in his father's mines.

Since I gave up the idea of being a dramatic actress I decided to make characters act on paper, instead. An ambition that was greatly encouraged by my mother, who used to have me read to her often. We would then discuss what I had read.

Since her passing, I realize more and more, as time goes on, what a heritage she left me. Her patience and understanding, her loving concern for her children stay with me. I hope to some day become a fiction writer.

I have written one complete novel, several short stories and some poetry, although to date, have not had them published. I have, however, been given encouragement by the Vice-President of The MacMillan Co., Publishers.

My residence at present is at 2304 Connor, Joplin, Mo.

GIVE TO ME

God! give to me a spot between
Hills of robust Autumn's hue—

Such as russet, copper, orange—
'Neath the sky of azure blue.

Give to me a heart as brave
As robins have, who stay their flight—
Dare the winter through to live
In our rich Ozarkian land.

Let me keep my family yet—
Laughter and light in amber eyes—
Blessings money never buys—
In Ozarkian Paradise.

THINGS WORTH WHILE

Things worth while, are a baby's smile—
A hand clasp, glad, of a little lad;
A mother's kiss, and a Dad's heigh-ho!
A cheery word from friends we know,
A conscience clear of hate and sin;
Love and peace to the journey's end.

LAND OF LIVIN'

Ozark Autumn; land of livin'
Land of peace and cheerful givin';
Gentle breeze, a mellow token;
Crackle of a dry twig broken;
Smokin' campfire; thoughts unspoken,
Sets one wishin' and a hopin'.

—Marguerite Elizabeth Wiggins





CORAL ALMY WILSON

Coral Almy Wilson was born June 19, 1879, at Plum Creek, Nebraska, daughter of William Harrison and Rhoda Jane Almy, who had migrated to Nebraska from the Atlantic coast. Her parents named her Coral, to remind them of the sea, the name meaning daughter of the sea.

In 1886 the family moved to Arkansas, near Eureka Springs. Mrs. Wilson worked her way thru school, and became a school teacher. In 1901 married James P. Wilson of Valley Springs, Arkansas. She is mother of a son

and a daughter and now lives at Zink, Arkansas.

Mrs. Wilson's poems have been read over Radio, and published in many newspapers and athologies.

SUN-MARK ON TH' FLOOR.

Sets a little ol' log cabin in a clearin' on a hill
 Hit brings a lovin' feelin' 'at lingers with me still
 Thar's a ol' rail-fence around hit, an' Mother's at th' door
 Callin' us to dinner by th' sun-mark on th' floor.
 We had no clocks in them ol' days to tick th' hours away
 We had no silver watches fine to tell th' time o' day
 But Mother never failed to come into th' cabin door
 An' call us in to dinner by th' sun-mark on th' floor.
 The cabin-door stood open th' whole long summer through
 Hit sagged down on hits hinges as cabin-doors will do
 But Mother's face was sweet to us when she stood in the
 door
 An' called yer dinners ready Boys by th' sun mark on
 th' floor.

(Printed in Kansas University Journal)

BOARDIN' ROUN'

Boardin' roun' our Teacher is
Jes' boardin' roun'.
First off he went to Parson Johns'
An' Parson he jes' prayed so loud

Fer th' Lord to send enough to eat
'At Teacher, he up an' turned him round
An' he went over to ol' Jim Brown's
Whar eatin's plenty.

Ol' Jim gits up at four o'clock
An' all hans work till th' corn's all shocked
Till Teacher, he's pum tuckered out
So he jes' up an' turns about

An' tuck him over to Widder Smith's
She ast him which o' th' kids uz th' wittiest
An' which o' th' gals he thought uz th' prettiest
An' why he combed his hair that way

Till Teacher, he didn't know what to say.
So he went over to Ira Stubble's
An' fust thing off he got in trubble
Ol' Ira's sister's a plum ol' maid

She got him out in th' orchard's shade
An' ast him when he aimed to marry
Teacher said he couldn't tarry
He bundled his clothes an' fetched over hyar

He's out on th' porch in th' rockin' cheer
Makin' eyes at our Caling Lou
Bet she's makin' 'em back agin too
An' if thar's anything in a smackin' soun'
Our Teacher's done a boardin' roun'.

—Coral Almy Wilson.

(Printed in Springfield Leader and News)

BYRDA J. WILSON

Byrda J. Wilson, free lance, consultant and market adviser. Born, educated and has always lived in Missouri. First knowledge of journalism acquired at fourteen, fifty years ago, writing Gallatin High School Notes, at sixteen learned typesetting and feature writing on The Gallatin North Missourian; 1919 to 1925, reporter on Chillicothe Business College paper, The Quacker, and year-book, The Dux; engaged in free lancing intermittently and reported also for the Constitution-Tribune; member of Na-



tional League of American Pen Women; charter member of Chillicothe Business and Professional Women's Club; Delphian Chapter; and Chillicothe Culture Club while a resident of that city. Many years a member of P. T. A. Member of National Writers' Club and Tri-State Writers. Hobbies: Goats, clipping early Americana, reading and Oak Knoll, on Highways 66-71, North Pine Street Road, Cartersville. Address Route, Box 292, Joplin, Mo.

EYE TONIC

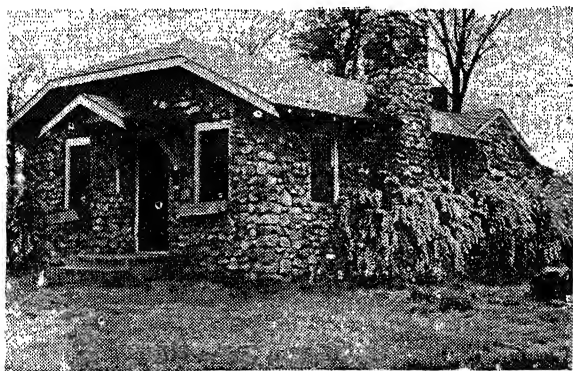
Innes, Turner and Wallace Nuttig have painted no lovelier examples of the great outdoors than one can glimpse from a window — house or automobile — while sitting at home, spinning along highways, or tramping favorite trailways and old roads in the Ozark hills.

Oculists recommend looking at objects in the distances for tired and failing eyes and none will dispute the good

to be gained by this practice—yet it is legend that the Ozark woods are an eyeful any time—and there are remedies for many human ills to be found in the woods and hills aside from the scenery value to eye exercises, according to native traditions and folklore.

Truly just looking, like the oculist advises, at woods in October, and again in the spring when wild flowers carpet the hills and roadsides, is good eye tonic and good soul tonic, too.

—Byrda J. Wilson.



VIOLA DAVIS WILSON

Viola Davis Wilson was born near Emporia, Kansas. Came to Missouri as a mall child. Married in 1916, and has two children. Lives on a farm and loves it. Favorite amusement—Radio and movies. Favorite out-door sports—swimming and horseback riding. Favorite hobbies—collecting old books, Indian relics, and odd stones. Secret ambition—to paint. Present address: Republic, Missouri. Has one son in service.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER

Is it only because my eyes are dim,
From lying awake so much in the night,
That the sun doesn't shine any more as bright;
And the flowers and trees and everything,

Are not so fair as they were, this Spring?
It must be only my eyes.
Still that shouldn't make the wood dove's note
Sound dull, and the robin and red bird's call

And the song of the woodland creatures, all,
To jangle so and hurt my throat?
No, I know the reason:
This is the day my soldier boy is going awa

Far from his home to an unknown land,
Where we cannot follow even in dreams,
Nor share his trials, hard as it seems,
And only God can understand.

DOGWOOD

Oh, have you seen the dogwood
When the first robin trills,
The lovely pearly dogwood
That whitens all the hills?

There's nothing quite so fair to see
Wherever you may go,
There's nothing like the dogwood
With bloom of purest snow.

There's nothing half so sweet and fresh
So prodigal of bloom
So careless of the cold spring rain
It flowers so very soon.

Scarcely are the snow drifts gone
And ice from woodland rills
When the dogwood spreads its graceful boughs
To whiten all the hills.

—Viola Davis Wilson.



NANCY MIDDLETON WILLIAMS

Nancy Middleton Williams, who has written many poems, and whose work has appeared in many magazines, newspapers, and anthologies. She published a book of poems, "Cobwebs from An Old Manse." The wife of Hamp Williams. She lives at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and in her sweet, lovable manner will travel down the road to yester years by way of memory lane with you in her lovely poems, as you will see by her verses, let us follow along to the land of the used to be.

A MEMORY

You drank to me with lips so red
The ruby nectar, too, I sipped—
And all the glowing hours—now dead—
Hold memories of your lips.

The glass is empty—gone the wine!
The lights extinguished—now is gloom,
Yet all hearts hold still the shine,
Bright lights—and you within a room.

ONCE

Once I stood and smiled,
Looking up at you—
Your foot on a moving train;
A last adieu—
I charged my heart.
When moments came
That you should never know—
The pain.
You did not know
I cried the whole night through
And morning found my pillow wet;
Wet like dew.
You did not know
How deep my love—for you.

YESTER - YEARS

A road we traveled yester-years
I passed along again today.
The red buds and the dogwoods wear
The same bright dress in May—
And you were with me today,
Though years have passed, and you away.

BLUE WIND

The blue wind is a fairy
Whose feet grace the cloud land stage
Her dress, all blue and airy—
Nor can you guess her age.

A youth with feet shod golden
With poise that of a sage
And all the elf's beholden—
Star princess come of age.

Each night by the light Octurus
On a stage in front of Mars,
When the moon shines on Uranus—
Her dance is a swirl of stars!

The Rainbow dance of colors
All red and mauve and green—
In shimmering gown of twilight—
The Blue Wind Queen is seen.

And when the night is ended—
She lies on a couch, cloud deep
And all the stars watch over her
The Blue Wind Queen — asleep.

—Nancy Middleton Williams.



JOHN M. WILLSON



Ozarkian by birth; Danish by descent. Born June 18, 1903, on a farm near Houston, Mo. Attended Houston High School. Began an English major in college; changed to science, and holds degrees of B. S. and M. S. with physics major from Missouri School of Mines. Post graduate work at University of Missouri and University of Michigan in physics. At present is Assistant Professor of Physics at the Missouri School of Mines. Hobbies and avocations are books and stamps. Editor of The Missouri Precancel News, official organ of the Missouri Precancel Club. Active in local and state-wide Masonic circles. Enthusiastic golfer somewhat better than the duffer class. Married. No children. President of Gasconade Writers Guild, 1943.

MY PRAYER

Oh God, so will, I pray,
To let me live until the end
That I can give to every friend
A bit of me — my way of thought—
A memory with meaning fraught.
Grant this, Oh God, today.

CHANGE

The same old world, we say,
As we count off each day,
Though life brings smiles and tears,
As time unfolds its years.

But time is so unkind;
In retrospect we find,
As life's broad path we range,
Naught so constant as, change!

—John M. Willson.



CHARLES LEWIS WOODS

Born December 2, 1869, at Holman, near Ivy Depot, Albermarle County, Virginia. Educated at University of Virginia. Resides at Rolla, Missouri. Editor of Rolla Herald since 1899. He was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Phelps County, 1899-1900. Mayor of Rolla 1922-1927.

Lieutenant Colonel Governor Dockery's staff, and Col. Military Staff of Governor Gardner. Elected to 33rd and 34th General Assembly in 1926 and 1928. Member Soldiers Home Board. Past Deputy Grand

Master Masonic Order. Stands high in civic and state affairs and is an editorial light in the State of Missouri.

Member of the Gasconade Writers' Guild, Ozarks Press Association and many other press organizations, Past President Missouri Press Association, Member of the Board of Directors Missouri Historical Society.

EXCERPT FROM AN EDITORIAL BY COL. WOODS IN THE ROLLA HERALD:

"What we need in this country today is strong action and strong jails. Our country is at war—a dangerous war. It requires united and organized effort to win. Any man, set of men or organization of men who attempt to hold back, slow down—or delay war work, war production, must be treated as enemies of our Government."

—Col. Chas. L. Woods.

EDWARD A. WITMER



Edward A. Witmer, was born at Sarcoxie, Missouri. His parents moved to Wayne County, Indiana, where they made their home until Edward grew to manhood. He attended school at East Germantown and Abington, Indiana. His first employment was with the Fulton Boiler Works in Richmond and at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he enlisted in the regular Army at Indianapolis and was sent to the Fourth Cavalry, then stationed in the Philippines. While in the Orient he visited Honolulu,, the Island of Korea and Nagasaki, Japan.

After the Philippine insurrection and the expiration of his term of service, Mr. Witmer returned to San Francisco where he was employed in the Abe Brown Clothing Store on Market street until the great earthquake and fire that demolished San Francisco on the morning of April 6, 1906.

Mr. Witmer returned to his native Ozarks in 1911 and in 1913 was married to Ovie May Stephens. They now reside in Republic, Missouri.

Mr. Witmer has several short stories to his credit and two books, "The Battle of Bonnie Wilson," and "Black Gum Hollow." and another novel soon to come off the press, "Barefooted Nobody." Besides being a member of United Spanish War Veterans, Veterans of Foreign wars, he is also a member of Book Discussion Club, Ozark Creative Writers Guild, Missouri-Arkansas Writers Artist Guild and Ozarkian Hillcrofters.

WE FLY

We fly low. We fly high,
And far up in the sky;
So the world can see,
We're flying for Democracy.

We fly low. We fly high,
And far up in the sky;
So the world can say,
We're flying for the U. S. A.

We fly low. We fly high,
And far up in the sky;
So the world may know,
We're ready to bomb old Tokyo.

We fly low. We fly high,
And far up in the sky;
Getting ready to begin,
The destruction of old Berlin.

AN ATTRIBUTE OF LIFE

In the silence so grand and true,
You can find what you can do.
Remember, as down the years you've trod
That silence is the Voice of God.

And as you scale Life's towering ladder
Seeking your far-off hidden goal,
Don't quaver when you see a "shadder,"
The Inward Real may reap two-fold.

In heavenly silence turn your mind
To plumb the depths of the sublime;
Then in the silence soon you'll find
The Alkahest of all mankind.

In that silence the still, small voice
May call you: "Come to grander spheres—
Where gleams the rainbow of your choice—
O'er poet-sages of the years!"

So, writer, lawyer, artist — all,
In silence lies your inspiration,
After the storm, the “still, small voice”
That gives the key of concentration,
To bring Life’s grandest consummation.
—E. A. Witmer.

OVIE MAY WITMER

Ovie May Witmer was born June 16, 1892, near Kasha, Okla., spent her girlhood in Barry County, Missouri. After her marriage to Edward A. Witmer, she became interested in writing, as she says, just to see how those thoughts would look in rhyme.

Mrs. Witmer has worked hard to help make the “Art Crofters Guild” of Republic, a success, and is a devoted wife and mother. Her home is in Republic, Missouri.



LOOKIN' FOR A CABIN

I'm walkin' the Ozarks over for you
Lookin' for a cabin built for two;
I'm not stoppin' in the shade of a tree
But lookin' for that cabin for you and me.
Keep your hope chest packed and ready be
When you receive the word from me;
And keep a watchful eye for the old mail hack,
For the letter I'll soon be sending back.
When you receive your travelin' ticket;
Grab your hope chest and clear the thicket;
For you will know it is true,
That I've found the cabin built for two.
The squire will be waitin' at the gate,
To hand us our marriage certificate;
And beneath the sky so clear and blue,
We'll be wedded in the cabin built for two.

STELLA LOU WRIGHT



Mrs. Stella Lou Wright born near Stockton, Missouri, to Elmer and Virginia Yost, the second in a family of ten. The one-room cabin in which she was born had no windows, only a door in north and south for light and ventilation and one side of the wall was entirely taken up with a big fireplace which served as cook stove, and heater.

Mrs. Wright has written many poems and has many memories of the early day experiences and hardships and recounts one bad fright she had when a little child she was attacked by a large black cat belonging to a neighbor, her father came to the rescue with a club and beat the cat away.

Mrs. Wright's work has been published in many anthologies and publications for several years. She has one son in the Armed Forces.

Mrs. Wright's father was a nephew to the great David Livingston. Her mother was French descent. She was married in 1915, and is the mother of nine children. Her home is in Carthage, Missouri.

IS LIFE FAIR?

I'd rather see a sky of blue—
Somehow the clouds oppress.
I know it's best sometimes for me,
To miss my happiness.

I often wonder if life is fair—
To send me so much pain.
I never knew before how bright,
The sun gleams after rain!

If I had seen a rosy sky—
I might be selfish, mean.
Those fiery trails I have borne,
Have helped to keep me clean.

They were unpleasant at the time
But since they passed away,
I'm glad my skies were overcast
Sometimes along life's way!

—x—

OZARK SPLENDOR

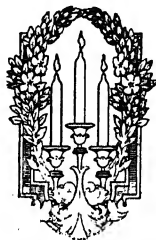
wandered o'er the Ozark hills
One splendid day in June.
I walked in sunshine, golden, warm,
All nature was in tune.

A red bird flashed through leaves of green,
Upon an old oak tree,
A cool, clear brooklet warbled by—
In perfect harmony.

I walked in moonlight o'er the hills—
No red bird could I see,
The little brook woke up to sing,
I crossed it tenderly.

The leaves upon the old oak tree—
Like dainty silver lace,
Were filling shadows with a charm,
In all that Ozark space!

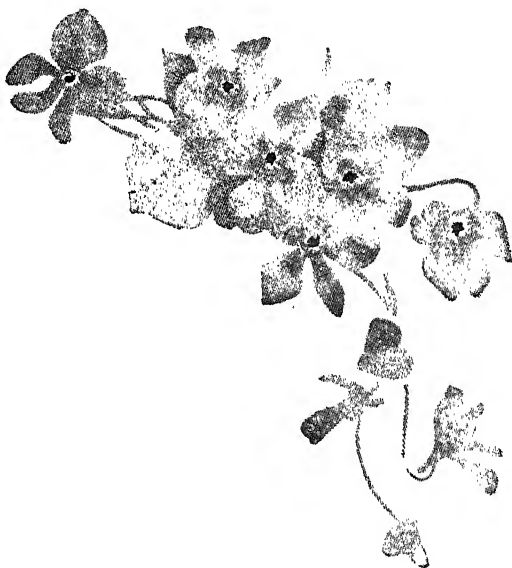
—Stella Lou Wright.



ARCADIAN GUILD

The Arcadian Guild is one of the numerous Ozarkadian projects sponsored by Otto Ernest Rayburn, editor of Ozark Guide, Lonsdale, Arkansas, during the past twenty years. The organization had its beginning at Caddo Gap, Arkansas, in the fall of 1937 when the first Arcadian Poet's Fair was held. During the past three years the Guild has been meeting annually at Hot Springs National Park. Activities have closed down for the duration, but it is planned to reorganize when the war is over.

The officers of the Arcadian Guild are: O. E. Rayburn, President, Lonsdale; Mrs. Harry H. Evans, Secretary, Hot Springs; Mrs. G. W. Conner, Vice President, Hot Springs. Members of the Advisory Committee are: Mrs. Bennie Babcock, Little Rock; Thomas Elmore Lucy, Springfield, Mo.; and Miss Inez Whitfield, Hot Springs.



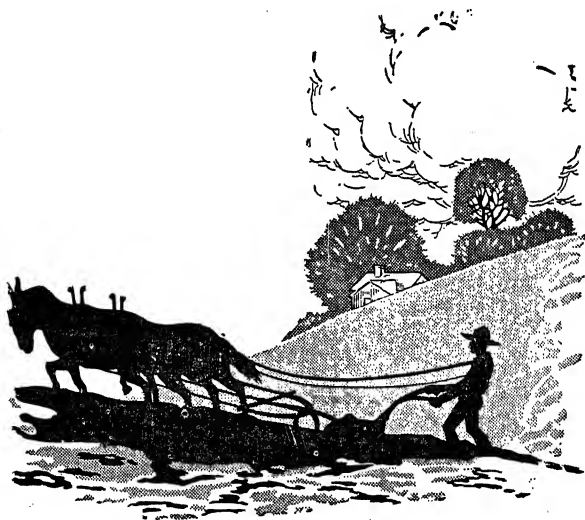
ARTCROFTERS GUILD OF REPUBLIC, MO.

The Art Crafters Guild was organized on October 16, 1942 at Republic, Missouri by E. A. Whitmer, who is now President, H. M. Dodson is Secretary and Treasurer.

This Club meets the First and Third Friday night in each month at 8:00 P. M.

The present membership of the club is eighty.

The object of the Guild is to help each member develop their latent talent.



THE CHILLICOTHE SCRIBBLERS' CLUB

The Chillicothe Scribblers' Club was organized December 3, 1937, in the home of Mrs. Harry Taff. There were seven members, listed as Olive Rambo Cook, President; Ruth Stock Taff, Vice President; Buelah M. Huey, Secretary-Treasurer. Members: Mary Moore Fife, Elizabeth Palmer Milbank, Jerry Thistlewaite, and Marie Johnson.

The Club members are very active and have work published in many magazines and poetry journals and numerous anthologies. Among these Good Housekeeping, Wee Wisdom, Weekly Unity, Nautilus, Saturday Evening Post, Kansas City Poetry, American Poetry, American Courier, Denver Post, Kansas City Star, The Front Rank, Christian Evangelist, Christian Witness, St. Joseph News-Press, The Tidings, Chicago Tribune, LaCrosse Leader, and First Edition of Living Authors of the Ozarks, published 1940. Several have won book prizes and honorable mention for poems in the National magazine, "The Writer." The group has had many poems broadcast on radio stations including National Broadcasting Company. Several poems have also been included in a text book, "What Is Poetry."

The Club now has 18 members and recent write-ups in the Writers' Journal gives an account of sales.

Officers listed for this year are: Cleo Marie Konow, President; Bertha Boone, Vice-President; Altha Van Hoover, Secretary-Treasurer.

(Last year's President, Eva Weaver Sefton, passed away September 28th—a loss we deeply feel).

THE GASCONADE WRITERS' GUILD

The Gasconade Writers' Guild of Rolla, Mo., was founded and organized on February 15, 1941, by Mr. Carl B. Ike of West Plains, Mo. Mr. Ike gave a very interesting and instructive discourse on the need for such an organization and told in detail the many benefits one may derive from affiliation with the same. The requirements for membership were made as flexible as might be consistent with the aims of the organization so that everyone interested in literature and art in any form might have the opportunity of belonging to the society—thereby assisting in the furtherance of the cause.

The Guild was named in honor of one of our city's most noted writers, Herb Duncan, who has been named "The Poet of the Gasconade," who has been the means of really putting this Ozarks river and surrounding territory on the map. The roster was started with thirty-two charter members and now has a membership of sixty-five, thereby doubling the membership in this short length of time.

The present officers are: President, Hazel Dagley Heavin; 1st Vice-President, Prof. M. H. Cagg; 2nd Vice-President, Rebecca B. Blake; Secretary-Treasurer, Eleanor A. Totman; Counsellor, Prof. Cagg; Parliamentarian, Margaret Southgate Rucker; Historian, Rebecca B. Blake, assisted by Marie Alverson and Ethel Wofford Jones; Book Reviewer, Estelle Ingerson; Press Correspondence, Eleanor Totman; Anthology Committee: Carl B. Ike, chairman, Hazel Dagley Heavin, Dr. C. V. Mann, Margaret S. Rucker, Eleanor Totman; Patriotic Committee: Prof. M. H. Cagg, E. Ingerson, R. Blake; Courtesy Committee: E. Totman, M. Rucker, R. Blake; Musical Committee: Prof. Cagg, Dr. Mann, Mrs. Mann, E. Ingerson, E. Totman; Dramatics Committee: Mrs. Mann, Emil Jones, E. Totman; Entertainment Committee: Emil Jones, R. Blake, Prof. Cagg, M. Alverson, M. Rucker, E. Totman; Bulletin Committee: Hazel Dagley Heavin, Prof. J. M. Willson, Dr. Mann, E. Totman; Publicity and Membership: E. Totman, Hazel Dagley Heavin, C. B. Ike, Chas Clements (Hawaii), Roy E. Mar-

tin (Sprigfield), Thos. E. Lucy (S. C.), Claude Heavin (Texas), Flo McCullough (Joplin), W. S. White (Bolivar), May Kennedy McCord (St. Louis), May E. Doms (Salem), E. A. Witmer (Republic), Addah Matthews (Monett) Jesse Shelton (St. Joseph), Bertha M. Rinck (Newburg); Finance Committee: Marie Alverson, E. Ingerson, M. Rucker.

The following members have donated copies of their books to the Guild: Herb Duncan, "Singing Gasconade," "Till April," "Bloomgarden"; Hazel Dagley Heavin and Carl B. Ike, "Memory's Autograph"; Hazel Dagley Heavin, "Half Way to Paradise"; George Clinton Arthur, "Bushwhacker," "Backwoodsman"; Thos. E. Lucy, "Troubadour Trails"; May E. Doms, "Hills o' Shannon"; Eugene Knight, "Bread From Desolate Places"; E. A. Witmer, "Battle of Bonnie Wilson"; Prof. M. H. Cagg, "Lessons in English"; Dr. C. V. Mann, "History of Missouri School of Mines"; Eleanor A. Totman, "Glowing Embers," "Opals and Dahlias"; Flo McCullough, "Living Authors of the Ozarks."

Along other literary lines there are several columnists: Hazel Dagley Heavin and her "Country Road" (Rolla Herald); Herb Duncan and his "Dogface Doggerel" (Rolla New Era); "Along the Road" with May E. Doms (Salem Newspaper); Addah Matthews and her column in the Cassville paper; Carl B. Ike and Thos. E. Lucy carry on their feature work in several papers; May Kennedy McCord has her program over the air (KWVK, St. Louis); several songs by Roy E. Martin, Dr. C. V. Mann, Rebecca B. Blake, and E. Totman; and a small magazette, "The What-Not," edited and published irregularly by E. Totman.

THE OZARKIAN-HILLCROFTERS

The Ozarkian-Hillcrofters, an organization founded in 1931 by Otto E. Rayburn, Carl B. Ike, and others for the purpose of preserving the heritage of the Ozarks, namely its traditions, lore, legendry, customs and its natural beauty, had its beginning at Eminence in Shannon County. Some twenty members are on the charter. Many who were there on Founders' Day have passed on, and to the knowledge of the writer there remain only two, Carl B. Ike and Otto E. Rayburn.

Mr. Rayburn was the first president and it was in his Arcadian heart that the idea originated, and we hold him most religiously dear.

The present officers of the organization are: Marshall T. Jamison, Springfield, President; Hazel Dagley Heavin, Vice President; May Kennedy McCord, Business Manager; and Miss Emma Galbraith, Secretary.

Each fall there is held the Festival of the Painted Leaves in October during the Moon of Painted Leaves, and in the spring there is the Feast of the Mayapple which is celebrated in proper season. The Indian is recognized as our first Hillcrofter, and it is everywhere known where Indian lore is known at all the reverence in which he held nature. Our purpose and aim is to preserve these hills in as much of their natural beauty as possible and to hand down to posterity as much of the heritage of the hills as is possible. We have members in many states, ranging from Maine to California, and some from California even attended out meetings.

Very outstanding is the ceremonial in which new members are taken into the organization, and very impressively solemn. At our meetings we revive old dances, songs, play party games and much hilarity and clean fun is enjoyed. But when the ritual time comes you may be sure that solemnity and reverence are present. The ceremonial is performed around a council fire,

The membership numbers at this writing in the neighborhood of two hundred, and year by year the purpose and aim of the organization becomes deeper rooted in the hearts of the members.

TRI-STATE WRITERS

Tri-State Writers' Club was organized in 1920 with a membership of professional and amateurs from Missouri-Kansas-Oklahoma, which has never been limited. Several of the poets have attained international recognition and any number of them have appeared in outstanding anthologies from year to year. Prose writers have been equally as fortunate with their productions, some of which have merited prizes offered in contests sponsored by well-known publications for short stories; plays written by collaborators have been produced in Joplin and elsewhere with gratifying results; others have succeeded with feature writing and songs. The Club became inactive in 1944, probably for the duration. Officers: Evans Buskett, president; Luella Bailey, Mrs. C. G. Berry, Byrda J. Wilson, vice presidents; Stella Smith Collins, secretary; Alice de Beughem, corresponding secretary; Adocia M. Elam, treasurer; Norman C. Cox, (deceased 1943), critic and keeper of the archives.

Since 1940 the Club has sponsored three volumes of poetry and prose written by the members, "Lights and Shadows," which has been discontinued for the duration.

LOST — STRAYED OR STOLEN

The following Ozark writers whose material failed to reach us before going to press:

The Arnold Sisters
Luella Moran Bailey
Ann Burkhart
Iris M. Compton
Georgia Cragan
Jessamine S. Fishback
Ona Lacy Hunter
Eugene Knight
Margaret McCance
Major J. E. McCullough
Margaret L. Muncey
Myrtle Sinclair Owens
Lena Retta Peterman
Dorris Barnette Roach
Oll Rogers
Roy Rogers
Pearl Wantland
Susan May Wheat
W. R. Zimmerman

IN MEMORY

Judge G. W. Asendorf
Kathryn Moran Ashcroft.

WE WISH TO THANK

May Kennedy McCord and Broadcasting Station KWK, St. Louis, Mo.
Hazel Dagley Heavin and Rolla Herald.
F. A. Behymer and St. Louis Post-Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.
Mary Twitchel Jones
Eleanor A. Totman
Eva W. Sefton, Chillicothe, Mo.
Clara E. Gordon, Davisville, Mo.
The Steelville Ledger, Steelville, Mo.
The Ozark Playground Association of Joplin
The Arkansas Gazette
Gene Barnes, Winslow, Ark.
Cora Pinkley Call, Eureka Springs, Ark.
Carl B. Ike, West Plains, Mo.
Otto E. Rayburn, Lonsdale, Ark.
The Crawford Mirror, Steelville, Mo.
Letitia Morse Nash, Texarkana, Texas.
E. A. Witmer, Republic, Mo.
Springer Printery-Bindery, Carthage, Missouri.
and many others who helped in obtaining manuscripts and advertising and the kindly hearts that inspired them to help. We thank you.
The Compiler and Publisher,
Florence Woodlock McCullough.

IF — APPRECIATION

If you like the work you are viewing
Or the ones who have helped its doing
Tell the world so all may know throughout the land
If a word of praise is due them
In all kindness tell it to them
Before the chill of death has stilled their hand.
In this work are thoughts of many
Write to all, don't leave out any
Say the kindly things that Inspiration brings
Even if that heart knows sadness
Your kind deed may bring it gladness.
Let the Angels touch the harp to sound the strings
More than any fame of fable
Is a comment kind and able.
To disburse all doubt of those they have tried to
 please
And to life it adds a savor
Yes, it makes one strong and braver.
Just little kindly comments such as these.

F. W. McC.

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